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Cosmopolitan

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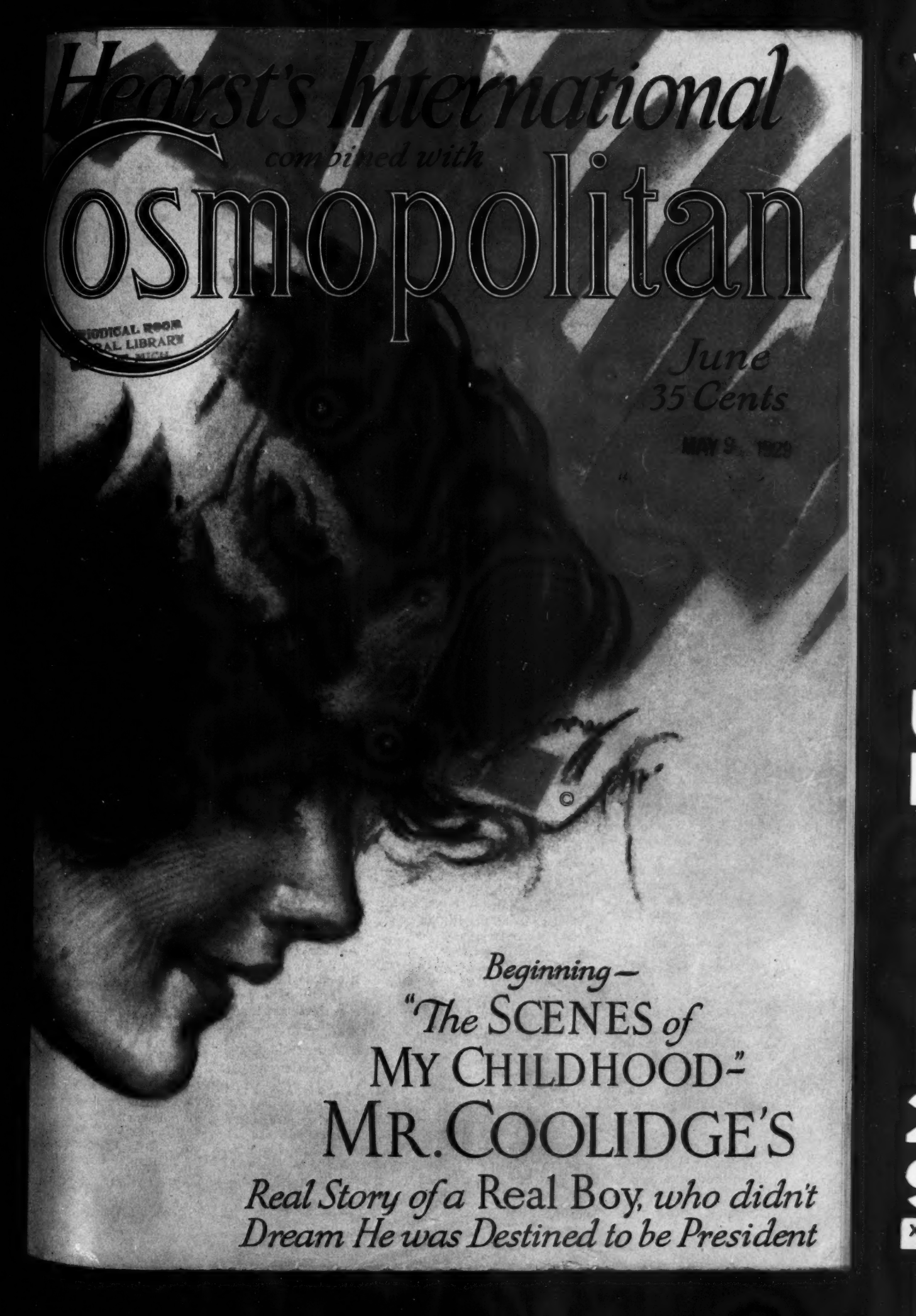

Beginning—

"The SCENES of MY CHILDHOOD"

MR. COOLIDGE'S

Real Story of a Real Boy, *who didn't Dream He was Destined to be President*

24,872 doorbells brought this beauty-answer

And 69 skin specialists agreed. I've seen the records!

YOU really should *hear* some of the questions that fill my days! Questions about sterling silver and bonds and galoshes and baking powder and—Camay.

For I've the fascinating job of giving advice to business men about women and their ways! Not that I depend on just what I think or feel. I go out and talk to hundreds of women and girls about every important new question.

Did *your* doorbell ring?

But when the makers of this new kind of soap — Camay —came to me and asked me to contribute what *they* called the "woman's angle," I found they had already talked to literally thousands of you.

For example, some of you in Dayton, Ohio, who are reading this, may remember answering your doorbell some months ago to find a caller who said, "Good morning—*will* you tell me which of these perfumes you like best?"

Again, in Buffalo, New York, some of you had two callers—one who gave you a cake of Camay and asked you to try it; another, several weeks later, to ask you about Camay's lather. "Was it instant and free? Did it feel soft and velvety on your face? Did it rinse off quickly?"

In all, there were calls on 24,872 of you before Camay became its present smooth, creamy self!

I made a beauty-call, too!

Now with all that, you may think there was nothing left for *me* to do. But I wanted to have scientific medical approval of the perfect mildness and gentleness *I myself* had found in Camay's fragrant, feathery lather.

So I took Camay to the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States, himself one of the best-known skin specialists in the country.

He was most sympathetic with Procter & Gamble's desire to give you a perfumed complexion soap of the proper quality—that would give your skin the *right* kind of care to keep it fresh and clear and lovely. He agreed to have Camay analyzed, and test it thoroughly in use.

Why dermatologists approve Camay

And he also sent copies of Camay's analysis to 68 leading dermatologists and asked them to examine it and test Camay too. Most of these doctors are heads of the department of dermatology in the largest American universities and hospitals.

Now I am very happy to tell you that because these skin specialists found Camay was gentle enough for even the most delicate complexions, they have given Camay their unanimous approval.

So you can know Camay is just the kind of soap these scientists would recommend for *your* complexion.

Could *any* soap offer more?

Helen Chase

Free! For you—Complexion help from famous skin specialists. All the things I learned about complexions from the famous dermatologists I consulted about Camay. Dry skins; Oily skins; Sensitive skins are all discussed. Care in Winter and in Summer; with Hard Water and Soft. And many other important subjects. Write for Booklet A to Helen Chase, Dept. YAA-69, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

CAMAY IS 10¢ A CAKE

The world's great music is on Victor Red Seal Records
All OF STEPHEN FOSTER
from "NELLIE WAS A LADY"
TO "OLD BLACK JOE"
"THE OLD SONGS ARE
THE BEST SONGS"

LET us pause a moment, Gentlemen, and welcome the past. Let us lay aside our invoices and debentures, our politics and our coal-bills. . . . For tonight an old familiar company is with us. . . . Nelly Bly is here, and Old Black Joe . . . Uncle Ned, My Old Kentucky Home . . . Jeanie with the light brown hair . . . Old Folks at Home. . . . And with them their banjos and cotton bales, their slow brown rivers. . . .

Many of these old songs, written by Stephen Foster more than 75 years ago, are known all over the world. Our grandmothers sang them, and our fathers. We ourselves still love them. . . . And now here they are in their entirety, arranged by Nat Shilkret, beautifully played and sung, and collected in a convenient album.

This is the latest of a long series of Victor Red Seal recordings which are bringing to the musical public the world's most beautiful and important music. Interpreted by the foremost artists and orchestras, recorded with incredible realism by the famous Orthophonic process, they bring within your home the whole horizon of the concert stage. . . . The nearest Victor dealer will gladly play you the Stephen Foster album (four double-faced records, list price $6). Hear it at your first opportunity! . . . Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, New Jersey.

VICTOR *Red Seal* RECORDS

VOL. LXXXVI NO. 6

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JUNE, 1929

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RAY LONG Editor

They're Real Americans

By O. O. McIntyre

I DROPPED in on Ray Long the other morning to discuss a topic for this page. Walking northward along Broadway to his office had stimulated my enthusiasm for an old theme I have been wanting to write for some time—the curious cacophony that is peculiar to New York streets as the city swims up from its deep well of sleep.

This incoherent rumble that begins at dawn and rises to a sharp crescendo has always fascinated me. It sings of beauty, of despair and the miracle of might. Caught in its tempo, there are few whose pulses do not beat faster. One feels somehow that one has reached the top of the world.

Yet I felt that I was not carrying my contagion to the editorial sanctum. Long was strangely unresponsive. Handing me a manuscript he was holding, he said: "Read that!" And he left the office to attend one of those expedients of high-powered activity, known as a conference, in another part of the building.

I took a seat in a corner and began reading Calvin Coolidge's "The Scenes of My Childhood," which you will find in this issue. Nothing in a life of prolific reading has ever moved me so profoundly. I doubt if the world will ever again be privileged to behold such an astounding illustration of how colorful a colorless idea can become through sheer simplicity.

I know that as I sat in the very heartbeat of the greatest city in the world, the years rolled suddenly back and I was a boy again in my home-town. I was particularly amazed that life in the sleepy little village in Vermont could be such a striking counterpart of life in my home-town and yours.

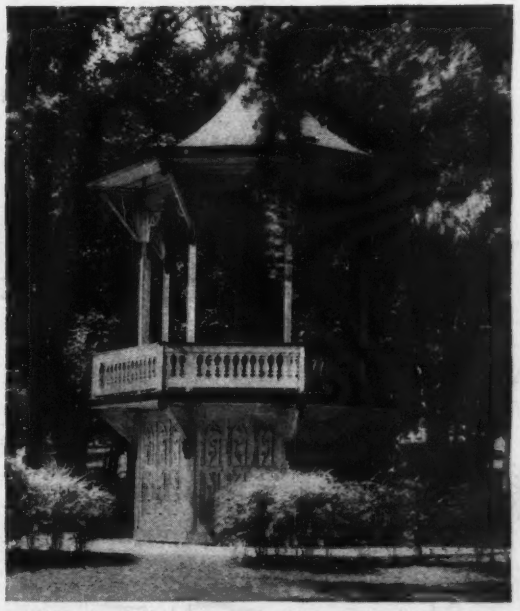
I heard again the melancholy drone of the honey-bees and that dolorous zing of the blacksmith's anvil back of McCormick's livery stable. I heard old Mr. Kraus from his seat on the huckster wagon intone: "Ask your ma does she want any strawberries, Bub."

I heard the clatter of the Ohio River Railroad hack moving toward the depot to meet what we knew as "the noon train." I heard the sharp whistle of a side-wheeler rounding the bend for full steam ahead.

I heard the flying hoofs of Aaron Frank's black stallion, "Flaming Arrow," beat against the walls of his stable stall. I heard the pounding of round steaks in neighboring back yards for the evening meal.

I heard the deep rumble of spring wagons in the covered bridge at the lower end of town. And these, you know, were not the voices of the towering city.

I saw the cobblestone gutters plaited with fresh spring rain. I saw wisps of smoke laze from scattered chimney tops. I saw the West Virginia hills over yonder cowling in dusk and the faint prick of stars in the plush of night. I saw Wayne Sanns' setter, "Dick," jogging homeward, his burnished coat full of cocklebur, after a day's chase.



The band-stand in O. O. McIntyre's home-town.

Calvin Coolidge had, in a marvelous economy of simple words, etched an exciting drama in a background of drabness. I have always been proud of my little home-town that nestles so tranquilly in a bend of the peaceful Ohio. But today it has more charm for me than ever before.

After all, the village people are my people and I love them. And if this sudden gush of homesickness sounds mawkish, read Calvin Coolidge's article and if you are from a small town you will understand. I am not so sure you will not understand even if you were born and reared in the city.

I know nothing so saliently smacking of the Americanism that has made this country so great today as the ex-President's modest but prideful boast: "My father was very skillful with his hands. He worked with a carriage maker for a short time when he was young and the best buggy he had for 20 years was one he made himself."

There is the eloquence of simplicity, marvelously wrought! And if you can come to that touchingly beautiful tribute to his mother without tears racing unashamed down your cheeks you have more emotional resistance than I. He writes:

"We laid her away in the blustering snows of March. The greatest grief that can come to a boy came to me. Life was never to seem the same again . . . It always seemed to me that the boy I lost was her image."

AND out of this beautiful pastel in pastoral prose, it seems to me we salvage one of the big reasons for Calvin Coolidge's humanity and greatness. In speaking of his little village, he says:

"It was all a fine atmosphere in which to raise a boy. As I look back on it I constantly think how clean it was. There was little about it that was artificial . . . The streams ran clear. The roads, the woods, the fields, the people—all were clean."

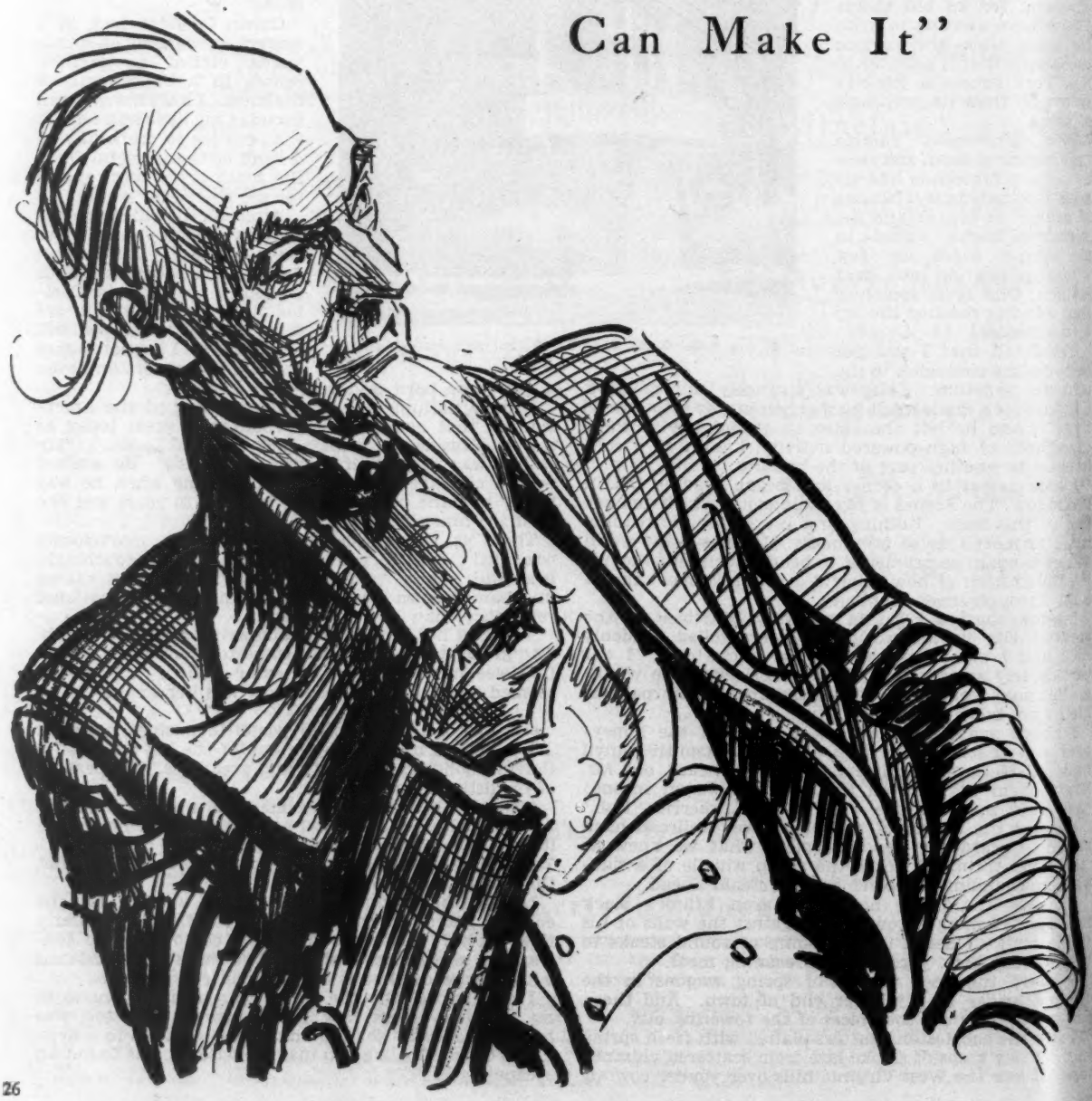
Laying the manuscript down and waiting for the editor, I gazed into the busy street boil that is peculiarly New York's. I love the city but I could not help contrasting its ruthless rush and two-minute enthusiasms with the peace that is of the countryside alone.

I understood why the editor was so unresponsive to my glib idea about New York's turmoil. He, too, was hypnotized by its sham glamour and chained to a desk.

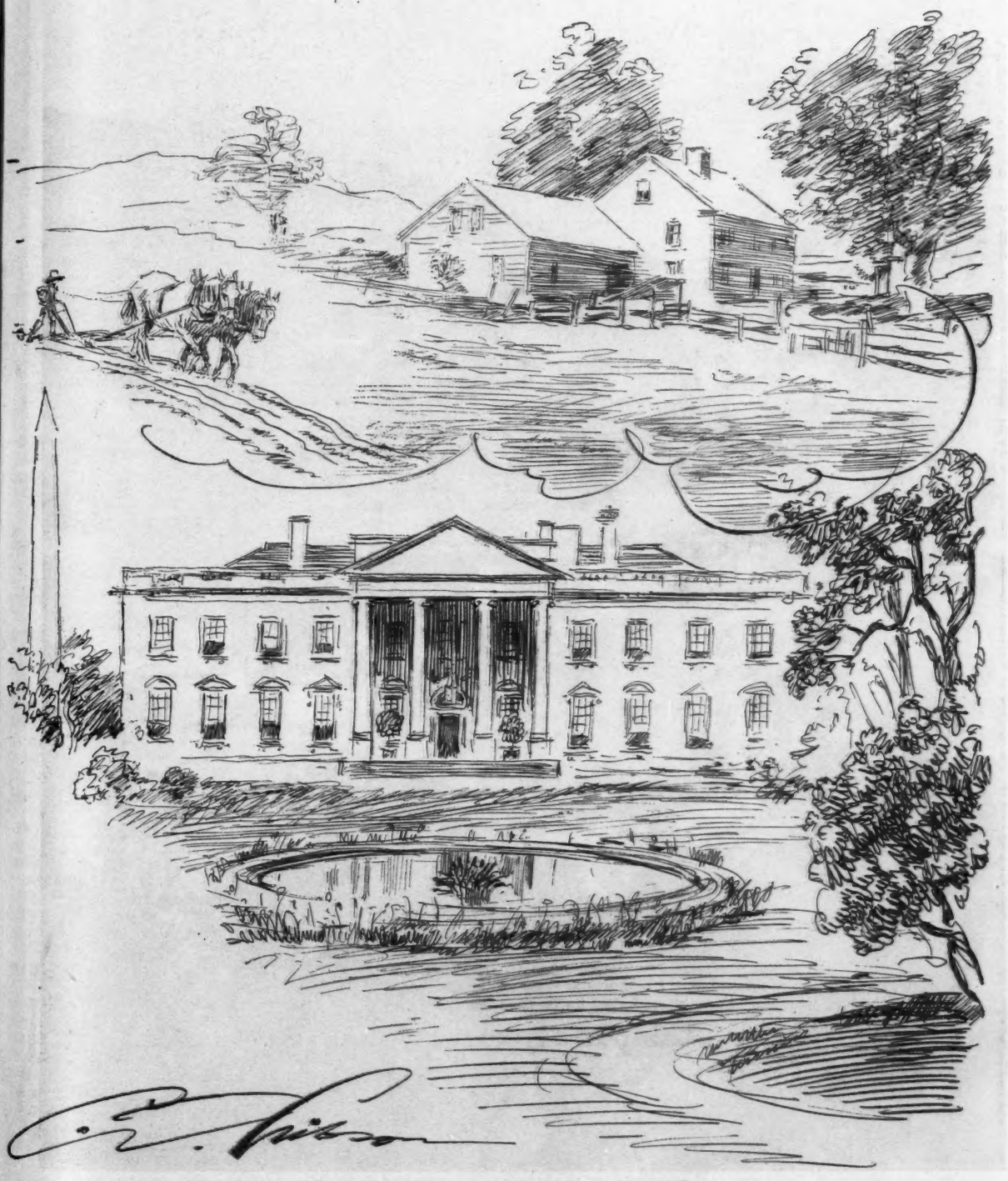
But Calvin Coolidge, in his rare wisdom, has found an escape!

By CHARLES D

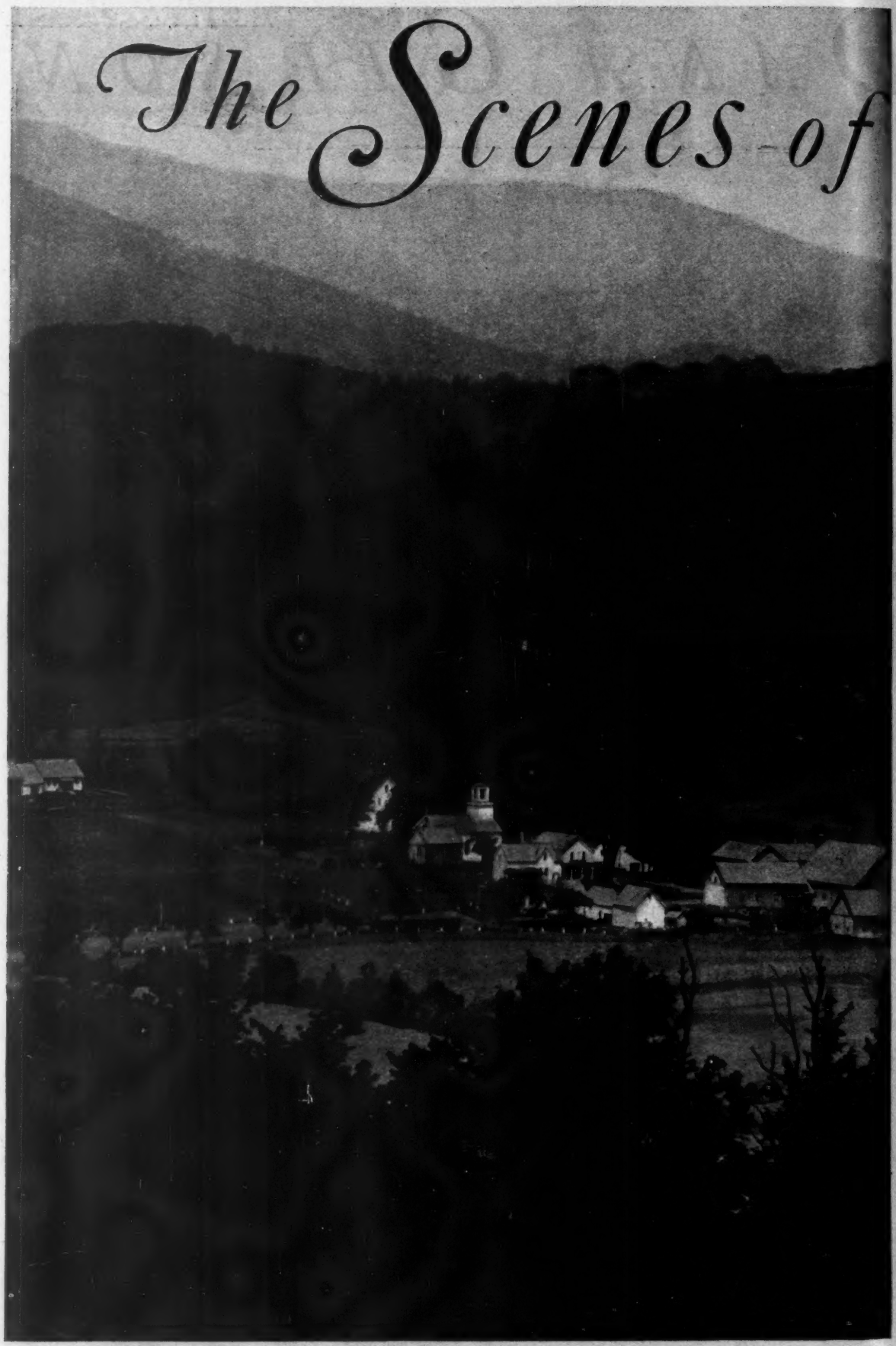
"It's Quite a Distance, But MY Boys Can Make It"



DANA GIBSON



The Scenes of



¶ *The village of Plymouth, nestled in the Green Mountains.*

my Childhood

By Calvin Coolidge

THE town of Plymouth lies on the easterly slope of the Green Mountains, about 20 miles west of the Connecticut River and somewhat south of the central part of Vermont. It is made up of a series of narrow valleys and high hills, some of which rank as mountains which must reach an elevation of at least 2500 feet.

Its westerly boundary is along the summit of the main range to where it falls off into the watershed of Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence River. At one point a little rill comes down a mountain until it strikes a rock where it divides, part running north into the Ottauquechee and part south into the Black River, both of which later turn easterly to reach the Connecticut.

In its natural state this territory was all covered with evergreen and hardwood trees. It had large deposits of limestone, occasionally mixed with marble, and some granite. There were sporadic outcroppings of iron ore and the sands of some of the streams showed considerable traces of gold. The soil was hard and rocky, but when cultivated supported a good growth of vegetation.

During colonial times this region lay in an unbroken wilderness, until the coming of the French and Indian War, when a military road was cut through under the direction of General Amherst, running from Charlestown, New Hampshire, to Fort Ticonderoga, New York. This line of march lay through the south part of the town, crossing the Black River at the head of the two beautiful lakes and running over the hill towards the valley of the Otter Creek.

When settlers began to come in around the time of the Revolution, the grandfather of my grandfather, Captain John Coolidge, located a farm near the height of land westward from the river along this military road, where he settled in about 1780.

He had served in the Revolutionary army and may have learned of this region from some of his comrades who had known it in the old French wars, or who had passed over it in the campaign against Burgoyne, which culminated at Saratoga.

He had five children and acquired five farms, so that each of his descendants was provided with a homestead. His oldest son Calvin came into possession of the one which I now own, where it is said that Captain John spent his declining years. He lies buried beside his wife in the little neighborhood cemetery not far distant.

The early settlers of Plymouth appear to have come mostly from Massachusetts, though some of them had stopped on the way in New Hampshire. They were English Puritan stock and their choice of a habitation stamps them with a courageous pioneering spirit.

Their first buildings were log houses, the remains of which were visible in some places in my early boyhood, though they had long since been given over to the sheltering of domestic animals. The town must have settled up with considerable rapidity, for as early as 1840 it had about 1400 inhabitants scattered about the valleys and on the sides of the hills which the mountains divided into a considerable number of different neighborhoods, each with a well-developed local community spirit.

As time went on much land was cleared of forest, very substantial buildings of wood construction were erected, saw mills and grist mills were located along the streams, and the sale of lumber and lime, farm products and domestic animals, brought considerable money into the town which was laid out for improvements or found its way into the country store. It was a hard but wholesome life, under which the people suffered many privations and enjoyed many advantages, without any clear realization of the existence of either one of them.

They were a hardy self-contained people. Most of them are gone now and their old homesteads are reverting to the wilderness. They went forth to conquer where the trees were thicker, the fields larger, and the problems more difficult. I have seen their

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Only a Man of the Great Heart which Calvin Coolidge is showing narrative of Boyhood in the Vermont Hills what it is—one of the tribute to his Mother; *it's the sort of thing every Woman would love to have*

THOMAS FOGARTY

descendants scattered all over the country, especially in the middle west, and as far south as the Gulf of Mexico and westward to the Pacific slope.

It was into this community that I was born on the 4th day of July, 1872. My parents then lived in a five room story and a half cottage attached to the post office and general store, of which my father was the proprietor. While they intended to name me for my father, they always called me Calvin, so the John became discarded.

Our house was well shaded with maple trees and had a yard in front enclosed with a picket fence, in which grew a mountain ash, a plum tree, and the customary purple lilac bushes. In the summertime my mother planted her flower bed there.

Her parents, who were prosperous farmers, lived in the large house across the road, which had been built for a hotel and still has the old hall in it where public dances were held in former days and a spacious corner on the front side known as the bar room, indicating what had been sold there before my grandfather Moor bought the premises. On an adjoining farm, about 65 rods distant, lived my grandfather and grandmother Coolidge. Within view were two more collections of farm buildings, three dwelling houses with their barns, a church, a school house and a blacksmith shop. A little out of sight dwelt the local butter tub maker and beyond him the shoemaker.

This locality was known as The Notch, being situated at the head of a valley in an irregular bowl of hills. The scene was one of much natural beauty, of which I think the inhabitants had little realization, though they all loved it because it was their home and were always ready to contend that it surpassed all the surrounding communities and compared favorably with any other place on earth.

My sister Abbie was born in the same house in April, 1875. We lived there until 1876, when the place was bought across the road, which had about two acres of land with a house and a number of barns and a blacksmith shop. About it were a considerable number of good apple trees. I think the price paid was $375. Almost at once the principal barn was sold for $100, to be moved away. My father was a good trader.

Some repairs were made on the inside and black walnut furniture was brought from Boston to furnish the parlor and sitting room. It was a plain square-sided house with a long ell, to which the horse barn was soon added. The outside has since been remodeled and the piazza built. A young woman was always employed to do the house work. Whatever was needed never failed to be provided.

While in theory I was always urged to work and to save, in practice I was permitted to do my share of playing and wasting. My playthings often lay in the road to be run over and my ball game often interfered with my filling the wood box. I have been taken out of bed to do penance for such derelictions.

My father, John Calvin Coolidge, ran the country store. He was successful. The annual rent of the whole place was $40. I have heard him say that his merchandise bills were about $10,000 yearly. He had no other expenses. His profits were about $100 per month on the average, so he must have sold on a very close margin.

He trusted nearly everybody, but lost a surprisingly small amount. Sometimes people he had not seen for years would return and pay him the whole bill.

to his fellow Americans in his Own Story could have made this simple Most Inspiring stories of Our Country ever penned. Read his tender *her Son say.* The Story continues in July Cosmopolitan—RAY LONG

He went to Boston in the spring and fall to buy goods. He took the midnight train from Ludlow when they did not have sleeping cars, arriving in the city early in the morning, which saved him his hotel bill.

He was a good business man, a very hard worker, and did not like to see things wasted. He kept the store about 13 years and sold it to my mother's brother, who became a prosperous merchant.

In addition to his business ability my father was very skillful with his hands. He worked with a carriage maker for a short time when he was young and the best buggy he had for 20 years was one he made himself. He had a complete set of tools ample to do all kinds of building and carpenter work. He knew how to lay bricks and was an excellent stone mason.

Following his sale of the store about the time my grandfather died, besides running the farm he opened the old blacksmith shop which stood upon the place across the road to which we had moved. He hired a blacksmith at $1 per day, who was a large framed powerful man with a black beard, said to be sometimes quarrelsome.

I have seen him unaided throw a refractory horse to the ground when it objected to being shod. But he was always kind to me, letting me fuss around the shop, leaving his own row to do three or four hills for me so that I could more easily keep up with the rest of the men in hoeing time, or favoring me in some way in the hay field as he helped on the farm in busy times.

He always pitched the hay on to the ox cart and I raked after. If I was getting behind he slowed up a little. He was a big-hearted man. I wish I could see that blacksmith again. The iron work for farm wagons and sleds was fashioned and put on in the shop, oxen and horses brought there for shoeing, and metal parts of farm implements often repaired. My father seemed to like to work in the shop, but did not go there much except when a difficult piece of work was required, like welding a broken steel section rod of a mowing machine, which had to be done with great precision or it would break again.

He kept tools for mending shoes and harnesses and repairing water pipes and tinware. He knew how to perform all kind of delicate operations on domestic animals. The lines he laid out were true and straight and the curves regular. The work he did endured.

If there was any physical requirement of country life which he could not perform, I do not know what it was. From watching him and assisting him, I gained an intimate knowledge of all this kind of work.

It seems impossible that any man could adequately describe his mother. I can not describe mine.

On the side of her father, (*Continued on page 138*)

Illustrations by Thomas Fogarty

By
GOUVERNEUR
MORRIS

Driftwood

THE small boy had been told that all those wild and desolate mountains belonged to Spain. The mountains which came down to the shore were brown and dull yellow and dull red. The far-away mountains were the color called cobalt in his paint box. Some of the cobalt mountains had patches of white on them. And the small boy, who was used to Switzerland, knew that those patches were snow.

The sun was hot and the Mediterranean was smooth and blue. The small boy wished that the ship would stop and let him go in swimming. She did.

There was a terrific concussion forward, and the small boy turned and saw the bridge with the captain and the first officer on it go up in the air, and then break into all sorts of queer-shaped pieces, and disappear in a blast of dirty smoke. And all in the same little crumb of time in which these things happened it seemed to the small boy as if the ship had suddenly gone down on her knees. Her deck slanted so suddenly that he had to catch hold of the rail to get his balance.

He saw the Sicilian emigrants pouring up from the steerage. One man with a red handkerchief round his neck was stabbing right and left with a long knife. And then a piece of the bridge which had gone up in the air and vanished in the blast of smoke came down on top of the small boy's head. And for a little while he was like the dead. He knew nothing.

It was just as well, perhaps. His father and mother were in their cabin, and the explosion had so twisted the iron around the door that they couldn't get out. They died hoping that the small boy would be saved, and clinging tightly to each other.

Many other people died. The second and third officers lost their heads and consequently the crew lost their heads and had a free fight with the Sicilian emigrants for first chance at the lifeboats. Only two of the lifeboats got into the water bottom side down; others were lowered endways so that all those who had fought their way into them fell out, and others, filled with people who wanted to be saved, went down with the ship.

A Novel *as vivid as the Spanish Gypsies whom* You Meet *in its pages*

Illustrations by
Walt Louderback

The small boy went down with the ship too, at least with that part of it on which he was lying. The rest of her, the stern, being full of air which was becoming more and more compressed, sank slowly.

It was fortunate that the small boy came to when he did, or he would have been drowned. He came to under water, and struggled and struck out with his legs and arms and came to the surface. At first he saw only the mountains that belonged to Spain. Then as he rose to the top of a greater swell, he saw two boats with many people in them.

They were quite a long way off and looked to him like some kind of beetle with lots of legs. Lifting on a second swell, he looked about him and saw that there was no ship—only odds and ends of spars and planks, and any number of life preservers.

A woman with a red skirt, instead of tucking her life preserver snugly up under her armpits and tying it there, had tied it around her legs. The small boy gulped with hysterical laughter. Only the woman's red skirt and her big feet showed above the water.

There were two kinds of life preservers—the folding kind that you tie and the kind that look like big white doughnuts. The small boy paddled over to one of the latter, dived and came up through the hole in it and rested his arms on what would have been the part you eat if it really had been a doughnut.

The top of his head was very sore, and had a lump on it like half an egg, and he was dazed and confused. As his brain cleared he became panicky and called for his father as loudly as he could and then for his mother, and when they didn't answer he began to sob and cry.

Vaguely he knew what had happened. He was nearly seven years old, and could understand pretty much everything that grown people say to each other. He could read and write a little also, and was beginning to take an interest in rather grown-up things.

He knew, for instance, that it was the year 1916, and that there was a terrible war going on. He knew that almost everybody was fighting in it except America. And he knew that men were flying about like birds and diving under water like fishes, the better to hurt each other. He knew about mines and torpedoes, and he thought that the ship must have hit one of the mines first or been hit by one of the torpedoes.

If it hadn't been for thinking about his father and

¶ The Bambito men sighed and shivered
would live to see her covered with pearls
I shall choose among my own people;

when Estrella danced. The women envied her secretly and prophesied that they and diamonds. But she shook her head. "I shall have lovers, of course, but and among my own people great treasure is only to be found in the heart."

mother, it would have been fun to propel the doughnut life preserver all the way to the shore. He was too young to realize that they might be dead. He thought only that in the confusion they had forgotten all about him and gone away. He sobbed, not as a small boy who has been bereaved sobs, but as one who has been abandoned, and that is a terrible enough feeling even for grown-ups.

But the small boy came of practical ancestors, and while he sobbed and ached with self-pity, he propelled the doughnut life preserver toward the shore. But even more propelling was done by a current which swept in around a distant headland. The small boy had been in the water for more than two hours when at last his feet touched sand, and he staggered out on a yellow beach and fell exhausted.

He could have slept if his clothes hadn't been so cold and clammy. He even tried to sleep, but had to give up trying and get rid of his clothes. His teeth were chattering and he was shaking so, and his fingers were so numb and shrunken that he had hard work with his shoe laces and his buttons, but after a while he got everything off and felt warmer at once.

Indeed the sunlight was so exactly the opposite of his wet clammy clothes that he couldn't go to sleep in that either, and when he had located in the blue shadow cast by a yellow rock the wish to sleep weakened, and was after a brief struggle ousted from him by the wish to eat.

He walked a long way up the beach, a long way for a very tired small boy, but found no food or help that way and turned and came back. It was lucky for him, because if he had been away longer the little girl who had been sent to the beach to gather an armful of driftwood might have finished gathering it and gone away, and he might have stayed on that deserted beach until he starved to death.

She heard his footsteps in the sand long before he saw her. She had the keen ears that went with her dark skin, her black eyes, her black hair that curled like hyacinth flowers and her clean and delicate regular features. Her ears were not only keen; they were small and thin and beautifully shaped and very flat to her head. In the lobe of each ear was a small ring of thin gold wire.

The little girl's dress had once been bright red, but it

Peralta's drinking place was doing a fine business. Peasants their fling, and he arranged genuine gypsy dances for the sight-seeing. He would give Estrella and Astron a

who had been saving money for many months came there to have milords and the Americans who had grown bored with ordinary tryout and would pay them well if they pleased his customers.

was stained and faded. Her apron looked like a piece of old sacking. Her little brown feet and her olive-brown legs were bare. And around the big toe of her left foot there was a bloody rag.

She was probably younger even than the small boy, just a baby in fact, but one gathered that she was already a useful member of society and knew her way about. And one gathered that she was not shy or tongue-tied. For she was the first to speak.

But before she spoke she looked the small boy over deliberately and approvingly and was moved to some wonder by the white of his skin and the yellow of his hair. He seemed to her the most unusual small boy she had ever seen.

She seemed to ask him a question and then another. And as she didn't ask the questions in either French or English the small boy was unable to answer them. She tried again, speaking more loudly and more rapidly, and he remained dumb.

The little girl shrugged her shoulders, picked up some odds and ends of driftwood, stowed them in her apron, stared for a moment at the small boy, stuck out her tongue at him (almost all of it), laughed in a sneering, provoking way, turned her back on him, and trotted off toward the great broken rocks, which as far as one could see were crowded along the foot of the mountains. She paused between two of these rocks and vanished.

THE small boy's pride gave way in a few moments to a sense of loneliness. He decided to put on his clothes and follow the little girl. There must be grown people where she came from. They would give him something to eat and help him to find his father and mother.

His clothes were still wet, but he put them on as quickly as he could and hurried after the little girl. This was easy enough. The two rocks between which she had vanished marked the beginning of a well-worn path. It twisted among other rocks and even passed right under one monster, and all the time went steeply upward.

Here the little girl had spilled a piece of driftwood. The small boy picked it up. Here she had lost the bloody rag off her toe. He picked that up too. She might need it. It might be the only one she had.

He rounded a sharp and ragged (*Continued on page 171*)

10th

Illustrations by
R. F. Schabelitz

OPENING her eyes to its blue and gold perfection, Adrienne smiled, sat up in bed and said softly: "Beautiful, beautiful day! Was there ever a more perfect day? I wonder." Then she rang for her tea and mail.

She was still reading the latter when Dana came in. Ten years—but he never failed to kiss her upon leave-taking.

He did so now, saying: "Now before you ask, 'Do you know what day this is?' let me say, 'Do you know that ten years ago today——?' "

She laughed delightedly up at him. "Oh, Keith, what an old dear you are! You never forget. Ten years—imagine it!" She caught his hand and hugged it to her. She said: "Isn't it a simply perfect day for a celebration? All blue and gold and white—a regular picture-postcard sort of morning."

He smiled. "Baby!" Then: "I suppose there's some sort of party on for this evening?"

She nodded. "But just a small dinner—six of us. And a box for Noel Brandt's opening later."

Dana lighted a cigaret; she watched his strong brown fingers happily. He inhaled, exhaled. "Who's coming?"

She counted them off rapidly: "Rita, Ned, Paul Heymann, Laila——"

But she saw he wasn't really listening—saw his dark brows contract as if he were thinking, deeply considering. She felt a sudden little misgiving, the swiftest pang of uncertain anxiety.

"Dear, what is it? Some piece of business that——"

But he interrupted her as quickly. "Worry-head! No, only that I may be a little late—I suppose it's an early dinner?—I've an appointment that might keep me. But I'll finish up as quickly as possible."

She held his hand, as she said nervously: "Keith, I know it's silly but—well, ten years is a long time. Is it possible that you still care today as you cared that day ten years ago? Somehow, happiness like ours——"

She broke off uncertainly. He dropped a light kiss on her shorn dark head.

"Adrienne, what rot! And today of all days! Why, I even remember the little blue hat you wore with its perky red quill. And you were so sure we'd missed our train!"

She laughed, reassured. "I know. But when I see so many others about us—restless, dissatisfied, constantly searching—it makes me afraid."

He withdrew his hand from hers and tilted her face upwards. He said quietly: "Adrienne, I thought you'd promised——"

"I did. I meant it," she broke in swiftly. "But ever since Laila and Talifar, who were so desperately in love, split, after one brief year, I've been afraid. The world, people, times have changed these last few years. Everything and everyone seems so unstable."

Dana ground out his cigaret in a convenient tray.

He said, smiling over his shoulder: "Darling, you're just a prospector for trouble . . . Well, I must be off. This is the second time this week you've made me late for the office, you little ginger-cooky, you." And he tweaked her nose for good-by and reprisal.

When he had gone, her soft contralto laugh following him out, Adrienne rose and dressed immediately.

She had a busy day ahead of her, lots of things to get through. First, there was dinner to be ordered—it had to be a particularly good one as Rita was inclined to be observant and critical; then flowers for the drawing-room and table—and she must locate a bottle of Allasch kümmel somewhere. Keith preferred kümmel to all other liqueurs.

She left the small, unostentatiously smart apartment building in East Fifty-fourth Street, dismissed Thompson who was waiting for her with the car, and walked down Park Avenue to Forty-sixth, then across town to Fifth Avenue.

SUCH a marvelous day—and the first week in November, too! It didn't seem possible it had been ten years since that day when she and Keith had sat breathlessly, wordlessly, facing each other in the green plush compartment of the Sunset Limited—she in the smartest of traveling ensembles and he in gray flannels he'd got especially for the occasion. "Darling, you *do* love me?" . . . "Oh, Keith, how can you ask? Don't you know!" . . .

Ten years. But what were ten years when people loved each other as she and Keith had? Nothing. They had gone all too swiftly. And without adding age to their appearances. She was glad that she was still—well, pretty. Her dark hair and madly blue Irish eyes were effective. Thank heaven, brunettes did not fade so swiftly.

Poor Laila—slim, tall, divinely fair. But haggard. From wretchedness; from dissipation. And all those men—always someone in love with her—Paul Heymann now. Poor things. For Laila there was only—would always be only Talifar. How she had taken it! "What does one do, Adrienne? Kill oneself? If only I could be sure that dying meant complete, merciful oblivion." Then, passionately: "And the *thing* he left me for—

Anniversary

by Nevis Shane

the common, cheap little thing!" It had been dreadful . . .

Then there were young Dalton and Marise, going their separate ways now. And Iris Seymour living in a cheap little walk-up over on Third Avenue. Everyone knew why Iris had moved from upper Fifth.

Sometimes she felt ashamed to flaunt her happiness and Keith's so flagrantly. All those others—long after them—yet not lasting, in some cases, a full year. It was appalling. But then, Keith and she were *different*. Ease and money had not spoiled her; success and money had not spoiled him. The ten years seemed to have sped by in a flash, with no more quarrels and reconciliations than were necessary for comfort and variety. Dearest Keith!

She shopped happily, conscientiously, till one o'clock, had luncheon in a smart little tea room, then kept an appointment to have her hair waved.

Leaving the hairdresser's, she bought flowers and fruit for her dinner, found the coveted kümmel, picked up her present for Keith—a gold and tortoise-shell cigaret case—then walked home, her arms unfashionably full of bundles.

It was half past five by the time she reached the apartment. She turned her purchases, except the tortoise-shell case, over to her Japanese butler, saying, "I'll arrange the flowers in a few minutes, Natsu," and went into her bedroom to take off her hat and coat.

The last rays of the setting sun crept slantwise through the silk-hung windows, touching here and there the wall, the floor, a chair, with rosy fingers.

Adrienne stood for a moment looking out the window at the unusually quiet street. Everything seemed in harmony with the beautiful day.

Then she turned and went back to the butler's pantry. Natsu had brought out all the bowls and vases and filled them with water, so she began arranging the graceful flowers, standing back every now and then to study an effect thoughtfully. Those huge yellow chrysanthemums for the drawing-room: one vase for the piano, another—that lower, squattier bowl—for the long table, and one for the small table also. Perhaps she shouldn't have chosen chrysanthemums—they were so obviously obvious. Perhaps something less seasonal would have been better, smarter. But they *were* perfect—like small, fluted suns.

The table arrangement required more attention. She loved the fragile Venetian bowl and corresponding candlesticks. Blush-pink rosebuds against purple Venetian glass—was there ever a more perfect combination?

It was half past six before she had finally finished. She gave Natsu last instructions: "Serve the sauterne with the sole, Natsu, and the champagne right after. You know Mr. Dana likes it throughout the meal," and went back to her room to start dressing.

It was after seven when Keith came in. He looked nervous and tired.

Adrienne, in a soft gown that matched her eyes, said,

¶ *"There always is—some other woman, Adrienne."*

¶ *"Not with Keith, Laila." "Oh, Keith!" Laila shrugged.*

"I've laid out your things and put the pearl studs in your shirt. Don't worry, dearest. There's plenty of time."

He murmured something about "that dashed appointment" and went into his room. Adrienne smiled tenderly, tolerantly, after him. Then she took a last look at the beautifully laid table, a last look at the tray of canapés and cocktail glasses, and went back to the drawing-room. She would give Keith his present before the guests arrived, if there was time, or, if there wasn't, later. Gold and tortoise shell—his favorite combination; he'd love it.

In the middle of the long, softly lighted room, she stood a moment looking contentedly about her. Her apartment was lovely. The drawing-room, so charmingly uncrowded, just the necessary chairs and tables, divans and odd pieces, was Italian Renaissance, as was the dining-room. Its only really modern note was the small grand piano between the front and side windows—Adrienne played with almost professional perfection and sang with absolutely professional perfection.

"'Tell me that you love me,' sung by Adrienne Kildare," the program had read those days and nights that she and Keith had spent discovering one another. "Tell me that you love me," Adrienne had sung to his table, and his eyes had answered:

"Oh, I do. I do."

She now went over and ran off a few chords, the notes rippling beautifully forth under her practiced fingers. "When you come to the end of a perfect day," she played and sang softly. Not new. But appropriate.

At exactly half past seven, Rita arrived with her Ned, gay and noisy and sparkling with jewels, bearing a huge, elaborately wrapped and tied tin egg-beater. "For your tinth celebration," as Ned explained gravely.

Funny Ned. Of course Rita had told him. Rita told him everything. Just as she told Keith everything—so why scold Rita?

"It is tin, isn't it?" asked Rita anxiously. "I never can remember how they run—five years, wooden; ten years, tin. Do tell me that's right. I have no personal experience—only vague parental recollections—to guide me. Ten, or even five years with one monotonous male! Can you imagine me making that long-distance record?"

Adrienne shook her head. "Rita, you shouldn't've. I'm sorry I ever said anything. It makes me feel ridiculous. After all, you know——"

"Sure," laughed Rita. She was always laughing. (Just as she had always laughed in those drab, none-too-secure days when she and Adrienne had roomed together. Jolly, laughing, fickle Rita!) "Sure, I know. Just Tristan and Isolde—is that pronounced right?—reincarnated. 'Do you remember the day?' sez she. And 'Could I forget it, dearest?' sez he . . . Ah, there you are, Keith, m'lad!"

Adrienne turned around as Keith came up to them with a little smile.

"Hullo, Rita. Ned. What's this? An egg-beater? Well, I'm dashed. Now what does one do with an egg-beater?"

"Leave it to a successful lawyer to ask a dumb question like that," said Ned Meredith with exaggerated disgust.

Adrienne looked at Keith. Her heart seemed to rise and strike sharply against her breast at sight of him. So tall, so distinguished, so utterly dear.

She said breathlessly: "Darling, wait till you see what I have for you." And she ran to her room and fetched her gift for him.

When he had carefully unwrapped it, there was a little "Oh," from Rita, and a "Ripping," from Meredith, and a—why, a *frown* from Keith.

He said swiftly, deeply: "Adrienne, dear, it's exquisite. But it makes me ashamed. I had a gift for you picked out at the jeweler's—it had to be engraved—but when I got away from my appointment, the shop was closed. You know how late I was. I'm beastly sorry."

She said quickly: "Why, darling, that's nothing. Of course I understand."

Rita said: "Just the same, make him give you the name of the jeweler, Adrienne. Profit by my experience with Ned."

She twinkled her bracelets.

They all laughed. And the first queer little hurt within Adrienne vanished completely. Poor Keith! No wonder he had come in looking so nervous and irritable. Clients were often inconsiderate. But then how could that particular client know that ten years ago today——

"Mr. Heymann," said Natsu from the doorway. And Paul Heymann came in. A short blond man with gray eyes and a sensitive, too sensitive, mouth. Everyone liked him, though no one understood him. His luminous eyes swept the room—for Laila—returned, their disappointment veiled under narrowed lids, to Adrienne.

Adrienne looked at the small jeweled watch on her wrist. Twenty to eight. And Laila still to arrive. Perhaps she had forgotten it was an early dinner—forgotten the dinner entirely. Of late, she was absent-minded about engagements.

Natsu brought cocktails. She took one, then went over to Keith.

She said: "Darling, do ring Laila's number and see if she has left. I'm so afraid she's forgotten I said early dinner."

For the third time that day she saw his brows draw darkly together.

He said impatiently: "Why do you bother with her? She—well, she's turning out a regular disgrace. Drinking all the time. And doesn't care who knows it. Why wait?"

Adrienne whispered: "Don't be nasty, darling. You know what she's been through."

He shrugged imperceptibly. "What about it? It's happened to plenty of others, hasn't it? Why go around like a third-rate Sarah Bernhardt?"

Adrienne sighed. She felt herself in sympathy and accord with Keith despite herself. After all, his attitude was not an illogical one. A woman was a fool to take it as Laila was taking it—drinking, up all night, a swift procession of tawdry *affaires,* undignified and, worse, destructive. A few more years, then—— A bell pealed remotely.

"There she is now," said Adrienne relievedly, and went out to the hall.

It was Laila. Gloriously, beautifully, happily spifflicated.

She said in her lovely, husky "whisky" voice: "Precious, forgive me. For being late and being spiffed. But not too spiffed not to know that I *am* spiffed and late." She gurgled at her own humor, then said with delicious dignity, "Yes, I apologize . . . Shall I just drop my wrap or have I time to powder?"

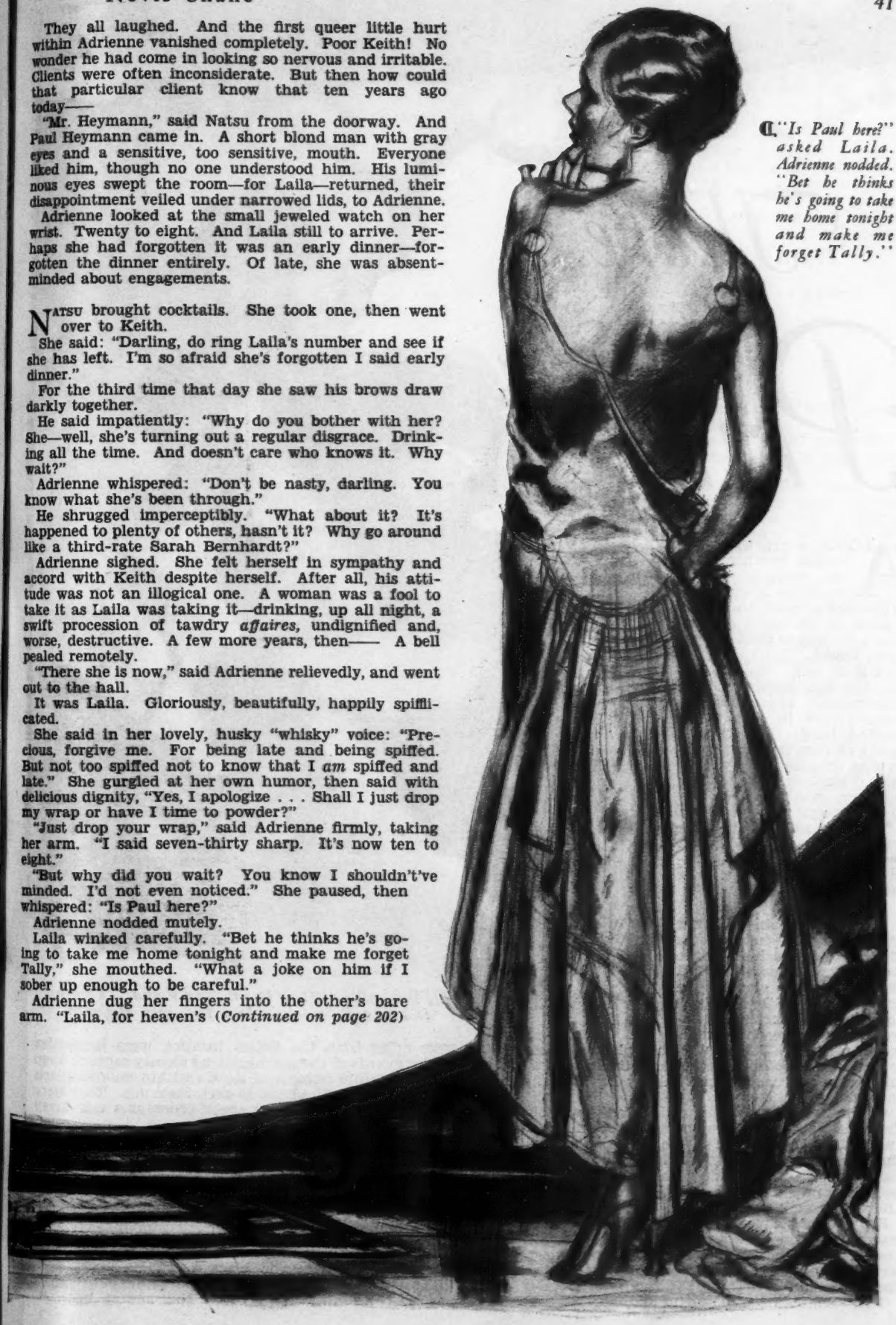
"Just drop your wrap," said Adrienne firmly, taking her arm. "I said seven-thirty sharp. It's now ten to eight."

"But why did you wait? You know I shouldn't've minded. I'd not even noticed." She paused, then whispered: "Is Paul here?"

Adrienne nodded mutely.

Laila winked carefully. "Bet he thinks he's going to take me home tonight and make me forget Tally," she mouthed. "What a joke on him if I sober up enough to be careful."

Adrienne dug her fingers into the other's bare arm. "Laila, for heaven's (*Continued on page 202*)



¶ *"Is Paul here?" asked Laila. Adrienne nodded. "Bet he thinks he's going to take me home tonight and make me forget Tally."*

There was a Prince

¶ *"Quick now, across the border!" said Vanka. "I promised your father—don't be a fool, your Highness!"*

"ALONG a craggy ridge passed two horsemen as twilight poured forth its gloom, and to the lone observer there was a sense of imminent danger. That's the way to start a short story, Vanka. But I ask you, does it fit us? It does not! We are not horsemen, but pedestrians. There isn't a craggy ridge in this whole blasted land. But there's plenty of danger, isn't there? So why criticize my style? I think I shall write books. Or again, my good Vanka, I might be a plumber."

"Humph!" said Vanka—anyway, it was a Russian grunt which may equally be transcribed as "Grphp!" or "Wumph!" or "Waw!"

Across the plain of lower Russia, thirty kilometers north of Negerolje, which is on the Polish border, two muffled peasant figures clumped in their vast boots, like felt canal boats, through the snow. Extraordinarily like the winter-bound prairie of Dakota was that plain: endlessly flat toward a lost winter horizon, like a thousand leagues of unrolled gray calico, broken only by log huts and treeless frame farmhouses.

Of the two men, the one called Vanka was obviously the leader: a vast, rocky man with a broom of red beard and red hostile eyes. The other was so wadded with sheepskin coat and rusty old fur cap, the fur worn in patches down to the shiny black skin, that you could not judge of his size, though apparently he was taller and more slender—and dirtier.

But that may have been because dirt would show more interestingly on his pale skin than on the dark beefy cheeks of Vanka. He had mild eyes, and a no-account sort of watery black beard, instead of such hairy splendor as Vanka's.

They came to a settlement and here, though they were miles from the Polish frontier, were inquisitive border guards of the Bolsheviki, as piously eager to keep doubtful White citizens of Russia within gallows-reach at home as were the Poles to keep them out. They were stopped. Vanka's papers were in order, as a veterinary surgeon sent to inspect stock.

"But what about the comrade here? Why does he not produce his papers?" the guards suggested. They did not speak with ill temper but with that placid sureness which, more than any official raging, guides political offenders gently to the cold rifle squad at dawn.

"He? This fool?" Vanka said contemptuously, in unmistakable peasant accent. "The comrade is my nephew. He is deaf and dumb, also of no brightness. A trial to me, comrades. Here, you, black sow!" He ripped open his companion's sheepskin and brought out equally proper papers, indicating that the moron was one

by Sinclair Lewis

whose novel
"DODSWORTH"
is the most discussed
book *in* America Today

Illustrations by
Jules Gotlieb

Cherjoscha, assistant to his uncle.

They were passed, but snow had come again and as they tramped on to the next village, where the good veterinarian had such important engagements with the cows—incidentally, this village was another stage toward the Polish border—the two men were swathed in bitter clouds.

Said Vanka to his unfortunate deaf-and-dumb nephew, "I am sorry, Highness, that we could not stop back yonder for shelter, but the guards were suspicious."

And the deaf-and-dumb one observed, in Russian singularly like that of the vanished court, "Vanka, I do not mind exposure, but I am tired of being a movie actor in a comic film. Besides, we shall undoubtedly be bagged at the border. Couldn't we crawl into a drift now and go to sleep and die in a nice, dignified and comfortable manner? Or do you insist upon saving me?"

"Kostja Pavlovitch, I promised your father——"

"Yes, yes, I know. I am to be saved, no matter how uncomfortable it makes me. Well, carry on. Perhaps it will be warmer in the prison cell."

They slept in a haymow, after gobbling sausage, black and extremely cold. They breakfasted hygienically on water, as cold as the sausage and nearly as black. It was at the next twilight—half past three in the afternoon—that they came to the Polish border, at a byroad, with one lone Bolshevik guard in front of his hut.

The magnificent Vanka and his more meager nephew had prepared their story carefully enough in hours of grumbling colloquy as they bumped through the snow, and Vanka came up to the suspicious guard bumbling with peasant innocence, "Comrade, we have lost our way. I am veterinarian Cherjoscha—this is my nephew—deaf and dumb the poor idiot is—such a sorrow to his father, my brother and, like myself, a member of the Party—indeed, to our whole village it was a sorrow when the lad was born thus, practically without brains—and as I say, I have apparently lost my way——"

In the spell of this confiding prattle, the guard had lost his suspicion and grounded his rifle. With one swing of his right, clumsy as a hayfork and ferocious as a gorilla, Vanka knocked him out. That moment, the other of the two guards lounged to the door of the hut. Vanka and his dumb nephew sprang at him together, but Vanka was the nearer, and it was at him that the startled guard shot. He had scarce time to bring the butt to his shoulder, but Vanka was not six feet away—the guard could not miss.

It was as though Vanka fell on him, rather than struck him, while at the same time the once-languid nephew leaped to catch him by the throat. When they had tied the two guards, nicely and gently, by the stove in the hut, so that possibly they might not freeze before they were discovered, Vanka collapsed, grunting, his fingers feeling at something warm inside the breast of his sheepskin.

"I am finished! Quick now, across the border, and farewell and God keep you, Kostja Pavlovitch!"

"Leave you? Don't be silly!" Kostja snapped. "You saved my life! But for your ability to speak the peasant jargon——"

"Don't be a ruddy fool, your Highness!" Vanka lifted a pale, furious face. "If I have saved you, don't make

my death a waste by not finishing the job and saving yourself! Do you remember when you were a boy, four times I saved you from drowning? A complete chump your Highness always was in the matter of swimming-holes, but let that pass now, it being these twenty-five years ago, in fact, and I being about to die and you to skip off across that border before more comrades come to grab us.

"Be off! Think! You will come back, one of the generals with the army of the grand dukes, to restore a new Czar to the ancient throne . . . Though I for one believe—you have always laughed at me, but I tell you that I have a cousin who has a friend who knows well a Bolo Commissar who says that his Imperial Majesty was never shot down at Ekaterinburg but is now a prisoner in Siberia, though some say in Turkestan, or others, as is well known, have actually seen him in——

"But let that pass and—— Get out! Did I not teach you to ride, to shoot, to wash your face? Colonel you may be and Highness you may be, but unless you get out, and on the moment, the clouting I shall give you! Please!"

Vanka's voice faded, his eyes clouded. Kostja kissed his low forehead and fled from the hut, through the grayness, stopping only to tear up the papers which described him as the Assistant Veterinarian Cherjoscha, of Vanamunka.

When he came to the belligerent Polish guards, half a kilometer away, he presented his papers as Colonel Cedric Charles Warrington Beith-Cramby of the British Military Mission. The district commander was summoned and arrived in the evening. He spoke French and a little English and thus could understand Colonel Beith-Cramby. He provided the colonel with potato vodka and an invaluable (and only third-hand) clean shirt, and enjoyed the colonel's story of escaping from the Bolsheviki among whom he had been spying.

"But if I had not heard your English and your chatter about London, I should have imagined that you were Russian, and we have orders to let none of those cattle across," said the Polish commander. "We keep out even the apparent Whites, for who knows when they will prove to be secret Reds and work their evil propaganda in our Christian Poland!"

"Quite right. I say, d'you mind if I send a telegram to my uncle in England?"

With edification the commander read the wire to Lord Batfield, Englemere, Brizzle, Sevenoaks, Kent, and decided to let Colonel Beith-Cramby proceed without further examination.

Now in the peerage of England, there is no such title as Lord Batfield, and the most earnest search has uncovered no village of Brizzle. It is to be feared that the telegram was never delivered.

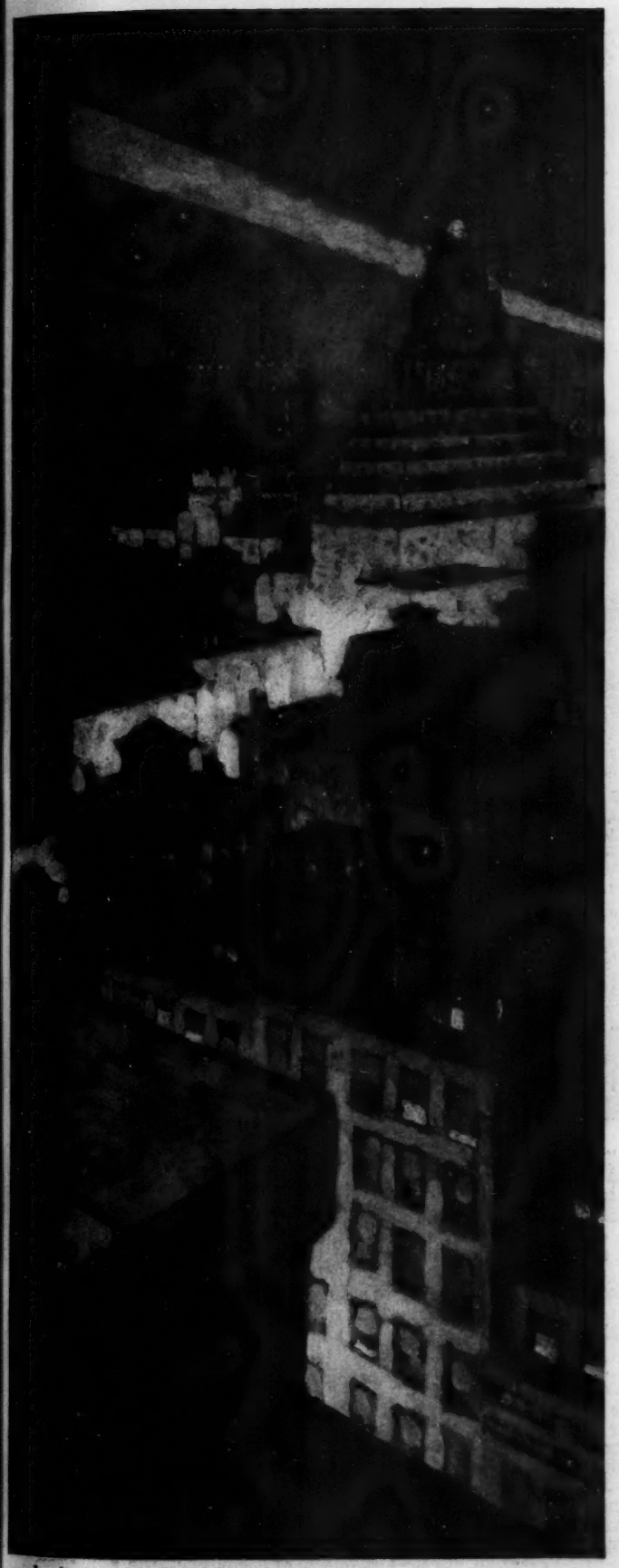
But that did not worry the man who boarded the train for Warsaw, thence to depart for Berlin and Paris. He was worried by but one thing. Should he have left the dying Vanka?

He had no answer.

A WELL-SPOKEN but not very elegant man named Colonel Beith-Cramby, with a feeble black beard and dirty sheepskins, took the train at the Polish border. From a train in Paris dismounted a man with the same eyes and voice, but he was shaven except for a small military mustache, he was rather elegant, and he was Prince Constantine Pavlovitch Kievsky —Kostja being the improbable diminutive of Constantine.

In Russia today, a *kulak*, or rich peasant—a really rich, *rich* peasant—is by definition a man who owns two cows. In Russia of yesterday, assert its detractors, a prince was any man who owned two shirts. But among the horde of

¶ *"You will marry a grubby little radical Prince Charming cut*



lovely American girl and laugh at your —and at yourself," said Genka. Her through her arguments with a kiss.

bishirted princes there were a few polyshirted nobles whose titles would have been accepted even in England, and of these was Prince Kostja, fourth cousin of the Czar.

His father had been Imperial Minister of Finance—though longing, all his busy days in Petersburg, for his hundred square miles of forest and meadow, bear and pheasant and secret trout streams. Kostja ambled through Winchester and Oxford, with a year at the Sorbonne; he learned the ways of finance at the great private bank of Trentwithen, Brother and Sons, on Lombard Street, and returned to Russia as his father's assistant.

Though he danced with zest, and his affair with the wife of the Portuguese minister was not unknown, though he was equally celebrated for dueling and for shocking his fellow blades by ridiculing the sentimentality of duels, yet Prince Kostja spent more hours at his desk than in fencing club or wild-boar hunting, and before his father died, he came to know as much about foreign loans and taxation as any man in Russia.

HE CAME out of the Great War a colonel—and a pauper.

He worked in the hayfields side by side with his one-time laborers, especially with Vanka, who had been his boyhood body servant and his principal professor in the Art of Getting through Life. When they had information that he, and probably Vanka, were due to be dumped into prison by the Bolsheviki, and that a Certain Party in Moscow could furnish the best of forged identity papers, Kostja sold the last of his mother's jewelry.

When he stepped from the train in Paris, Kostja wore a London lounge suit, a Bond Street hat and looked princely enough to satisfy anyone but a Hollywood director. But underneath, his underclothes were a demonstration of atomic adhesion—they consisted of holes held together by faith.

He was met by a grand duke, a rich one, which was just as well, because Kostja's exchequer consisted of two rubles, seven Polish zloties (and your zloty, however interesting a coin, does not get you far), four marks, a tenpfennig piece and seventy-six francs.

The Grand Duke Gregory wept over him, and embraced him, and took him home to the old Palais Joseffy, on the Rue du Bac, where Gregory was supporting sixteen White refugees. Gregory was a great patriot, and quite willing to be the new Czar, as soon as it was safe; he was, in fact, so patriotic that he had moved all his investments to Britain and America at the beginning of the war, and moved his own handsome and splay-bearded self to an agreeable country house in Shropshire.

That night, in borrowed evening clothes, Kostja dined with twenty Russian aristocrats in the famous Joseffy salon, with its forty-foot ceiling, its walls bumpy with plaster wreaths and gilt plaster roses and fleshy nymphs forever dancing in glossy panels. The company, Generals and Excellencies, Admirals and Ministers A.D., drank to the memory of the Czar (Gregory standing in the candlelight, red ribbon across the vast shirt front behind his glistening beard, holding up a goblet with the Romanov arms); they drank to Kostja, to Baron Wrangel, to the confusion of Lenin—in short, they drank, and then they told Kostja gurglingly, hiccuppingly, how they were going to invade Russia and drive out the Bolsheviki.

Perfectly easy. Just a matter of having a few words with the British prime minister, or coaxing the Japs or Mussolini to send in three or four million men. Easy!

Kostja listened, (*Continued on page 142*)

You Men

"WHAT is the difference between primitive and civilized life?" A New York woman, who knew I had lived my first seventeen years on a ship and among primitive people, asked me that question.

"There is one fundamental difference—sex," I answered.

She sighed. "Oh, how wonderful it would be for a modern woman to lead that primitive life!"

I couldn't help laughing. "You'd have a terrible time," I told her.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"Well, the first time you started to talk what you call sex to a primitive man he'd probably slap your face for being vulgar. If he didn't do that, he'd just sheer off and leave you alone, because the primitive man wants to pick his woman and not be chased by her. Primitive people live sex, they don't talk about it."

My observation ashore leads me to the conclusion that if people would only take sex for granted, live it more and talk it less, the world would be much happier and more decent.

I shall never forget how amazed I was when I first heard of "sex starvation." I didn't know there was such a thing. And I still don't believe there is such a thing. In fact, on shipboard and among primitive people I never heard the word "sex."

I was called "Skipper" or "Little Captain" by the crew of my father's ship. I knew I was a girl and that sailors were men, but that was as much as the difference in sexes meant to me. Of course I observed that physically men were different from me. They stood naked on the deck to be sloshed with sea water and so did I.

Of course they were different, but what of it? As for sex that landfolk treat so seriously, I was past sixteen before I even thought of it with reference to myself. My father was careful to guard my mind against becoming sex-conscious. He never flattered me and forbade the sailors to do so.

I suppose another reason I never became sex-conscious was that from the time I was a little child I saw natural expressions of sex all about me—the lone male albatross following the flight of the female, the king shark fighting off human attackers from the female shark with young in her pouches, the native girl eager in her surrender to a white-skinned sailor.

I never dreamed that some day I should be faced with the problem of mate hunger!

I saw life in the raw compared with the way girls on shore see it. Our sailors were anything but Galahads. Many of them were recruited from the docks in Seattle or Singapore—hulks of men, uncouth in language, but great in physical strength and courage—the stuff that deep-sea sailors are made of. Their ideals may be questioned—their conduct frowned upon by Mrs. Grundy, but in the seventeen years I lived among them not one

By Joan Lowell

ever tried to teach me an unclean thing.

It wasn't until I came ashore and mingled with my own sex that I even felt ashamed.

Everything the sailors did—from cursing to conducting their many love affairs—was done so frankly and without sham or hidden meanings that there was no shame to it.

I was about sixteen when I first heard of falling in love, and I learned about that not from what went on around me, but from a cheap novel. One of our sailors had brought aboard a sixpenny paper-covered passionate love story.

With a plug of tobacco I bribed him to let me read it. I had to read it secretly, for my father never permitted me to read any fiction. He didn't want my mind cluttered up with too many ideas about shore women. He wanted me to remain a child.

I read that book by the light of the moon which shone brightly through my porthole after I turned in at night. I first made sure my father was engrossed in ship's business on deck so he wouldn't catch me at it.

I read avidly and when I came to the part in the book where the heroine's soul was "awakened by a kiss" I burned feverishly. Would my soul ever awaken? Would anybody ever kiss me with such an amazing result?

Immediately my mind thrilled with ideas about how I could get awakened. I thought that all I had to do to fall in love was to decide to do so, pick out any man, have him kiss me, and the job would be done.

I didn't think anyone would voluntarily oblige me with a kiss, so I decided I would have to bully someone into doing it. You see, I had trouble getting kissed on board the ship—though I haven't suffered that way on land!

I picked on the cabin boy, a poor, weak, skinny youth who was seasick half the time and scared the rest. I knew he would be afraid to refuse to kiss me, for I could tell my father about his stealing some sugar out of the storeroom for his coffee—which would result disastrously for him.

The cabin boy was flustered when I went to him and requested him to kiss me. He placed an unwilling peck on my lips, and I closed my eyes waiting for the thrill of my soul's awakening to take place—but it didn't!

All I felt was a tickly sensation from the unshaven fuzz on the cabin boy's face. My experiment was a failure. I concluded beyond a doubt that I must be unfeeling and that my soul was destined to lie dormant forever!

I couldn't understand that book. It didn't square with anything I had known or seen, so after careful consideration I concluded it was a lie and put it out of my mind.

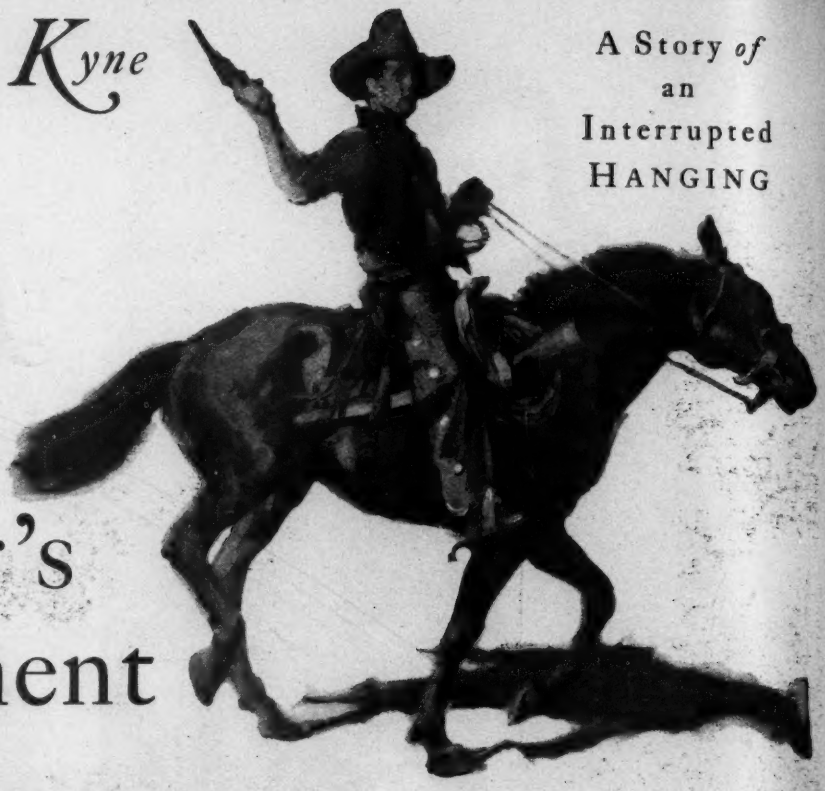
The actual things I saw were so different. As for instance, when on one of our trading trips we called at a little island in the Fijis, south of Suva.

We had been out at sea for (*Continued on page 114*)

by Peter B. Kyne

A Story of an Interrupted HANGING

Old Man Tooker's Investment



EVEN before Henry Henderson, who owned the Horse Heaven outfit, began to creep up close to the inevitable day when he would abandon his cow pony for a buckboard and a team of light mules, men commenced to refer to him as Old Man Henderson. He was deeply religious and possessed an exalted sense of justice and a priceless black cook and body servant named Eben. Eben was sacred to Old Man Henderson, who was a bachelor and had reached the point in years and worldly gear when he dwelt in a nice little adobe ranch house and never ate with his punchers except on Thanksgiving and Christmas.

One day when he was in town for his mail and headquarters was deserted, save for the ranch cook and a cowboy who was recovering from a broken leg, a stranger rode up to the adobe ranch house and loudly and profanely demanded that Eben come forth and attend him. When Eben opened the door and discovered he had been summoned by a total stranger, who was drunk into the bargain, he said:

"White boy, stop dat ruckus. Eff'n Ol' Man Henderson comin' home ketch you actin' uppity he sure mek you-all mighty hard to kotch. Whut you-all want?"

The noisy one, who was also ugly drunk, said he wanted dinner and mighty quick at that.

Now, no man on that ranch had ever talked that way to Eben, for Old Man Henderson would not have permitted it and Eben knew this; he knew, too, that he was sacred to Old Man Henderson and that it was beneath his dignity to cook for this frothing bully from nowhere. However, he was respectful.

He told the stranger he would not cook dinner for him; he suggested that the visitor ride to the cook-shack and present his case to the cook, who would make him welcome. To this the drunken visitor demurred, saying he had heard that Eben was a famous cook and had long yearned to sample his cuisine, and that a dinner by Eben he would have and that *muy pronto*.

Obsequiousness vanishes when a colored man's dignity and loyalty are attacked. Eben declared firmly that he would cook for no low white trash and reached for a rifle, for something told him he should equalize the situation. He did not succeed. The visitor pulled, put three bullets through Eben's body and rode off at a gallop.

From the bunk-house porch where he sat, with his leg in splints, braiding a *jáquima*, the broken-legged cowboy was witness to the brutal act. He could do nothing more, however, than make a swift and accurate inventory of the man's approximate size and weight, his wearing apparel, his outfit and his horse. So he remained where he was and shouted for the cook, who came and found Eben dead in the doorway.

The cook was fat and past middle age; he knew nothing of firearms and was not a horseman. So he and the crippled cowboy waited until Old Man Henderson drove in from town five hours later.

After the crippled cowboy had furnished him with such details as might be profitable, Old Man Henderson, who was religious, knelt and prayed for the soul of faithful black Eben. Next he prayed for strength to overtake Eben's murderer, left instructions with the ranch cook to have the boys bury Eben when they came in, went to the barn and saddled his Butterball horse.

THEN he caught up a big roan half-thoroughbred, tied to his cantle a gunny sack containing six feeds of oats, and a few slabs of jerked beef, filled a canteen, buckled on his forty-five, slid a repeating rifle down the boot on his saddle and fastened the halter shank of the roan horse to his pommel. Thus, with a lead horse, he rode out at a gallop on the trail of Eben's murderer. When the Butterball horse gave out, he would mount the roan and continue the pace.

Evidently the killer was superbly mounted and, the alcoholic fog lifting from his brain, he must have realized that pursuit was inevitable; that it was up to him to ride far and fast and lose his trail if he could. As well attempt to lose a foxhound as Old Man Henderson. On the third morning, at dawn, the avenger rolled the killer out of his saddle blanket, tied him up and charged him with his crime.

The man denied it, of course, but Old Man Henderson knew better. The description tallied perfectly and not for a hundred yards had Henderson been off the trail. He had even picked up the three empty cartridge cases the quarry had discarded when reloading his gun.

"Well," the prisoner observed bitterly, "'tain't no use trying to convince a man whose mind's made up."

"No, 'tain't," Henderson assured him. "I'm goin' to give you an hour to make your peace with God; if you

Illustration by
William Meade Prince

"*What you want this hombre for?*" "*Murder!*" *said the ranger.* "*That's what I want him for, too.*"

got any last message to send to somebody, you write it an' I'll mail it—provided you don't get noways personal in your correspondence an' involve me in litigation with the grand jury."

Thereupon he knelt in the grass and prayed for enlightenment, for strength to do his duty and promote justice, for forgiveness for the erring soul he was about to send into eternity.

The prisoner was not a praying man and, apparently, he was not a writing man either. So he sat and stared owlishly at Henry Henderson, who, at the end of an hour, dropped the loop of his *reata* over his man's neck and drew it taut. Then he passed the other end over a sycamore limb, fastened it to the pommel of his saddle, mounted the big roan and rode out slowly.

Naturally the prisoner ran in rapidly to the foot of the sycamore, and screamed for mercy and help.

HE WAS a foot off the ground when he dropped with great suddenness and collapsed in a heap. A moment later a man dismounted beside him, loosened his hempen collar and slipped it off.

Old Man Henderson rode in and eyed the stranger. "That's good, accurate shootin', neighbor," he said. "I take it you're not a friend o' the near-deceased, or you'd have put that bullet through the back o' my skull instead o' through my rope. You frazzled it jest enough to let his weight bust it."

"And that," the recent arrival declared, "is an accurate analysis of the situation. This man you were about to hang is no friend of mine, Mr. Henderson."

"I don't know *you*," Old Man Henderson complained.

"Being an honest man and more than usually respectful of other people's rights, you wouldn't be apt to. My name is Len Tooker and I'm a Texas ranger. The governor of Texas sent me down here to get this young man and bring him back to Austin, dead or alive. And I most certainly aim to bring him back alive.

"You can see for yourself what a nuisance he'd be dead, because he's half dead now. If his neck ain't permanently twisted that'll be because it's got a certain percentage of rubber in it."

Old Man Henderson came down off his horse, for he respected the law, and Len Tooker had taken the precaution to show him his shield.

"Let's argy this matter fair an' reasonable," he suggested, "before proceedin' to serious disagreement regardin' the *corpus delicti*. I'm a law-abidin' man, as you seem to know, an' even if I wasn't I got a natural objection to serious argyment with a Texas ranger—particularly one that shoots from the hip as good as you do." And he added: "Although I'm not such a slouch with a six-gun myself. What you want this hombre for?"

"Murder!"

"Ah," Old Man Henderson breathed softly. "That's what I want him for, too," and (*Continued on page 234*)

A Nightingale flies

¶ *"Opal will go on scratching a few dollars out of a typewriter, while Milt pickles his poetic soul. Why must you get married right away? What's the rush?" cried Eulalie.*

ALL DAY long Opal Norton sat with downcast eyes and rained finger-tips on a typewriter in the office of the Carthage Cucumber and Catsup Works. On cool summer evenings she looked up at the sky and sang.

All day long at the same factory, Milton Yates sealed caps on bottles or jars, or toted boxes of them into freight cars drawn up alongside. Of evenings he was apt to be drawn up alongside Opal.

Other young men and women gathered on the front steps or sagged the hammock on the Norton porch, and recuperated from other jobs at least as dreary. They found solace in what they called "harmonizing" popular songs, which had grown highly unpopular in the East by the time they reached Carthage. And what the neighbors called their "harmonizing" was something else.

One evening when a feeble breeze was blissful because it blew away a day so scandalously hot that the inhabitants had wondered whether they would suffocate before they melted or melt before they suffocated, the front-porch glee club chanted with unmitigated ruthlessness.

Edna McElroy fumbled after a contralto, Milton Yates strangled a slippery barytone that wanted to be a tenor, Walter Tuthill's bullfrog voice dived at the bass, and Jack Thurber shimmied his ukulele, while Opal carried the air so flutily that Milt Yates, who was literary, mumbled:

"Opal, your voice reminds me of that poem by—I forget. It begins—remember?—

> "A linnet that had lost her way
> Sang on a blackened bough in hell.

"And that's what this town's been for a week. But your voice is as cool as—as—gosh!"

Opal laughed rather pitifully. "But I've got no voice. All I have got is the scraps left over from what my sister got."

Home

Illustrations by
Rico Tomaso

By Rupert Hughes

Her sister was, of course, the famous Eulalie Norton, the swiftly climbing star of opera, whose growing fame was the chief pride of Carthage, most of whose citizens had never heard a grand opera or even a grandiose one.

Milt persisted: "Well, I never heard your sister—or not since she sang in the choir, anyway—and I was only a tike then—but all I got to say is: if she's half as good as you are, she's—well, she's good!"

"She's good, all right," said Opal—"always sending money home to Papa and Mama. We'd be rich nearly if something terrible like Mama's getting sick or Papa's clerk running away with all his money didn't turn up every time she sent anything."

"The Lord will provide," said Milt ambiguously. "But as we were singing——"

The song welled up again for the dozenth time, Opal turning the melody into an exquisite truth while the other voices skidded and sprawled like beginners on skates.

"I took one look at you,
That's all I meant to do;
And then my heart stood still!
My feet could step and walk,
My lips could move and talk,
And yet my heart stood still!
Though not a single word was spoken,
I could tell you knew,
That unfelt clasp of hands——"

Opal knew a felt clasp of hands as Milt's crept to hers in the dark and embraced it. Their souls were linked in the same chains of frustrated yearning for they knew not what, while their lives stood still.

That shabby front porch needed fresh paint on fresh planks and fresh pillars—in fact, it needed a new front porch. And the front porch needed a new house. Yet when the moonlight flooded it and the young people crowded it and sang, it might have been a gondola drifting down a rippling street in Venice, for its passengers saw neither porch nor house but only the stars or each other's eyes.

They sang like galley slaves singing drowsily at night, to drown the faint rattle of the shackles. All day they rowed and rowed and got nowhere. At night they made love and thought of what might have been.

They usually gathered on the Norton porch because Opal was a warm, bright soul, full of fun and song, and more especially because her mother always came rolling out in her wheeled chair with an invitation to the dining-room or with a lapful of something to eat. Then she would disappear and leave youth to entertain itself, a privilege for which youth is always grateful.

The telephone rang inside the house just as the porch-chorus for the twentieth time advertised the announcement:

"I never lived at all
Until the thrill of that moment when
My—heart—stood—still."

Opal's father hobbled to the telephone and muttered: "I wisht they'd shut their noise a little till I get what's comin' in over this phome. It's a telegram."

He was too timid and life-beaten a man to yell "Hush!" so he stuck one finger into his free ear and listened violently with the other until he learned the news; then he ran, gasping:

"Mama, Mama! What you suppose? A telegram from Eulalie! She's comin' home for a visit! Gets here first the week! Goin' West on a concert tour and goin' to lay off here a few days."

Mrs. Norton clapped her hands and looked up into the showers that came down about her eyes. Then she laid hold of the rims of the wheels and, with the dexterity of a Ben-Hur, tooled her little chariot through the door and into the hall, slap-dash through the screen to the front porch, where she stopped it short just before it clattered down the front steps. And she squealed:

"Opal, honey, what you suppose? You'd never guess! See if you can!"

"The house is on fire," was Opal's guess.

Her mother poured out the glad tidings. Opal leaped up and hugged her, then hugged her father, who had followed to share the rejoicing.

THE mere announcement that the Carthage nightingale was on her way quenched the spirit of song, and the visitors gradually withdrew in spite of the small-town hospitality that made Opal and her mother nag them with appeals to stay. Milt Yates was the last as usual, for he always had a few words to exchange with Opal alone, though he had never dared say quite what he had planned to.

The report of Eulalie's arrival frightened him. He was troubled indeed with a strange foreboding that Eulalie was somehow going to come between him and Opal. Just how, he could not imagine, but he felt that he had better make his bid for Opal before Eulalie appeared.

He managed, by the most transparent pretenses, to place himself in front of the hammock so that when Opal had to say, "Sit down a while," he would have to sit there. When she did he did; then motioned to her to sit by him, and she did.

Being denied so much, they found amazingly much in themselves. It was a festival just not to be at work, not to be apart, not to be hot and weary. No millionaire could have bought a better breeze or a more expensive vapor of moonbeams. The blue dark made all costumes alike and clothed the girl in the velvet of her own soft grace and the boy in the broadcloth and starched linen of young strength.

The torpor of existence was dramatized for them by the riddle of whom to woo and whom to accept; the fear of being left out in a game where there were not enough partners to go round and he or she who hesitated must take second choice or third, perhaps none.

The uncertainty as to whether Opal would welcome his advances or reject them as insults filled Milt with tremulous anxiety.

For a long while he sat and fingered his fingers while Opal sat simmering in exactly the same confusion, for if Milt did not ask her to marry him, she would have to live on deprived of all the splendid raptures of life with him, or be driven to the ghastly necessity of marrying one of the other half-dozen possible husbands in town.

Perhaps it was the weary hammock's impatient sentience that abruptly untwisted a kink in the rope and threw the formal young prigs against each other, astounding him with a shock of wonder as he learned how far softer than soft was her breast against his, while she learned how firmer than steel were the arms that crushed hers. As their cheeks collided it contrarily fascinated them both that hers was like mellow silk and his like a cactus.

MILT'S head, without stopping to think, chased Opal's about in the dark until his lips had groped from her ear to her mouth and fastened there. Opal made the precise amount of resistance that had been found correct some hundreds of thousands of years ago, and then yielded.

Trapped in a net of rope, they clung to each other as if hundreds of demons were trying to tear them apart.

Neither of them could have believed that anything comparable with their present satisfaction could exist now or hereafter. Just to go on together at this wild honey-gathering was all that either could ever want.

So they fell to considering how soon they could get married and what chance they had to keep from starving or freezing. They gravely calculated that if both kept their jobs and lived either at his mother's or her father's they could just about meet the exceedingly modest standards of the town.

By this time they were dazed to hear her mother's voice float softly and tenderly down the hall with a request for the most irrelevant information.

"Opal, honey, it's after midnight. Did you know it?"

That was not much of a reproach, but Milt groaned with the humiliation. "It won't be long now, honey, till nobody on earth will be able to order me out of your arms."

"Oh, Mama didn't mean anything except that I've got to get up so awful early and so have you, you poor darling. Did you realize it was so late?"

"I hadn't an idea of the time, but, well, at that, I guess I better dash along. It kills me to leave you, but you're just dead on your feet. Good night, my own, own——"

At half past twelve a sleepy voice again invaded their bower, so gently and reluctantly that it was less a warning than an uncompleted query: "Opal?"

"All right, Mama! Good night, my Miltikins!"

"Good night, my divine Muse!" Milt was literary.

Opal staggered up to her bed in almost unbelieving bliss and slept soundly on her knees for half an hour, trying to add to her prayers fitting words of gratitude for a miracle of generosity. Heaven had granted her all she could ever want.

Milt was kept awake on his way home by the knocks he got from the trees he lurched into, and he was so sleepy that he forgot to say his prayers at all.

In the morning it was downright agony to tear loose from slumber. But when they met at the pickle factory, the looks they exchanged! All day Opal hammered from her typewriter carillons of silver bells. All day the crates Milt toted were kegs of doubloons, and as he screwed the tops on the bottles he was winding up a clock of happiness that would never run down.

They walked together to her home along a road rosy with sunset, and agreed that they could wish for nothing better than to go to and fro on that path forever.

But the serpent slipped even into Eden and Eulalie came gliding nearer every day to Carthage.

HERE you see my friend, Fred Fletcher, the famous angler, demonstrating how really to enjoy a vacation. And just so that all of you may have the same opportunity, and particularly so you won't risk missing the continuation of Mr. Coolidge's fine story, our Circulation Manager has worked out an excellent plan for having the next four issues of Cosmopolitan follow you to beach or mountain. He explains on page 218.

Read what he says, sign on the dotted line —he'll do the rest. R. L.

"An artist's happiness lies in being miserable about beauty," said Eddie. "Sometimes I'm so sad that I'm happy, and so happy that I want to die. So you go your way, Lal, and I'll stay here."

The expectation of the townspeople was that the far-famed prima donna would arrive on a special train, or at least a private car. Perhaps a cloth of gold would be laid down for her and she would appear in ermine, with her eyebrows haughtily drawn up under her diamond tiara. They all began to hate and resent her a little, and to defend themselves against her in advance by dragging her down to their own level of humility.

This one remembered what reckless love affairs she had had even as a child. That one recalled the scandal of her expulsion from the choir for flirting with the organist during the long prayer. Another was reminded of the time when her voice quawked on a high note "the night they gave the cantatty."

Girls she had cut out were sullen and girls who had cut her out were boastful. Young men who had kissed her told of it, but young men whose faces she had slapped told of her long infatuation for Burr Daniels and of what happened to him after she threw him over for her career. Burr was not at the station to meet her. He was very much engaged elsewhere.

The woman who stepped off the train was alone. To herself she was only a tired and homesick girl, but the spectators noted with a surprising amount of comfort that she was much stouter (*Continued on page 192*)

His Holiness
Pope Pius XI

This is how the POPE Spends *his* Day

7:00 A. M.	Arises.
7:30	Celebrates Mass.
8:30	Breakfast.
9:00	Receives Cardinal Secretary of State.
10:00	Private audiences.
12:00	Official semipublic audiences.
2:30 P. M.	Dinner.
3:00	Walks in Vatican Gardens.
4:00	Prays and reads in private apartments.
5:30	Afternoon audiences.
8:00	Prays in private chapel.
8:30	Supper.
10:00	Retires to private library.
1 to 2 A. M.	Goes to bed.

by

Frazier Hunt

I HAVE just been with one of the hardest-working men in the world.

At seventy-two he is up every morning at seven sharp and it is seldom that he gets to bed before one or two o'clock the following morning. Five hours' sleep a night suffices him.

He sees hundreds of people every day. For hours on end he has important and difficult interviews with men from the four corners of the world.

He is almost an absolute monarch to more than 300,000,000 souls—twice the number that the Czar of Russia could have called his children.

Every vital detail in the shepherding of this vast flock comes under his personal supervision. His spiritual authority is unquestioned and unlimited. He is a Mussolini with no council, no state to answer to. He is a dictator who fears no revolutionary outbreak.

His name used to be Achille Ratti. Today and forever after it is His Holiness Pope Pius XI.

"Your private audience will be at twelve-thirty on Thursday, and you will wear a full dress evening suit with white tie," the official communication from the Pope's secretary read.

I felt a bit foolish to deck myself out in boiled shirt and tails in the middle of the bright Italian day, but I did, and I drove in an old-fashioned open horse-carriage from my hotel to the Vatican.

It was a ride through the ages, through three thousand years of living, breathing history, past pagan monuments and temples, along roads that St. Peter, planting the first seeds of mighty Christianity, trod—by a succession of churches, memorials, buildings bearing names almost as old and sacred as time itself.

Then through the great bronze doors of the Vatican, by Swiss papal guards in bizarre red, yellow and blue uniforms that Michelangelo designed, up endless marble steps, across courts, saluted by gendarmes, Palatine Guards, Noble Guards, resplendent in a dozen varied uniforms—and then into the great Tapestry Room.

For twenty minutes I waited here; then I was ushered through other chambers into a small room done in red velvet. Here I knelt—and then into the room came a figure in white, with his scarlet cloth slippers the one bit of color about his costume.

He is a figure of the ages.

SQUARE-SHOULDERED, muscular, about five feet seven inches tall and weighing a hundred and seventy-five pounds, he walks with a quick, elastic step—the step of a mountain climber and outdoor man. His auburn hair is barely streaked with gray, and his brown eyes snap behind his small, thick-lensed spectacles.

His voice is strong and has a decided brusque quality about it. You have a definite feeling that here is a man of tremendous power and forceful personality, a man who knows what he wants and how to go about getting it. Intelligent, determined, courageous, unbending, he is the true ruler, the autocrat.

This is the Holy Father the public on rare occasions can see for a fleeting moment. This is the official Pope, with his official receptions and audiences.

Far more interesting is the simple man behind these trappings of state and ceremony—the man who was the son of a small factory manager of northern Italy named Francesco Ratti, who after twenty-five years of service as a librarian in Milan and in the Vatican itself, was made Papal Nuncio in Poland (where he became an intimate friend of President Hoover), then Cardinal at Milan and then one February day seven years ago was astounded at his own election as Pope.

Just what of the man himself? How and where does he live? What does he eat and drink? How does he spend these long Italian hours from seven in the morning until one or two o'clock at night?

To begin with, he lives in a seven-room corner apartment on the fourth floor of a great building in the Vatican grounds—with windows looking out on the magnificent dome of St. Peter's and below on the spreading panorama of the Imperial City itself. This is his real home. This is his inner castle. Absolutely no one enters these private apartments except his two secretaries and the three lay monks of the Alexian Brotherhood who cook and serve his meals and look after the apartment.

THIS top-floor private apartment consists of an entrance hall, two sitting-rooms, a bedroom, a dining-room, a private study and a tiny private chapel. The ceilings are high and the rooms are well though not extravagantly furnished. Each Pope makes certain changes in the furnishings and arrangements of the rooms. The present Pope turned his predecessor's chapel into a bedroom and made a chapel out of the room used by Pope Benedict XV for sleeping purposes.

Likewise each Pope has his own ideas of the dignity and personal demands of the great office. Pius X, the little priest Pope who died of a broken heart during the first month of the Great War, was a friendly fellow who dined with his secretaries and now and then with a cardinal. Benedict XV also hungered for the companionship of his old friends and dined regularly with his secretaries and at odd times with his sisters.

But Pius XI is sterner and more aloof. He conceives his great office as something above and apart from his old life and friends. His days belong to the church and every minute of his waking hours goes to its service. Once in his private apartments, he is as much cut off from the world as a monk praying in his cell.

When he was first elected Pope he brought to the Vatican his old Italian housekeeper, (*Continued on page 242*)

Philo Vance, *detective*, *takes* You through the

POISON

AFTER the Bishop murder case had been terminated Philo Vance had fallen into the habit of dining with Markham every Sunday night at the old Stuyvesant Club. As Vance's constant companion and legal adviser, I was always present; and often after dinner Sergeant Heath would join us in the lounge-room.

The conversation turned naturally to criminology, and scarcely a Sunday night passed that Vance did not outline to us, apropos of some legal or psychological point in our discussions, a famous case—generally one of European setting; for Vance was well versed in these matters. The criminological archives of Europe were at that time a fad with him; and his library was cluttered with the official documents of many of the Continental police departments.

On previous Sunday nights he had related to us the famous Germaine Berton case in Paris (which I have already set down in "The Scarlet Nemesis"); the incredible and almost burlesque Pruscha case (recorded by me in this magazine under the title of "A Murder in a Witches' Caldron"), and the astonishing and spectacular Jaroszynski case (which I described last month, calling it "The Man in the Blue Overcoat").

On the particular Sunday night of which I now write the psychology of the feminine criminal had been broached by Markham (as I remember, it had started with some reference to the Greene murder case); and Vance, maintaining that the most resourceful and most daring of all criminals were women, outlined for us the notorious Chorinsky murder case which, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, created one of Europe's criminological sensations.

¶ *In Vienna Count Gustav fell in love Ebergényi. Later his mad infatuation*

Y' know, Markham (Vance began, in his emotionless drawl), for calculating, cold-blooded murder, women more than hold their own with men. And their most ruthless, cerebral crimes are generally the result of some powerful emotional impetus—a curious paradox.

Regard the amazin' Chorinsky case. What a record of passion, illicit love, mental degeneracy and murderous mathematical precision! No fiction writer would dare use it—he wouldn't be believed. The critics would say "far-fetched," "impossible," "unconvincing," "absurd psychology." And yet, there are the records, duly set forth with Teutonic meticulousness—an actual page in the archives of Austrian crime.

Count Gustav Chorinsky was the scion of an old feudal family in Moravia. He was born in 1832, I believe, and at the age of seventeen entered the Austrian army. In 1858 he was garrisoned in Linz, the capital of Upper Austria; and it was here he met, as we euphemistically say, his fate. And what a fate!

He fell in love with a talented young actress named Mathilde Ruef. Mathilde was then twenty-five years of age—a lovely creature possessed of rare charm. He wooed her passionately, and soon their engagement was announced. But the elder Chorinsky, old-fashioned and proud, who was at that time the lieutenant-governor of Lower Austria, frowned upon the marriage—no son of his should marry a mummer!

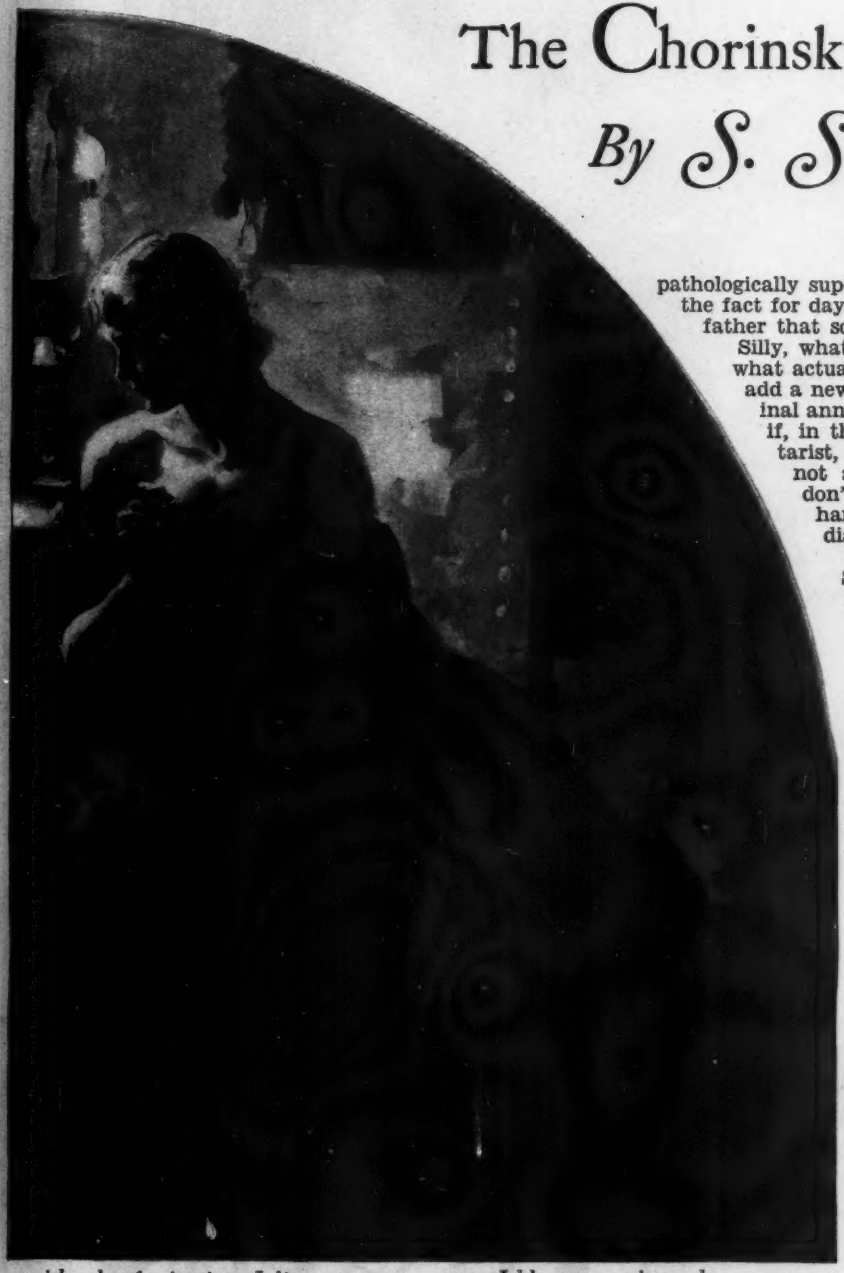
But did that deter the lovers? Not for a moment. Mathilde and her dashing young officer simply set up housekeeping as man and wife without benefit of clergy.

Chorinsky was a rotter and a waster: his financial position soon became seriously involved, and in 1859 he

Mazes *of* One *of the* Most Famous Crimes *in History*—

The Chorinsky Murder

By S. S. Van Dine



with the fascinating Julie von Kageneck, turned to vicious, vindictive hatred.

Illustration by Pruett Carter

was forced to resign his commission in the army.

For a time he and Mathilde lived near Salzburg, but owing to the pressure brought to bear by his outraged father, the police intervened: Mathilde went to Bavaria and Chorinsky returned to Vienna. His father arranged for his reentry into the army, and at the end of the same year he was stationed with his regiment in Italy. Here his illicit relations with Mathilde were secretly reestablished.

In March, 1860, he entered the armies of the Papal States as captain; and four months later Chorinsky senior, despairing of separating the lovers, gave his consent to the marriage, which took place at Foligno on July seventeenth.

(Vance lighted one of his Régie cigarets and smiled.)

A curious incident happened at the ceremony. Chorinsky forgot the wedding ring, and being of an almost pathologically superstitious nature, he brooded over the fact for days, declaring to his bride and to his father that something tragic was inevitable.

Silly, what? But in view of the horrors of what actually followed—horrors that were to add a new and terrible chapter to the criminal annals of Europe—one almost wonders if, in the weak mind of this young militarist, some shadow of the future had not already fallen. I'm not psychic, don't y'know, but—my word, Markham!—such coincidences are deuced disconcertin'.

The battle of Castelfidardo on September 18th, 1860, in which the papal troops were completely routed, put an end to the temporal power of the Holy See; and in May of the following year, when the papal army was finally disbanded, the young couple established themselves in Nancy.

Their domestic and amat'ry relations had by now, because of their dissimilar and incompatible temperaments, grown irremediably strained. Chorinsky's ardor had cooled—it had become gelid, in fact; and in 1861 he left his wife and returned to Brünn, where he attempted to reenlist in the Austrian army. Failing in this, he lived for two years on the family estates at Wessely, with occasional visits to Vienna and Laibach—now absurdly called Ljubljana.

A most interestin' side light is thrown on Chorinsky's erratic and susceptible nature during these two years by his brief but violent infatuation for the daughter of a Colonel Miltitsch in Laibach.

For hours at a time the enamored swain would promenade before her window crying, "Marie, do you love me?"—*"Marie, liebst du mich?"*—until he collapsed in utter exhaustion. He sent her a locket containing a paring of his finger nail instead of the conventional hirsute clipping—an original idea, but one hardly indicative of amorous normality. He constantly threatened to commit suicide, and grew so morbidly superstitious that whenever he passed over a bridge he would drop a silver coin into the water as a means of fending off the doom that he imagined hung over him.

When Colonel Miltitsch finally forbade him the house, he sought forgetfulness by returning to the army. The Danish war had just broken out, and his reinstatement was facilitated.

His infatuation for Marie Miltitsch had affected him to such a degree that his feeling for his wife underwent a complete revulsion. His indifference developed into a violent hatred, and when she refused, on religious grounds, to consent to a (*Continued on page 213*)

By Mark O'Dea

How strange in Red Bud to be working on a woman! And how beautiful she was.

Another

In *the* Life *of a* Small

WILL UPJOHN did not want to go home, although it was nearly noon. He felt too languid, too detached. He just wanted to sit there. He had succumbed to spring fever.

The soft June air, "so nice and smelly," as one customer had said, came stealing in the open door, warring with the scents and perfumes of the Acme Tonsorial Parlor.

It was just a little bit of heaven to sit there, quietly, on a slow Monday morning—to look out across the Square, to watch the swaying trees with their fresh green leaves, to hear the birds again, and really to hear the greetings of passers-by, so much friendlier than winter signals.

And it was nice to be able to sit in the sun and stretch and yawn. And maybe smoke a five-center.

Will loved the spring—yet feared it. He had always feared it. More now, at forty, than ever before.

It brought that soft, strange, irrepressible Wanderlust, that everlasting desire to flee from Red Bud and the "Missus" and—everything!

Thirty years ago. Twenty years ago. Ten years ago. Always spring awakened this quickened desire, this vision—and then along came summer and robbed him of the dream as well as of the initiative.

Thirty years ago, he had run away for a whole day! He had gone out to Willow Creek, and only hunger and a frivolous bull and approaching darkness had made him run all the way home.

But what a day! He could remember still the delight in taking off his shoes and stockings—the tender

Illustrations by
Rose O'Neill

The Story of a Dream That Lies Hidden in the Heart of Most Men

June

Town Barber

feet, the oozy, cool mud trickling between his toes.

He could remember the little families of crawfish. And the chatterings of birds. Except for them, how alone he was that day, how safe from motherly admonitions, fatherly orders, sisterly nagging and brotherly bullying.

Those were the springs! The springs in the springtime of life!

Yet . . .

There were the springs of the late teens and the early twenties. Queer springs. Exotic. Fearful. Extravagant.

He remembered the first stolen kisses, the shy embraces, the long evening hours at "her" gate, the intrigues, the jealousies, the triumphs and the disappointments.

He remembered the spring he had married Hattie. How springlike she had been, so dainty, so clinging, so like a shy little spring flower. And now . . . the thought of Hat, there at home waiting for him . . . how she had changed!

Then he remembered those later springs, every one of them. He wondered how he had ever lived through them all. And how he was still here in Red Bud, the staid citizen, the dependable husband, the unromantic barber of forty.

It was nearly noon. He would have to go home for dinner. He knew what Hat would say the minute he got home. "Now, Will, you ought to cut the grass." And "Will, the porch floor needs paintin'." And "Will, you're fergettin' to weed the garden."

All this brought him back to actualities. Routine—routine—routine. It was bad enough to open up the shop every day and mow away hair and shave uninteresting faces and listen to stale jokes and close up shop. All that was shackling enough.

And now—another June had come. And nobody knew what June meant to Will Upjohn, nobody knew the slumbering fires that were kindled into flame in Will Upjohn's soul, he who was outwardly so prosaic.

This June must be different! He had sworn it. He would go to the city for a week—to "Chi." He would—well, there were many possibilities.

Of course, it was a lesser thing to do than other Junes had invited, but he knew he was forty and only memories lingered of what he had hoped and hoped to do on other, earlier Junes, and somehow had always failed to do.

Was he so old, then, that the Junes were losing their mysterious spell? He glanced across the room and into the mirror. He peered at himself impersonally, appraisingly. No, he was not bald. He was still "well preserved." He might pass for thirty-five, he thought. But he wondered if he was attractive to women. Would a woman respond to a slight flirtation? And did he know how to flirt? Or had times changed? Were today's

Will remembered the first stolen kisses, the shy embraces, the long evening hours at "her" gate. And now . . .

ways far different?

He remembered that Chautauqua woman who had come to his shop last August for a shampoo — what a daring thing to do in Red Bud! And how strange it had felt to be working upon a woman! And how beautiful she was and how sure of herself. And what a wonderful voice! And how she had flattered him and had said that he ought to have a shop in the big city. "There's money in beauty parlors," she had said.

How he had hated, that morning, just as they were talking so comfortably, to have the Reverend Kerns come in for a hair-cut, that pompous, smug, popular minister. What a damper he had been! How shocked he had been! And how he had sat there, silent and glum, never thinking it would have been better for him to have left, even if only to walk around the Square a few times. He had seemed unaware of any intrusion.

Will remembered shaving the Reverend Kerns that morning, and the momentary desire to plunge the razor into his throat. And the inertia that had come afterwards, the nervous fear that he might have lost control.

Will laid aside the Police Gazette. He was tired of the fleshy, flashy beauties. Let the younger men admire them. But what is black ink on pink paper? Pictures, merely, ghosts of distant people, women whose chief ambitions were the display of legs.

As long as he could remember, this leg journal had been coming to the shop. Legs—legs—legs! What is there so eternal about legs? He often wondered.

Long since he had lost interest in the Police Gazette. Its very voluptuousness had made legs repulsive. "Women are legs"—that was a queer editorial policy.

Hat's legs. Red Bud legs. He was thankful that they had been spared in the thousands of Police Gazette exhibits. Yet where were all these thousands of leg-proud ladies? Did all women want to pose for the Police Gazette?

Legs . . . that muscle dancer at the fair. He was eighteen. They were the first legs he had ever seen. Hootchie-kootchie. He had gone in boldly, as if he were a real grown-up man—yet how scared inwardly!

Clang-clang! The unmusical courthouse clock was announcing noon. And with it came to the door, like a human cuckoo, Charlie Braun, ever repeating his daily question on the sixth strike: "Goin' home, Will?" Charlie lived next door.

WILL wanted to walk home alone, slowly, luxuriously. He did not want to hear Charlie's chatter, nor did he want to synchronize his steps to another's. Charlie always insisted upon keeping step.

"Yes," answered Will; "I'll lock up." But he did not say it gladly. He was not glad to walk out into the June loveliness—with Charlie.

Charlie wanted to talk politics or baseball or prize fights or races or other accepted barber topics. But

Will rebelled. Why did people always talk about nothing but these with him?

He wanted to talk about flowers and birds—and June. But that would be unmanly. Who ever heard of a barber interested in flowers and birds and June? So he remained silent. Charlie excoriated the Democratic ticket. Will noticed how the rosebuds were swelling.

Will wanted to linger along and merely stroll, but Charlie kept him walking briskly, as if they were going a long way instead of a few short blocks, as if they were expected instantly, or were tardy. Why such a hurry?

Will sniffed Nature's delicate but seductive perfumes—and he smelled Red Bud dinners, indelicate, conflicting. Some people were having boiled cabbage. Somewhere something was burning! Then came a whiff of fresh baking. As he approached his own house, he smelled onions. So they were to have fried liver and onions today. Dinner suddenly lost all its interest, all its surprise. He had no appetite.

Onions—open windows—flies . . . he was glad that he had put up the screens.

The house was silent.

"Where are the kids?" he asked of Hat as he stood at the kitchen door. He didn't go in and clean up at the sink. He was the only man in Red Bud who came home clean. It was a distinction which Hat enjoyed particularly. "A barber is more genteel than a banker, even," she would say.

"Em's gone over to grandma's for dinner. Willie ain't comin' home. Had to go out, he telephoned, with the repair car to fix up someone who's stalled on the Hedge Road." She was dishing up the victuals.

Will and Hat sat down to dinner.

"Heard the news, ain't you?" Hat asked, as she was boiling over with it. Yes, he had. Who hadn't? Every living soul in Red Bud had heard about the elopement—except old Ma Murdy and she, being eighty-four and deaf as a hitching-post, had probably perked up as the written news was handed to her on her slate.

Amanda Lumm and Fred Snellenberger had eloped to Chicago on last night's flyer!

Amanda Lumm, not Ethelyn Smith! And him engaged to Ethelyn! Hat was fairly sputtering with the details.

Yes, he knew all about it, he had thought, but Hat had spent the morning talking to neighbors.

A PRETTY mess it was! All Red Bud was divided into two camps. Some sympathized with the elopers, some condemned. Will didn't let Hat know, but he belonged to the sympathetic group—Hat was too obviously outraged.

"The idee," she was saying, "that upstart teacher stealin' Ethelyn's beau. Poor Mrs. Smith."

"But maybe it's for the best," Will ventured.

Hat's disdain was colossal. Didn't he understand that Fred was *engaged* to Ethelyn? Yes, he did—but——

Hat was saying: "Poor Ethelyn has had a terrible spell—even the doctor had to come."

"Was she so daffy over him?" Will inquired. "Seems to me she was flirting around with everybody *but* Fred."

"That don't matter," Hat insisted, "they was *engaged.*"

He was wondering why women stick so persistently to formalities, to binding ties. What if they were engaged? And what if Fred didn't want to go through with it? What if Ethelyn had kept him waiting too long? Why shouldn't Fred turn to Amanda? Why shouldn't they elope? In June!

He knew that male gossip—the sly innuendoes about Ethelyn and Charlie Menk. Fred *(Continued on page 110)*

A Surprising Success

The MAN *who made* His Mark

THERE had been a christening that afternoon at St. Peter's, Neville Square, and Albert Edward Foreman still wore his verger's gown. He kept his new one, its folds as full and stiff as though it were made not of alpaca but of perennial bronze, for funerals and weddings (St. Peter's, Neville Square, was a church much favored by the fashionable for these ceremonies), and now he wore only his second-best.

He wore it with complacence, for it was the dignified symbol of his office, and without it (when he took it off to go home) he had the disconcerting sensation of being somewhat insufficiently clad. He took pains with it; he pressed it and ironed it himself.

During the sixteen years he had been verger of this church he had had a succession of such gowns, but he had never been able to throw them away when they were worn out, and the complete series, neatly wrapped up in brown paper, lay in the bottom drawer of the wardrobe in his bedroom.

The verger busied himself quietly, replacing the painted wooden cover on the marble font, taking away a chair that had been brought for an infirm old lady, and then waited for the vicar to have finished in the vestry so that he could tidy up in there and go home.

Presently he saw him walk across the chancel, genuflect in front of the high altar and come down the aisle; but he still wore his cassock.

"What's 'e 'angin' about for?" the verger said to himself. "Don't 'e know I want my tea?"

The vicar, a red-faced, energetic man in the early forties, had been but recently appointed, and Albert Edward still regretted his predecessor, a clergyman of the old school who preached leisurely sermons in a silvery voice and dined out a great deal with his more aristocratic parishioners. He liked things in church to be just so, but he never fussed; he was not like this new man who wanted to have his finger in every pie.

But Albert Edward was tolerant. St. Peter's was in a very good neighborhood and the parishioners were a nice class of people. The new vicar had come from the East End and he couldn't be expected to fall in all at once with the discreet ways of his fashionable congregation.

"All this 'ustle," said Albert Edward. "But give 'im time, 'e'll learn."

When the vicar had walked down the aisle so far that he could address the verger without raising his voice more than was becoming in a place of worship, he stopped.

"Foreman, will you come into the vestry for a minute? I have something to say to you," he said.

"Very good, sir."

The vicar waited for him to come up and they walked up the church together.

"A very nice christenin', I thought, sir. Funny 'ow the baby stopped cryin' the moment you took 'im."

"I've noticed they often do," said the vicar, with a smile. "After all, I've a good deal of practice with them."

It was a source of subdued pride to him that he nearly always could quiet a whimpering infant by the manner in which he held it, and he was not unconscious of the amused admiration with which mothers and nurses watched him settle the baby in the crook of his surpliced arm. The verger knew that it pleased him to be complimented on his talent.

The vicar preceded Albert Edward into the vestry. Albert Edward was a trifle surprised to find the two churchwardens there. He had not seen them come in. They gave him pleasant nods.

"Good afternoon, my lord. Good afternoon, sir," he said to one after the other.

They were elderly men, both of them, and they had been churchwardens almost as long as Albert Edward had been verger. They were sitting now at a handsome refectory table which the old vicar had brought many years before from Italy, and the vicar sat down in the vacant chair between them.

Albert Edward faced them, the table between him and them, and wondered with slight uneasiness what was the matter.

He remembered still the occasion on which the organist had got into trouble and the bother they had all had to hush things up. In a church like St. Peter's, Neville Square, they couldn't afford a scandal. On the vicar's red face was a look of resolute benignity, but the others seemed slightly troubled.

" 'E's been naggin' them, 'e 'as," said the verger to himself. " 'E's jockeyed them into doin' something, but they don't 'alf like it. That's what it is, you mark my words."

But his thoughts did not appear on Albert Edward's clean-cut and distinguished features. He stood in respectful but not obsequious attitude. He had been in service before he was appointed to his ecclesiastical office, but only in very good houses, and his deportment was irreproachable.

Starting as a page boy in the household of a duke, he had risen by due degrees from the position of fourth to first footman; for a year he had been single-handed

"I'm afraid I couldn't learn to read and write—not now," said the verger. "I shall be 'appy to 'and in my resignation."

Story by the Ever-Surprising

W. Somerset Maugham

butler to a widowed peeress, and till the vacancy occurred at St. Peter's, butler with two men under him in the house of a retired ambassador. He was tall, spare, grave and dignified.

He looked, if not like a duke, at least like an actor of the old school who specialized in dukes' parts. He had tact, firmness and self-assurance. His character was unimpeachable.

The vicar began briskly. "Foreman, we've got something rather unpleasant to say to you. You've been here a great many years and I think his lordship and the General agree with me that you've fulfilled the duties of your office to the satisfaction of everybody concerned."

The two churchwardens nodded.

"But a most extraordinary circumstance came to my knowledge the other day and I felt it my duty to impart it to the churchwardens. I discovered to my astonishment that you could neither read nor write."

The verger's face betrayed no sign of embarrassment. "The last vicar knew that, sir," he replied. "'E said it didn't make no difference. 'E always said there was a great deal too much education in the world for 'is taste."

Illustration by David Robinson

"It's the most amazing thing I ever heard!" cried the General. "Do you mean to say that you've been verger of this church for sixteen years and never learned to read or write?"

"I went into service when I was twelve, sir. The cook in me first place tried to teach me once, but I didn't seem to 'ave any knack for it, and then what with one thing and another I never seemed to 'ave the time. I've never really found the want of it. I think a lot of these young fellows waste a rare lot of time readin' when they might be doin' somethin' useful."

"But don't you want to know the news?" said the other warden. "Don't you ever want to write a letter?"

"No, my lord, I seem to manage very well without. And of late years, now they've all these pictures in the papers, I get to know what's goin' on pretty well. Me wife's quite a scholar and if I want to write a letter she writes it for me. It's not as if I was a bettin' man."

The two churchwardens gave the vicar a troubled glance and then looked down at the table.

"Well, Foreman, I've talked the matter over with these gentlemen and they quite agree with me that the situation is impossible. At a church like St. Peter's, Neville Square, we cannot have a verger who can neither read nor write," the vicar said gravely.

Albert Edward's thin, sallow face reddened and he moved uneasily on his feet, but he made no reply.

"Understand me, Foreman, I have no complaint to make against you. You manage to do your work quite satisfactorily; I have the highest opinion both of your character and of your capacity; but we haven't the right to take the risk of some accident that might happen owing to your lamentable ignorance. It's a matter of prudence as well as of principle."

"But couldn't you learn, Foreman?" asked the General.

"No, sir, I'm afraid I couldn't, not now. You see, I'm not as young as I was and if I couldn't seem able to get the letters in me 'ead when I was a nipper I don't think there's much chance of it now."

"We don't want to be harsh with you, Foreman," said the vicar. "But the churchwardens and I have quite made up our minds. We'll give you three months and if at the end of that time you cannot read and write I'm afraid you'll have to go."

Albert Edward had never liked the new vicar. He'd said from the beginning that they'd made a mistake when they gave him St. Peter's. He wasn't the type of man they wanted with a classy congregation like that.

And now he straightened himself a little. He knew his value and he wasn't going to allow himself to be put upon.

"I'm very sorry, sir; I'm afraid it ain't no good. I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks. I've lived a good many years without knowin' 'ow to read and write, and without wishin' to praise myself—self-praise is no recommendation—I don't mind (*Continued on page 140*)

Illustrations by
F. R. Gruger

¶ The maid found Jennifer creeping on all fours in the hallway and, horrified, lifted and carried her bodily to bed.

A Novel of Spectacular Wealth

5 & 10

By Fannie Hurst

The Story So Far:

LIFE among the Raricks grew steadily more complicated in the winter of Jennifer's twenty-third year. For her mother, Jenny, it began to be vastly different from that moment when Ramond Lopez walked devastatingly into her consciousness. Young Lopez was an Argentine, a gigolo of exalted type who mingled socially by virtue of his connections. Merely another young man with a dancing figure and a personable air, but with that in his velvety black eyes that created a turmoil in Jenny; made her suddenly and hurtingly aware how long it had been since fervent things had been said to her, how soon the honey had dried out of the brief flower of marriage.

The "affair" between Jenny and Ramond had progressed to the point of her first gift to him—a platinum and diamond watch—when Avery unexpectedly returned from college. Jenny, on her way to tea with Ramond, was impatient with her son. Her mind was a whirlpool of questions: What would Ramond say?—he hated to be kept waiting. Would Avery sense something different in her?—she had not seen him since Ramond's advent. Would her son's being home make a difference to Ramond?

So tormented was Jenny that she scarcely understood Avery's words. He wanted to leave college, to go away on his own to Europe—anywhere—to find himself. The college canning factory was not for him. He didn't know what was, but if he could get away he'd find out. He'd been writing—a little—perhaps it might be that. Anyway, would she talk to his father for him?

It was then that Jenny, raging to see Ramond, for the first time deserted her son, leaving him to face his father alone. And Rarick, misunderstanding Avery's faltering approach to the subject nearest his heart, offered him the speed boat which Jenny had been urging him to buy for the boy as panacea for his restlessness . . .

Meanwhile, in Jennifer's nimble brain certain realizations had marshaled themselves. The first was that, although she was popular, the world in which she moved was not the right world—the Raricks had not "arrived" socially. The second, that she liked far too well that bad boy, Berry Rhodes, whose name gossip had linked with that of Leslie Edgerton.

Being Jennifer, she proceeded characteristically to find out where she stood with him. On the night they drove to a dance at Parmley, the Edgertons' estate near Tarrytown, she put the matter before him.

"Berry, marry me," she said. "I'm pretty crazy about you. You're a bad boy, but neither of us is sprouting wings. I think it's a swell plan. I'll marry you, not to reform you, but to reform with you."

"Isn't it enough—this night—us—this way?" he asked.

"Confound you, darling, you're standing up the girl!"

"Jennifer, let me know you tonight—afterwards—my rooms?"

"You go plumb to the devil, Berry!" she cried. "Step on her; we'll be late. Step on her, I said."

And so, to her high-pitched laughter, they tilted into Parmley at a forty-mile clip.

It was Berry, of course, who had secured for her the invitation to Leslie's dance—a dance which at the last moment had been turned out of doors. In the white radiance of the limpid October moonlight strange figures disported themselves about the hillsides which enclosed a cunningly contrived swimming pool.

Jennifer and Berry, after dinner, slipped away from the crowd to the grove above the grotto of the pool. There, on a bed of moss, they watched the antics of the nymphs and satyrs, until Jennifer cried suddenly: "Berry, there's Leslie!" At her words, as if by magic, the scene below slipped into darkness as the cone of a searchlight shot upward, revealing them to the bathers beneath.

Leslie, standing on the tip edge of the diving board, was for a moment a figure transfigured. Then she called out: "There you are. Pretty ones! I'll tell the world! World, that's my husband up there. We were married yesterday. Never mind why. Keep this marriage a secret for him a few weeks so he can settle his affairs! What affairs? His five-and-ten-cent affairs. The devil I will!" screamed Leslie—and dived.

AT FOUR o'clock of that translucent October morning, with a moon still retreating in a high sky, the only daughter of the thirteenth richest man in the world sat crouched in a huddle no larger than a spaniel, outside the door of Doctor Gerkes.

She did not quite clearly know why she was there, except inchoately, fragmentarily, her fuddled brain had telegraphed to her fuddled feet the road to Gerkes. Truth of the matter was, she was generally not quite clear except for her sense of the lump of shame. She was the lump of shame. The world was a wave, tossing a lump of shame.

There was a slit of light beneath Gerkes' door. Behind that door, Jennifer's fuddled sense told her, Gerkes would be sitting in a monotonous gray herringbone suit, or worse, the stiff gray flannel dressing gown she had seen hanging on the door of his bathroom the day of her exploratory trip. A small gray man, about as exciting as chalk-dust.

Behind that closed door he was sitting in a limitless world of ideas. The stones of Venice and the stones of Alexandria and the stones of Carthage were not mere stones to him. Like the flints and arrowheads on his tables, they looked up at him with the wide revealing eyes of immemorial man. Heaps and heaps of these strange lusterless stones covered the fine table tops of that room. Wisdoms were behind that closed door—and quiet.

It was then that Jennifer scratched faintly at the panel like a little dog, not so much because she particularly wanted admission into the room, but because she wanted some of the kind solitude she sensed there.

After a while, on limbs that were too wavy to carry her, the young Miss Rarick, in the white ermine frock, her coat dragging, began a tortuous and shocking journey down the hallway, on all fours, knee after knee, the palms of her hands padding softly along the carpet.

¶ *"What is Berry Rhodes to you?" Rarick shouted. "I love him, Papa," said*

Her maid, dozing as she waited, heard the soft noises, ran down the hallway, and, horrified, lifted and carried her bodily to bed.

It was about then that consciousness that there had been scratching noises came belatedly to Doctor Gerkes, who had been bending to scrutinize an altar stone, of Maya civilization, said to have been unearthed from the city of Matzap Ceel.

When he opened his door to peer out into the now empty hallway, a faint smell that reminded him of the dried-rose-leaf scent in a third-century mummy chamber he had once helped to excavate came and caused him pleasantly to sniff.

IT PLEASED Rarick to be a patron of the arts. He liked to think that opera committees came to him to make good their deficits. Little-theater groups were appealing to him more and more frequently. Child prodigies of piano and violin virtuosity were constantly being brought before him.

It pleased him to sit, a Mæcenas, in his library and make chapels of his fingers and pass judgments in which he was solely assisted by Hellman, who had graduated from a South St. Louis music school, and Alfredo Ludovici, the first violin of a chamber-music quartet which Rarick had supported for years.

With the exception of the Firenzi Quartet, which, thanks to Rarick's generous maintenance, had become world-renowned for the perfection of its ensemble, the success of most of Rarick's musical protégés was still to be achieved. For not infrequently, Rarick's fervor to serve the arts outweighed his critical judgments.

But Hellman and Ludovici used to remark that the old gentleman apparently was more than compensated for failures by the majesty of his rôle of patron of the fine arts and by the first-water success of the Firenzi Quartet.

It was in his rôle of patron that the committee of Internationalists, Inc., that was one day to be one of the most potent forces in the young theater movement in America, came before Rarick.

Jennifer. "Help me, Papa, I don't want to love him." At the word "Papa" his anger dissolved.

They were three. A young fellow named Trigoloff with a crooked and strangely powerful profile, who had written a two-act play in thirty-one episodes which had been produced in a cellar called the Rhomboid Theater. A Miss Virginia Adelbert with blond hair, cropped, polished and parted on the side like a boy's, in tailored clothes, carrying her felt hat under her arm and her package of cigarets protruding from a tailored pocket. The third member of this group, Gratton Davies, was a young professor of dramatic composition at a city university, whose comedy, "Herod's Mask," had been a precious success of the season before.

Here was a fellow of such abounding and amusing enthusiasm that it was inevitable he should have been elected spokesman for this occasion. He had a thatch of thick tan hair which jumped and fell from the roots as he sat on the edge of his chair presenting his opening sentence, which accomplished what it set out to do as concisely as a good headline flare of advertising.

"Mr. Rarick, we have chosen you to sponsor what without any doubt is to be the most significant and far-reaching experiment in the history of the American theater. I used the word 'chosen' advisedly, because the man who is granted the privilege of bringing to life our plan is going to get a ride for his money to the peak of artistic-success-with-a-box-office-value."

"Yes, young man?" said Rarick, with a bitter kind of mockery playing around his lips. This was not the fellow himself speaking. This was the young scholar suiting his phrase, his manner and his matter to his man. In other words, "selling his idea" to big business.

The fervor of his presentation was all right, but the manner was the rehearsed one of a traveling salesman.

Young Davies was talking down to Rarick in terms of the one aspect of the enterprise which interested him least of all and yet which was so essential to the very life and breath of their beautiful-baby of an idea. Money. Without it, that beautiful-baby must perish a-borning. Its soul was in (*Continued on page 219*)

Women think

Illustration by George Howe

RAE MILLER made her living on Sixth Avenue selling and demonstrating furs for a pair of twins with whiskers, who might have been called the Smith Brothers but whose mother had married an Armenian named Azian and so the twins, in spite of all temptations—— Where were we?

Anyway, one bright spring day Rae went out to luncheon and never came back, thus inconveniencing her employers considerably.

The Messieurs Azian never found out exactly what happened to Rae Miller after she stepped across the threshold of their emporium, and that, dear reader, is where you are going to have it all over those two enterprising and whiskered muff merchants. Because you are going to know, provided, of course, that you understand the meaning of the word "thermodactylogram," which appears later in the story and upon which the entire plot hinges.

(See Appendix or, in case you have been operated upon, consult the telephone directory and dial zero, zero, zero—which will probably turn out to be the number of a doughnut factory.)

Rae was on her way to have luncheon with George Bithers, who was in love with her. He talked about it a good deal but at other times he was rather more entertaining than most of the young men whom Rae knew. Rae did not love George "that way," but she did crave interesting contacts with life and George knew people, lots of them. He was a free-lance publicity man or, more vulgarly, a press agent. He had a kind word for everybody and anything—if he got paid for it.

George, by being in love with Rae, was playing with keen-edged cutlery. Rae was beautiful, she knew how to dress and she was dangerous. The especial way in which she rated the adjective "dangerous" was that she did unexpected things.

Most women, no matter how bizarre and modern, fall into grooves of conduct. They can be depended upon to react to a given situation in a certain way.

Rae's mind was on the order of the mainspring that apparently animates the Marx Brothers. When she came to a hurdle she usually jumped it sidewise or backwards or tunneled under it.

If there was any particular thing that you could think of that you would prefer not to have her do or say, you could be almost certain that it would occur to her also and that she would do it. Sometimes it was embarrassing.

George met her at the corner, took one soul-satisfying look at her black and silver slenderness, and then imparted the bad news.

"The lunch racket is off, darling. I've got a knight to meet."

"Talk slowly, George. You're getting us both confused and one of us isn't very bright, anyway."

"I've got to see a knight at the Ritz—— No, that sounds foolish, too—like a supper-club date. In pure English, what I mean is that I'm going over to the bally village tavern, old thing—awfully amusing—no end—to chin with an English baronet or something. Anyway, his jolly old name is Sir Hubert Vaile."

"The London critic?"

"Yes; but how did you find out so soon? I only got in touch with him this morning."

"Oh, but I've known about Hubert Vaile for a long time. I've read his articles in magazines for several years."

"Of course. I'd forgotten you were a highbrow as well as a Venus. Well, anyway, the lunch is postponed. Business before passion, you know—that's me every time. He wants a little advice and perhaps exploitation, and you have doubtless been told who is the fountainhead of that sort of thing in these United States. You'll forgive good old George this time, won't you?"

"Yes; but why not take me along?"

"You didn't hear me the first time. This is a business appointment. What chance would I have of selling myself to him if you were there looking as if butter would freeze in your mouth, but occasionally tapping your tiny slippers in time to an invisible hot orchestra? I ask you."

"I'll drive over with you, anyway, and walk back."

"But you'll miss your lunch."

"What of it? I'd rather do this."

"Just to be with your own Georgie Porgie?" He did not wait for an answer but hailed a passing taxi. "The

faster

AND *if* YOU *don't* Believe it
You *Will Find* Ample Proof
in this—*as delightful* a Story
as You have ever read—*By*

Frank R. Adams

Ritz," he ordered. "Makes me feel like Herman Bollweevil, the third vice-president of the New York, New Haven and Paraguay Railroad, when I say that. I wouldn't walk to the Ritz, if it was only a block away."

George's final instructions to Rae were, "You wait here in the reception room until I see if he is in. If I'm not back in five minutes you'll know that the interview is on."

In permitting George to think that she preferred to be with him rather than have luncheon Rae had deceived him slightly. What she preferred was this atmosphere of luxury and to pretend that she was never going to be surrounded by anything else.

Not that Rae actually hated to work, but her sublimated ideas of life included so many changes of clothes that she probably would not have time to do much between whiles except buy more clothes, of course, and visit the manicurist and the hairdresser, and be amusing to one or two brilliant men.

Rae didn't fit in so badly with the Ritz surroundings, at that. Her mother had come from Virginia—George Washington had once slept in a bed in her great-great-great-grandmother's house.

What Rae's mother had not taught her, Rae herself had read in books and periodicals. It was during her literary wanderings afield that she had stumbled across the work of Sir Hubert Vaile and had been irritated by him.

The man was an iconoclast and he had a way of assuming that no one had ever arrived at the real truth of any matter except himself. Take his views on women, for instance—the very thought of his last article made Rae feel unladylike.

¶ *"All a husband gets out of marriage is perpetual supervision of his leisure," Sir Hubert told his indignant audience.*

Her thoughts were interrupted by the sight of George coming towards her. At her look of inquiry he indicated with an imperceptible gesture the man who was following him. They went right on by.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Bithers," the stranger was saying, "that I am obliged to receive you in this public room, but my own suite is in the hands of an energetic person wielding a vacuum cleaner so you can readily see that conversation there would be practically impossible."

So that was Sir Hubert Vaile. What a shock meeting one's idols is! And even more disappointing are one's villains. Who could ever have dreamed that the brain which dripped pure vitriol could be housed behind such a bland smiling face?

He should have been as tall as Sherlock Holmes and as gaunt, and here he was cast in the general mold of a brownie, short and, while not exactly fat, at least well-nourished. Rae's reaction to his appearance was that he was an overgrown boy who had been talking big to a world which had been taking him seriously. She, at least, would do so no longer.

The two men, George and Sir Hubert, sat down at a short distance. By straining her ears a little she could overhear a good deal of what they said.

"I think," declared Sir Hubert, "that we can arrive at an amicable arrangement which will be satisfactory to both of us. I shall be doing a number of articles for one of your magazines and the rest of my time will be occupied with lectures here and there. I presume you will know what to do about all that, as it is more or less routine business. But there's another matter in which I rather hoped that you might be able to help me, although I don't know exactly how it could be done."

Rae liked his voice and the fact that he seemed to have none of the affectations of the English type that she knew only from books.

"Tell me what you want done," George was saying.

"It's rather a delicate matter," the Englishman explained. "It has to do with—er—ladies. The honest truth is that they bore me."

"The insufferable prig," thought Rae.

Sir Hubert was continuing: "Don't misunderstand me. I like them in their place but I feel that I have rather primitive ideas as to the sphere of their activities."

"You mean their place is in the——"

"Er—exactly. Most of all I think I am offended by what you call the intelligentsia, the women who think that they think, who have a few trick phrases from having read someone who has written an article on something else and who think that they are thereby equipped to carry on an entire conversation. Frankly, I just can't be annoyed and what I should like to avoid as much as possible during my sojourn in America is the dreadful bore of being entertained.

"Already I have been invited to a dozen house parties by ladies whose qualification to distinction is their husbands' money. What do I care about money? And I'm not interested in matrimony or any of its substitutes. Now tell me, how can I avoid it?"

"You have no wife?"

"No."

"Um—a married man would not be molested quite so much."

"So? In England I think (*Continued on page 206*)

Dr. John B. Watson

¶ *"We do not want helpmates any longer, we want playmates. But as soon as we turn a playmate into a helpmate, we lose a playmate."*

JOHN B. WATSON

who has studied Human Behavior
in all its phases believes that

Men *won't* MARRY

Fifty Years *from* Now

THE young girl today is doing the only permanently thrilling thing left for her to do—she has become a huntress of men. Her arrows are sharp and keen. Her bow carries far. She brings her quarry within range by song and athletics, by swimming and dancing. She uses frankincense and myrrh, cleansing cream and finishing cream. She rouges her lips and powders her cheeks.

Her hands and nails, her feet, her whole body are as immaculately cared for as her precious costume jewels. Her scant five ounces of clothing do not handicap her even if the chase lasts through a day and a night. She knows her delectableness. She knows the value of slenderness and youth. Not easily does she let her quarry escape.

To her no man is sacred. Is he married? He doesn't have to be always; besides, maybe she won't want him long. Is he ten or twenty years older? If he is good-looking, experienced, successful, he will know all the better how to admire her and shower her with lovely words, and material goods, and in general help her to admire herself and give her the setting she needs.

She knows that her hunting is over at forty. After that she may belong to the famous "Forty of Paris" and set the style. She may borrow all the fine feathers from all the famous couturiers and buy all the famous perfumes of Nice. In the evening she may wear long trailing gowns made of satin and have her own luxurious car, but she cannot wear her waistline where nature intended it to go. She is through, and the fireside will soon be calling her.

The conventional ones tell us that the young girls of today are just like the girls of yesteryear. They only talk more freely!

The young girl today is not fooling. Many a nice, hitherto safely married man finds this out when he takes his wife's young friend to the kitchen with him to help crack ice for the evening high ball. He, if he is inexperienced, may start a bit of innocent flirting, may even try just a bit of "first-degree" petting; maybe he makes the (for him) daring suggestion—just to try her out—about meeting him for tea tomorrow. He finds himself in pretty deep. His bluff is called. It is not safe today to start anything if you mean to stand by monogamy.

Contrast this modern Diana with the dumb, drab wives of men married ten years or more. It is no wonder that men get tired of marriage. The majority of them are foolish enough to marry a woman only two or three years younger than themselves. Quite a few marry women of their own age and a few terribly weighted down with a mother attachment marry women older than themselves.

I haven't met a single case where this last kind of marriage has worked out successfully. After marriage comes the honeymoon and after the honeymoon the first of the two or at most three children makes its advent. Here comes the saddest blow of all. Nature is almost unbiologically unkind to a human mother. Find the woman who has one child who hasn't lost her girlish figure. A few exist. Fewer exist after the second child is born and none after the third child. To the world she may look the same, but to her beauty-loving husband the difference is unmistakable.

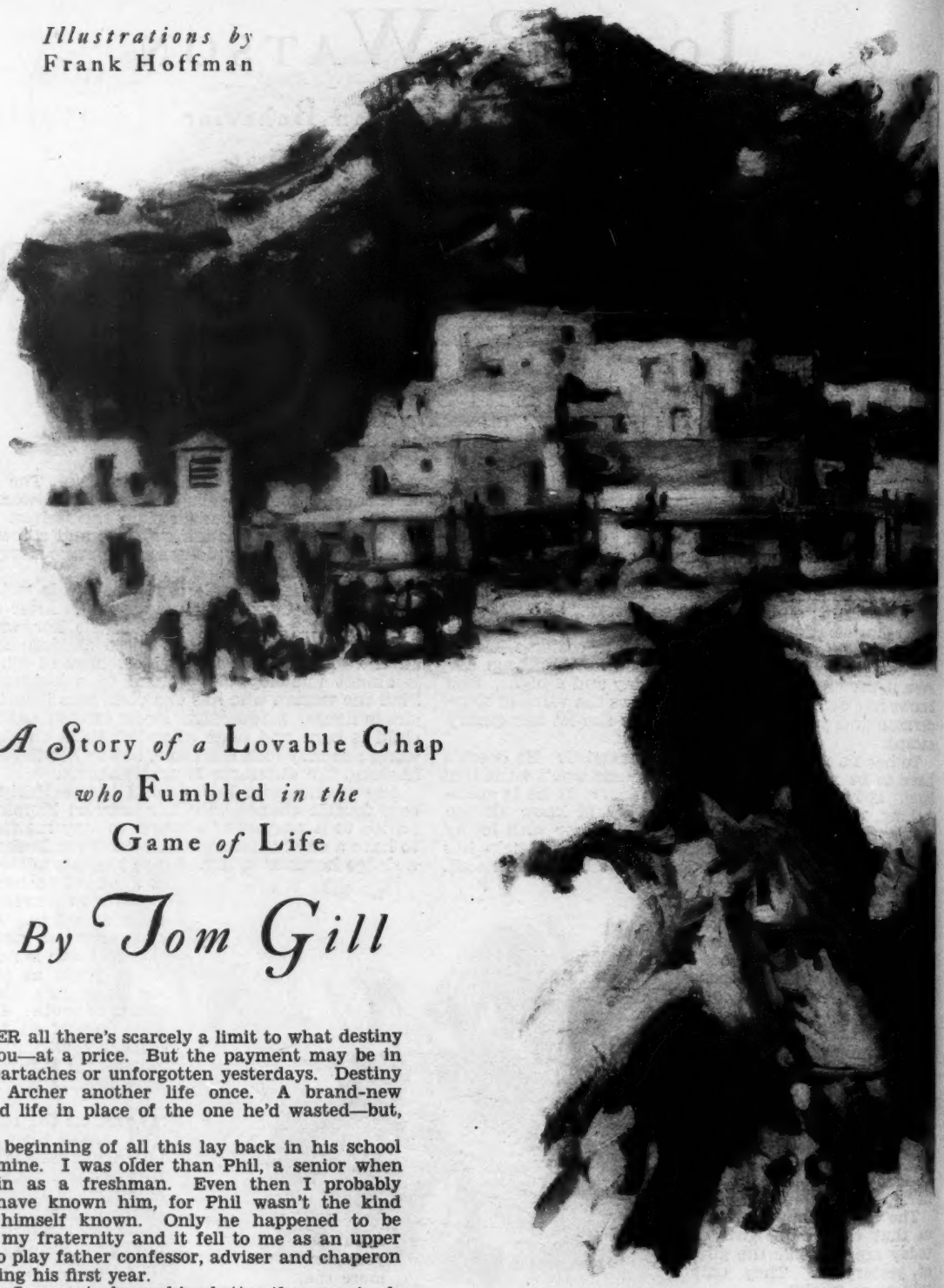
Any woman who has a child before thirty takes a considerable chance with her married happiness. My advice to a woman who wants to stay married is not to have a child before thirty, even if her husband takes a sledge hammer to her. I give her this advice in spite of what the doctors may tell her about having a first child at thirty. A woman who exercises and doesn't eat too much is not physiologically old at thirty, yet she has lost that fresh charm of youth. She should keep herself fit for strong competition until she is thirty, then turn to and have a child if she has to.

MEN, on the other hand, are at their prime between thirty and forty-five. If they are athletic, and frugal eaters, their waistline is still thirty-four at forty and the chest still overhangs the tummy. They are wise; they are sophisticated. They are successful; they know how to do things; they have poise.

Their wives look ten years older than they do, ten times tireder, ten times more lifeless, ten times fatter. Watch the theater exits some night—see the handsome well-set-up men, then look at their wives—fat, waddling, fatuous. Go down into the working centers. The men are browned, sinewy, hard, lean; the women fat and wabbly.

Again, after women get married they let down in dress, in care of the body, in psychological care. Probably not more than twenty percent of the married women have ever learned to (*Continued on page 104*)

Illustrations by
Frank Hoffman



A Story of a Lovable Chap *who* Fumbled *in the* Game *of* Life

By Tom Gill

AFTER all there's scarcely a limit to what destiny will give you—at a price. But the payment may be in tears or heartaches or unforgotten yesterdays. Destiny gave Phil Archer another life once. A brand-new untarnished life in place of the one he'd wasted—but, at a price.

Now the beginning of all this lay back in his school days and mine. I was older than Phil, a senior when he came in as a freshman. Even then I probably shouldn't have known him, for Phil wasn't the kind that gets himself known. Only he happened to be picked for my fraternity and it fell to me as an upper classman to play father confessor, adviser and chaperon to him during his first year.

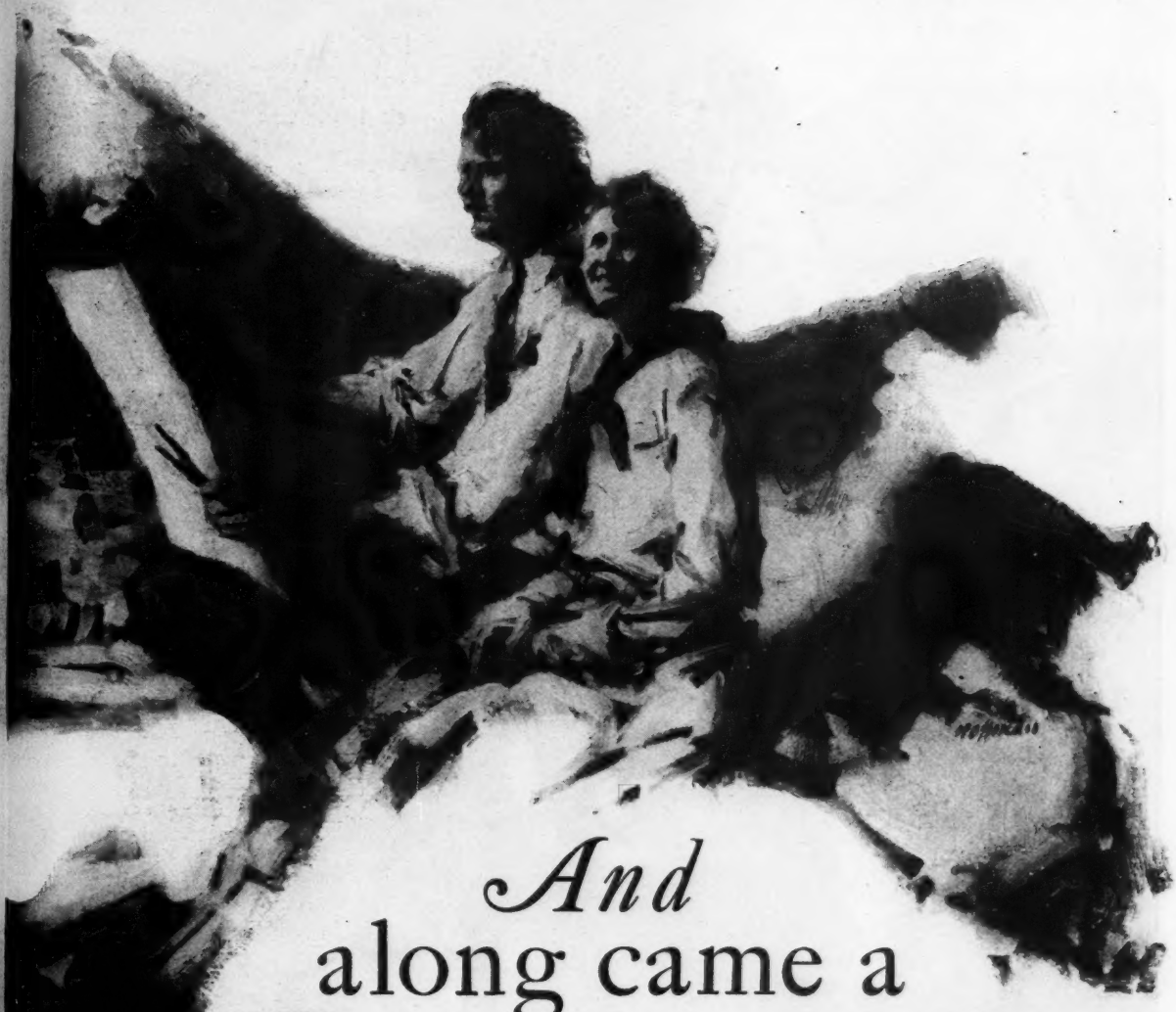
Naturally I came to know him better than most, although that wasn't so easy. He had even then, I remember, a strange gift for laughing at himself and at the world about him—even at his own dreams. A kind of half-wistful, half-mocking smile as if he knew some secret jest he'd like to share with you but couldn't.

Yet with all that, I think his was the gentlest nature I've ever known. Somehow he possessed an instinctive faculty that always thought first of the other fellow, that never obtruded. A gentleman by instinct, someone once called him.

We roomed together during the second half of my last year and after a time I learned a little about his ambitions. Phil wanted to be an artist. He was usually sketching, drawing, or daubing colors, always with a self-effacing modesty that seemed surprised to find himself praised. Well, I suppose praise wasn't too frequent in those days.

Before the year was up we had become good friends and that last night I spent with him on the campus he told me more of his hopes and dreams than in all the months before.

"You know," he said, "I've been thinking what a really lucky devil you are. Tomorrow you graduate, go back to that land of cactus and centipedes you call home, and *presto*, you're a rancher again. You may make a mint of money or you may go broke. But either way you've a normal man's life to lead among other normal



And along came a *Red-haired Girl*

men. You're part of it all out there—you've got your place. It's a great thing, isn't it, to have your place?

"Now, take my case. I'm cursed—cursed I think's the right word—with this desire to splash paint. Whether I've any real talent for it only the Lord can predict—the important point is I want to paint more than anything else in the world. I want to live by my painting and that means I've got to persuade a busy and indifferent public that my daubs are worth real, shiny gold.

"That's why I say you're lucky—your red and white cows are sure to have a market value. You're reasonably certain of eating—and that's important."

"That's not much to ask."

"No, but it's something. The great thing, of course, is to be able to do the thing you want to do—and do it well. I'm willing to give the next ten years of my life to learning to paint well. If I fail, I'm going to disappear quietly and completely. There are already too many failures in the world—men who've forgotten they ever dreamed dreams. Once an old fellow told me that the only real sin was to be untrue to your dreams. You know, in a way he was right."

Phil stopped, then added slowly: "Dreams and work, eh? If I can just do decent work, that's all I'm ever going to ask of life."

But later Phil came to ask something more.

Then I graduated, went West and forgot all about him. Running a ranch takes about twenty-six hours out of each day and doesn't give you much time to think about old college friends. That's especially true when your ranch is on the Mexican border, where anything is more than likely to happen. So it was only by merest chance that I learned Phil was living in Washington when I came East on one of my infrequent visits. I trailed him at last to F Street opposite the Cosmos Club and found him painting away in a little upstairs studio that somehow seemed to have gathered about it all the frustrated hopes of generations of artists.

Eight years hadn't changed Phil much. Those mild brown eyes of his smiled in just the same old way and his hair still curled in its old tempestuous disorder about his temples.

But I soon learned that in other ways the years hadn't been exactly kind. For after the first boisterous exchange of greetings, my eyes wandered involuntarily over the room and Phil smiled that little deprecatory smile of his.

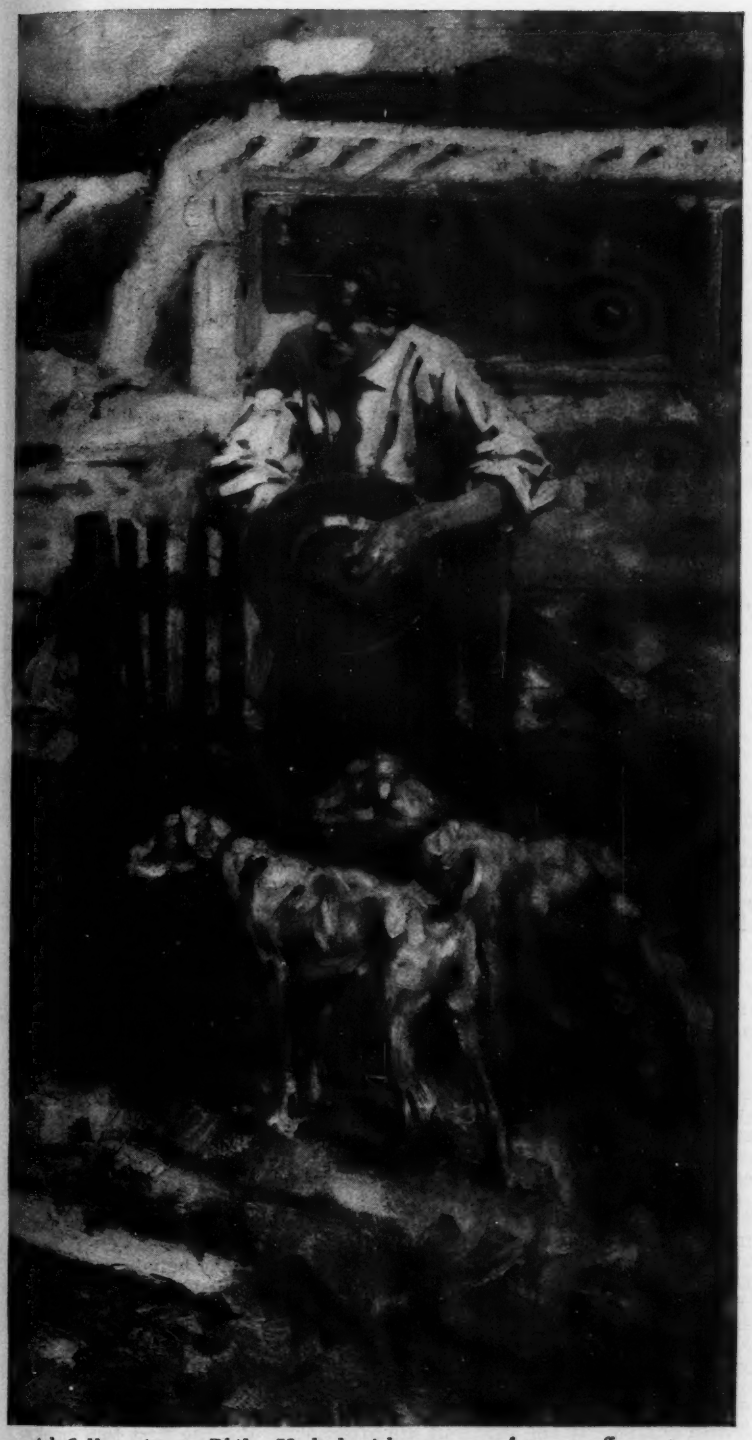
If there was one man in the world who had no right to fall in love

"Not quite what you expected or what I'd hoped for, is it? You see, I haven't made it. In the language of your beloved West, I haven't panned out. No gold in the mixture, maybe. Remember how back in New Haven I once talked to you about what I wanted to do? Those were the days I planned to get ahead and cut a wide, deep swath for myself.

"It was back there, too, I used to wonder what became of all the promising young men in the world. Well, I'm finding out now. Some of them become unsuccessful painters."

I laughed at him. "Poor, broken, disappointed man. You must be centuries old. Let's see, you've been out of school just four years. Phil, did you expect to capture the world at the very first battle?"

But he wouldn't smile with me. "No, it isn't that. If I were just going ahead, I shouldn't complain. But I'm not. In a way I'm doing



with Colleen, it was Phil. He had neither name nor future to offer.

good-enough stuff, good, solid stuff, but there's nothing spectacular in it. That's always been my great trouble. I'm not spectacular. Perhaps if I'd go in for some of those loud, glaring effects and learn the trick of it, if I'd create some outlandish fad, that might help. You know, very few people are killed in the rush to buy paintings these days."

"How about Gauguin?"

"He's dead. It's not so difficult to be salable once you're dead. You see, I'm just painting. Painting the best I know how, trying to paint honestly and well." He glanced about him at the shabby, dingy room. "That's why I'm here."

I looked at the half-finished canvas on the easel before him. A woman's head done in that flower-and-ribbon style of our great-grandmothers. Phil reddened a little.

"I just said I was trying to paint honestly, didn't I? Well, this isn't so honest, of course. What I'm doing here is creating antique masterpieces."

"Good Lord, you're forging old masters?"

"No, not that, quite. Not forging anything." His eyes rested on the uncompleted canvas. "I don't suppose, out there in the West, you people bother much about ancestors. Back here we're rather particular about our ancestors and if through someone's carelessness we haven't any, there are plenty of solid business men willing to supply them.

"Just now it's quite the thing to have the portrait of an ancestor or two in the house. It gives tone and background provided, of course, they're antique and time-worn enough to be convincing. That is what I'm doing. I'm supplying ancestors."

"What for?"

"For money, dear boy. For filthy, but very necessary lucre. You don't think, by any chance, that I'm doing it for fame or pleasure!"

He smoked for a time. "That was queer, too. I was down to the point where I just about had to choose between a pack of cigarets and a loaf of bread, when a flashy-looking stranger came into the studio. He was a kind of art dealer with a bright little idea for turning out antiques. Told me there was a good market for that sort of thing, if I cared to do it.

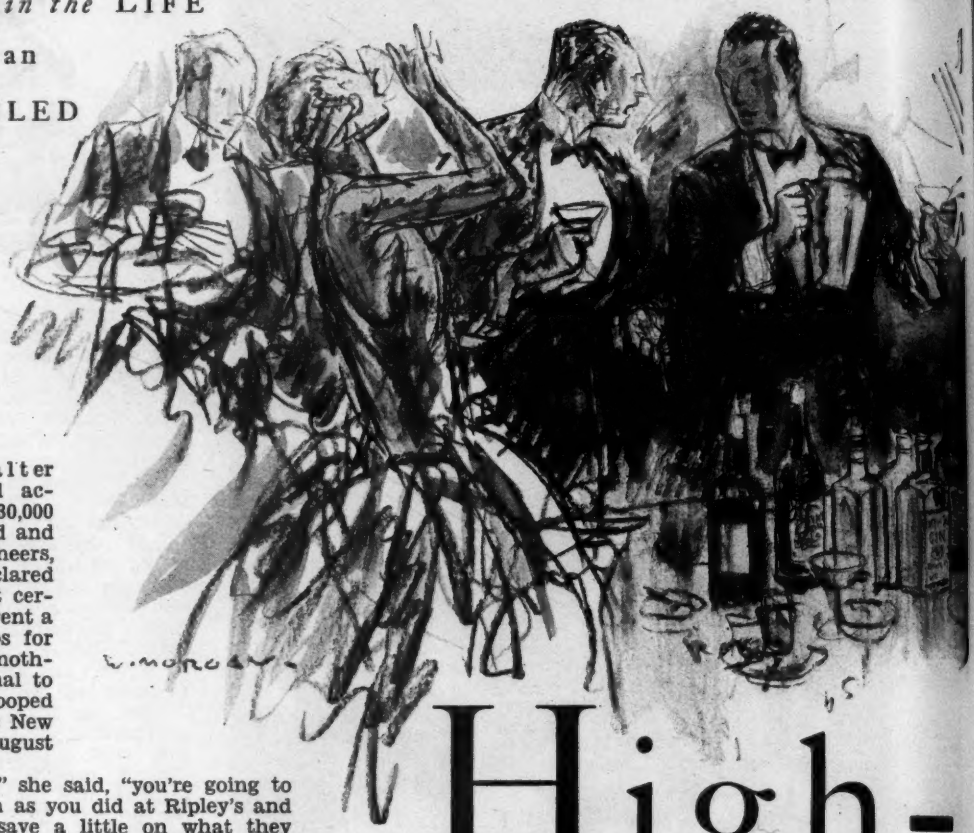
"Well, an empty stomach is a great cure for artistic conscience and the thing seemed a fair joke on this stagy old world. So I dug up some canvas and ground out a dozen old masters for him. Ground the things out like sausages. Then we'd smoke them, put on a quick drier that brought out a lot of fine cracks and made them look as if they'd been through the Reformation.

"My dealer chap does the rest. He puts them in frames with wormholes already bored in. You know the antiquity hunters and the ancestorless just bust themselves buying up those atrocities. That's what I've been doing, mainly, for the past six months."

He laughed with a voice that held no mirth. "Quite an occupation, eh? And I used to talk about the sanctity of art. Pretty soon I'll be forging Mona Lisas. Well, why not? What difference does it make how the world's failures amuse themselves?"

Now twenty-four is entirely too young to have achieved all that cynicism, or to have arrived at that degree of disillusion. I could see the boy was sick to his very soul. For Phil was the sort that has to believe in the thing he's doing, or it turns to dust in his hands. Watching him I felt a deep, almost physical, sense of pity and of anger that the years should (*Continued on page 184*)

A Summer *in the* LIFE *of a* Man Who MINGLED



High-

WHEN Walter Finch received and accepted an offer of $30,000 a year from Bernard and Craig, Publicity Engineers, his wife, Marion, declared that now they must certainly buy, build or rent a place in the suburbs for the summer; it was nothing less than criminal to keep the kiddies cooped up in a caldron like New York during July, August and September.

"Just think, dear," she said, "you're going to make twice as much as you did at Ripley's and we've managed to save a little on what they gave you, besides carrying all that silly insurance. Now we can save nearly twice as much as we have been and still have enough left to enjoy ourselves a little.

"I don't mean you and me especially, though I do believe in people having fun before they get too old. But the children will be so much better physically and in every way if they can spend three months in the country. Isn't that true, dear?"

"Yes, dear. I suppose it is," replied Walter. "Some Saturday or Sunday, we'll take a run over to Jersey or up in Westchester somewhere and see what we can find. But we must rent, not build or buy, because in the first place, I don't know if I can make good or not in this job, and in the second place, we don't want to establish ourselves permanently anywhere till we are sure we like the people."

"I think that's wise, dear. People do make all the difference. That's why we ought to pick out some place where we already know somebody and like them; for instance, Hampton Dunes. You've always been fond of Jack Bowen and there's no one I'd rather be neighbors with than Peggy. The four of us would have a perfect circus together and the kids would get along beautifully with little Jack.

"Last time I saw Peggy, she said why didn't we come out there this summer and at least rent, but of course then I knew it was impossible. Now, though—— Well, I can't imagine anything more ideal."

Walter had been married ten years and his record of arguments was, total—3650; won, 0; lost, 3650. So it was only half-heartedly that he pointed out the objections to his wife's plan: That Hampton Dunes was one of the "swellest" and most expensive places on Long Island; that while the Finches and Bowens went to the theater and played bridge together about once a month in town, Jack Bowen's annual income was five times as big as the salary Bernard and Craig were going to pay Walter and that the Bowens' friends at the Dunes were all wealthy and much too fast for the Finches to travel around with; that the village was too far away from New York (nearly three hours on the good trains) to permit Walter to make the round trip daily, and that people living in Hampton Dunes without a car were virtually becalmed for the summer.

Walter and Marion and Junior and Anne packed up and moved out there in the latter part of June. Marion had rented a small furnished cottage for four thousand dollars. It was nearly half a mile from the beach, but directly behind the Bowens' big house right on the ocean and the Finches were welcome to the use of the Bowen beach at any and all times.

Walter would have to go into New York early Monday mornings and stay there till Friday afternoon, but on Saturdays and Sundays he could make up for it by loafing, playing with the kids, swimming, golfing (a membership in the club was only five hundred dollars), enjoying himself in any way he saw fit. They bought a second-hand sedan for eight hundred and life for Marion, at least, became something more than a tedious struggle to keep herself and the kids from megrims and doldrums.

JUNIOR and Anne, chaperoned by a safe and rather inexpensive nurse, went to the beach at the Bowens' every morning, came home for luncheon and went back to the beach in the afternoon. For the first two weeks, their mother had luncheon with them and sat with them while they ate their supper, but after that she was elected a member of a contract bridge foursome that took all her afternoons and half her nights and made her so sleepy that she barely managed to get up in time to start all over.

Peggy Bowen, Mrs. Dick Parker and Mrs. Kenneth Hart were the others in the quartet and Marion owed her membership to the fact that Mrs. Spears was abroad for the summer. Mrs. Parker and Mrs. Hart were the wives of extremely rich men, men who had inherited money, gone through college and then enjoyed phenomenal luck in the stock market.

The women played for five cents a point, sometimes ten. Marion's limit previously had been a penny, but in Hampton Dunes she raised it to two-and-a-half cents at first, the others "carrying" her for the balance, and soon

The Story is by
RING W. LARDNER
and, to us,
it Sounds a
Wee Bit
Autobiographical

rollers

Illustrations by
Wallace Morgan

was gambling for the same stakes as her companions, with a prayer that Walter would never hear about it.

She was a good player and a good holder, and by the middle of July was over eight hundred dollars ahead. But hadn't been paid.

When her grocery and meat bills came at the end of the first month, she swooned. The prices were terrific. She resolved not to tell Walter the facts and to economize thereafter. She wrote checks and sent them to the grocer and butcher, who, in their turn, fainted dead away when they received them. They were not used to clients who settled their June and July bills before the following April.

Walter arrived home in time for dinner Friday nights. It was nice to get away from the stuffy, dirty, hot city and he made the most of his week-ends by golfing, swimming and just lolling on the beach.

At first he golfed alone, but Jack Bowen at length persuaded him to make a fourth in a regular set game that lasted all through Saturday and Sunday. The others concerned were Jack and Kenneth Hart and Dick Parker. It seemed that Walter was filling in for Mr. Spears, who had accompanied his wife to Europe.

It soon became an understood thing that the four families—the Parkers, Harts, Bowens and Finches—would spend their Friday, Saturday and Sunday evenings playing contract, at some house other than the Finches', which was too small. The men always played together at one table and the women at another.

Walter announced that he couldn't go higher than five cents a point; in fact, that was much higher than he ever had gone before. The other men said that was all right, but they were playing among themselves for ten, which Walter thought at first meant ten cents, but soon discovered was a hundred times that much. He got a shock one night when the totals were announced and it was found that Parker was three thousand points up on Hart. Just a matter of thirty thousand dollars.

"I'll play you a cold hand for it, Dick," suggested the loser.

"All right; just one," said Parker.

Two poker hands were dealt and Parker won with two pair against four clubs and a spade.

"Another one?" asked Hart.

"Not tonight," said Parker.

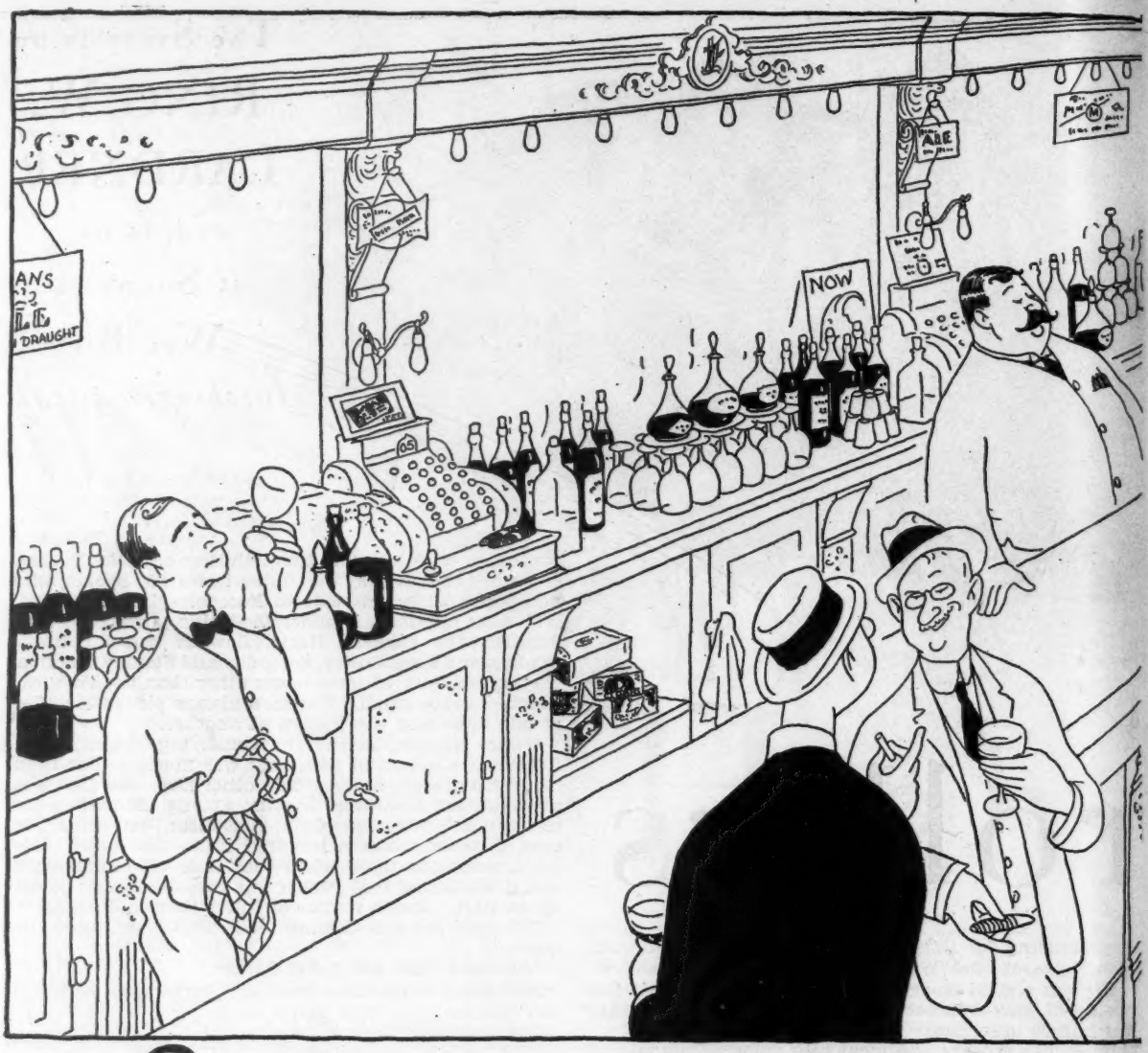
"O.K. That's sixty thousand," said Hart, and set about getting his wife started for home.

This took place at the Bowens', and Walter and Marion stayed on a while after the Parkers and Harts had gone.

"Are those fellas crazy?" asked Walter.

"No," replied Jack Bowen, "but I am, to be playing with them. Sixty thousand is less than a month's income to either Ken or Dick. They've both got so much that there's no thrill for them unless the stakes are up in five figures. Old Spears coaxed me into the game and I was scared stiff when I learned what they were playing for.

"But I've had good luck right from the start and I'm pretty well ahead. If I weren't, (*Continued on page 108*)



When GOOD FELLOWS *Got Together*

THERE were seven of us at the luncheon table. The discussion drifted—as it often does nowadays—to Prohibition. All of us readily agreed that national Prohibition is not a success, and six of us agreed that we never had thought it would be.

The seventh member of the party, however, was shocked and grieved to find it necessary to admit that national Prohibition after ten years of trial is still a doubtful experiment. He had confidently expected that it would be one of the greatest successes ever scored by this nation. In fact he had expected that by this time the rest of the world would be ready to fall into line and join the dry column.

"The trouble," he said with considerable warmth, "is that just such men as are members of this club don't furnish the proper example."

The club is in the financial district of lower Manhattan. Its membership comprises principally bankers, corporation lawyers, stock and bond brokers, and the executives of large industrial corporations. Drinks are not served in the club, however.

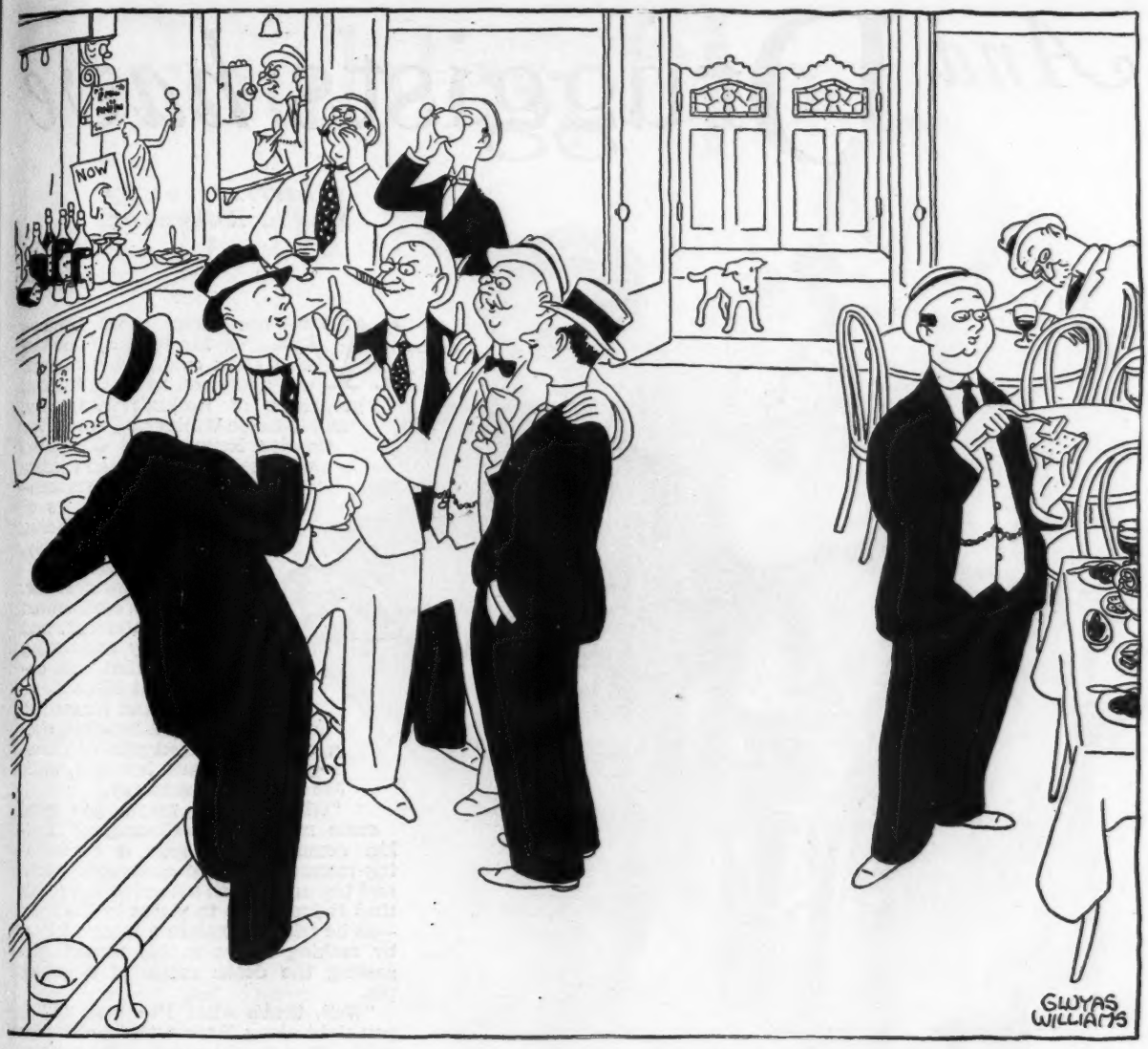
"Most of these men," he continued, "drink. You fellows at this table drink. I should think you'd be willing to give up the trifling pleasure drinking may occasionally afford you in order to help along this great movement for the betterment of mankind. It's a very small sacrifice for patriotism and humanity. Every sane man knows that drinking is an unqualified evil."

An unqualified evil? I know nothing of the sort.

With my right hand raised, I testify that the drinking of alcoholic beverages—as I have observed and experienced it for more than twenty years—is not an unqualified evil.

I am forty years old and I have known drinking men since I was a barefooted boy. I have seen about all there was to see with reference to drinking, beginning in the days when the saloons I patronized had no front doors because they never closed and coming right on down to the ultra-modern bootlegger who receives telephone orders twenty-four hours a day, delivery within fifteen minutes.

The circle is now complete and we are back to the



point of beginning. I've seen it all, including some very drab sights. And still I say that drinking is not an unqualified evil.

A great many sincere Prohibitionists are under the misapprehension that even drinking men admit that drinking is a hold-over from barbarism—a bad habit that they would willingly shed if they could. Drinking men often make some such admission in order to avoid argument with people whose point of view is so foreign to their own that they have no hope of explaining precisely what they do believe.

Much sound advice on what to drink, when to drink, and how to drink has been uttered by thoughtful Americans, beginning with George Washington, but instead of giving it the attention it deserved we buried it under the Prohibition movement.

PROHIBITIONISTS have been on the offensive in this country ever since I can remember, and drinking men—no matter how moderately they drank—have been dodging and evading them because there was no hope of discussion: they were being "preached at." Under such circumstances not one in a thousand will face the issue and state the case as he sees it. That, however, is what I purpose to do in this article, though I have no solution of the Prohibition problem to offer.

I merely wish to explain that most of the alcoholic beverages purchased in this country now or at any time in the past were paid for by sane, habitually sober, self-respecting, self-supporting men who knew what they were about, and who did not, as a result

RECALLED *by*

CHESTER CROWELL

And PICTURED *by*

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

of those purchases, land in the penitentiary, poorhouse, hospital or asylum. No one who fails to recognize this fact ever is going to get anywhere near a solution of any problem related to alcoholic beverages.

I know that most criminals, wastrels and parasites drink and I have heard or read so many sob stories about them that I now wish to rise and state that I have known flocks of governors and state Supreme Court justices and scientists and artists and great editors and writers and doctors and actors and captains of industry, and they also drank. Yes, and I have known several Presidents of the United States and with one exception they drank. I except that one only because I don't know whether he drank or not. The testimony of his intimates was conflicting.

The fact that yeggmen and prostitutes drink is not nearly so important to a *(Continued on page 132)*

And Druggists *have*

Illustrations by
David Robinson

¶ *"I'm sure I'm very grateful to you for what you done for him," Mrs. Plotzker said, cuddling Rofkin's hand in her own.*

The Woes *of a* Ph. D. *who should have Graduated in* Delicatessen instead *of in* Pharmacy

"AND we need some more Bromo-Kissingen, Mr. Rofkin," Joe the soda clerk said. This remark was addressed to Boris Rofkin, proprietor of Rofkin's Pharmacy, and to Eddie Winkler, salesman for Charles Reimer and Company, wholesale druggists and dealers in druggists' and pharmaceutical chemists' sundries of every nature, including that sovereign remedy, Bromo-Kissingen.

It was, however, Mr. Rofkin who commented on Joe's statement, and he did so by exclaiming the word "what" so explosively that Miss June Spivak, the cashier, jumped in her high seat and knocked over a neatly arranged pile of chewing gum and mint lozenges, while Joe gulped convulsively.

"What do you mean, you need some more Bromo-Kissingen?" Rofkin demanded, in such a threatening manner that Joe answered: "Yes," and began to polish a glass so vigorously that it just came to pieces in his hand —as he tried to explain a moment later by making noises in his throat suggesting the death rattle of a guinea pig.

"Well, that's what I've been telling you right along, Rofkin," Eddie Winkler said. "You should ought to have paper cups like them chain drug stores. You're behind the times. *That's* what's the matter with *you*."

And Miss June Spivak nodded involuntarily but vigorously. She could indeed barely refrain from joining in the conversation, if one could call it that, for what followed Eddie's approach to an attempt at salesmanship was more in the nature of a monologue by Mr. Rofkin, in which he recounted all the disadvantages of trying to run a pharmacy on Seventh Avenue in the heart of the cheap wholesale fur district.

"I'm sick and tired of the whole business," Rofkin concluded as he sank down on the window seat of his drug store. "Three of them big Bromo-Kissingens we used up in a month. The way I figure it, a couple hundred people has got enough acetanilide in their systems to bring already their pulse rate down to fifty, and for such *maises* I am paying that feller twenty-five dollars a week."

"Can he help it if Reimer's put out poison like that?" Miss Spivak asked from behind the cashier's desk.

"Do me the favor and keep your mouth shut, Miss Spivak," Rofkin said. "That's just the point what I am making it. Bromo-Kissingen ain't a beverage. It's a medicine, and this *schlemiel* here ladles it out to my customers like it would be lemonade or something."

"That's why we put a measuring device on the stand," Eddie said.

"I know you did," Rofkin continued, "but the boy is actually too lazy to pay no attention to it. With him, it's a *bobke*, a plaything, and every time someone orders

Troubles, Too

By Montague Glass

a Bromo-Kissingen, he turns that screw over and over till he's giving them for ten cents, at least thirty cents' worth. I bet yer that in the last month, ten people has died of heart disease at my expense."

"Say!" Eddie cried. "Reimer's ain't putting too much acetanilide in that Bromo-Kissingen. Acetanilide costs money, Rofkin, whereas magnesia never killed nobody."

"Even so, does that boy know that Reimer's is using magnesia instead of acetanilide?" Rofkin retorted. "Honestly, Winkler, when I consider what I've come to in my profession, I could go and mix myself a little poison and make an end of this.

"Little did I think when I wrote my thesis in Harkov University on 'The Use of the Word *Aidos* in the Odyssey' that I would end up in the New York wholesale fur district, an American gradgawate in pharmacy, selling pies and sandwiches to stenographers. I should have gradgawated in delicatessen, not in pharmacy, and what good does it do me that I got a Russian doctorate in philosophy when in rush hours I've got to help out and compound maple-nut sundaes? Is this a fate for a Ph. D.?"

"Well," Eddie said by way of consolation, "I'll slip in an extra bottle of Bromo-Kissingen with this order, Rofkin."

"What order?" Rofkin asked.

"The order you're going to give me," he said.

"The order which I'm going to give you is one bottle of Bromo-Kissingen and you can charge me for it, Winkler," Rofkin said, "because drugs I don't need it here. In four days, I filled only one prescription, Winkler. People don't get sick in the wholesale fur district, Winkler. When they get sick, they stay home in the Bronix or Brownsville."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth, however, when a tall fat man staggered through the door of the pharmacy and sprawled half-conscious on the tiled floor.

"Another one!" Rofkin said bitterly. "That's the third this week. Why don't they fall in that speakeasy where they get it, instead of bothering *me?*"

Nevertheless he bent down and started to lift his unwelcome customer to his feet, but as he did so, he noticed that the patient's face was gray, not red, and that his lips were purple beneath his large white mustache. Moreover, he pressed his hand to his left side and groaned in agony.

"Heart trouble!" Rofkin exclaimed, and called over his shoulder to the cashier: "Miss Spivak, mind your own business and don't raise his head."

He ran behind the prescription counter and a few seconds later appeared with a hypodermic syringe.

"It ain't boiled nor nothing, but here she goes," he said, and pressed the needle into the patient's left arm. Almost immediately, color returned to the patient's face.

"Stay where you are for a few minutes," Rofkin said, while Miss Spivak stooped to wipe the perspiration from the patient's forehead.

¶ "*You should ought to be grateful. A son could have done no more.*" *Harris Beltz smiled in a manner which proclaimed,* "*Bless you, my children.*"

Joe remained behind the soda counter, for the stranger in his fall had jarred several glasses from the fountain, and Joe wanted to conceal the evidence while there was still time. Eddie Winkler, however, was deeply interested. He stood and watched the patient while Rofkin professionally felt a rapidly strengthening pulse.

"How are you off for digitalis, Rofkin?" he asked.

"You're quite a salesman, *ain't* you?" Rofkin said. "You're wasting your time in the wholesale drug business. You should ought to be an ambulance chaser."

He turned again to his patient.

"I guess we can put you on a chair and give you a nice hot cup coffee, mister," he said, "and in five minutes you'll feel as well as ever."

The old gentleman murmured his thanks and started to struggle to his feet.

"Retire from business for a minute, Winkler," Rofkin said, "and help me get this gentleman to a chair."

Together they assisted the old man to Rofkin's own well-padded armchair behind the prescription counter, where a screen usually hid the pharmacist from the pie-buying public.

"And now, Winkler," Rofkin concluded, "I hope to see you in a month, but if you couldn't get around for six weeks, *auch recht!*"

Winkler was formulating a good snappy "line" for a retort, but up to the time Rofkin had returned with the steaming cup of coffee, he had found nothing sufficiently incisive, and he therefore said: "Well, I'll see you next Monday, Rofkin, as usual," and left the store.

"And I'll be lucky if he ain't here this afternoon again," Rofkin told the old gentleman.

"Well, in a business where there's big competition like the drug business, I don't blame him exactly," the old gentleman remarked. "If I would of had such hustlers like him in my own business, might I would still be in business."

"We've all got misfortunes in business," Rofkin said, "so go ahead and drink that coffee before it gets cold on you. There ain't no charge."

The patient had half raised the cup of coffee to his lips but he put it back on the saucer.

"What do you mean, there ain't no charge?" he asked. "Do you suppose I quit business because I went broke?"

Rofkin patted his shoulder reassuringly. "I don't even know what business you was in, and anyhow this ain't the time to talk about it," he declared, "because I'm giving you that coffee, with something in it, that you should keep quiet and feel better, not that you should talk business and feel worse."

The patient swallowed the coffee with noises approximating the escape of bath water down a drain pipe.

"But I don't want you to get no ideas that you are doing favors for a *schnorrer*," he protested after he had cleansed his mustache with his lower lip, which was now not at all purple in its hue. "My name is Mr. Harris Beltz, and I guess I overdone it when I told my ex-son-in-law what I thought of him; otherwise, my heart is just as good as anybody else's my age."

Boris shrugged his shoulders. "I'm a doctor of philosophy, not medicine, Mr. Beltz," he said, "but I know enough from my pharmacy course that you should have already a better heart action for a man sixty."

"What are you talking about—sixty?" Beltz cried. "I'm seventy-eight next *Shabbas Nachmu*, and I am telling you that if I wouldn't had that trouble with my ex-son-in-law, doctor, the most you could have guessed on me would be fifty-eight instead of sixty."

Boris felt a trifle embarrassed. Twice Mr. Beltz had referred to the trouble with his ex-son-in-law, and Boris felt that with the slightest encouragement, or perhaps with no encouragement at all, Mr. Beltz would bestow on him confidences which he disliked extremely, for Boris was an unsociable person, much given to spending his evenings in his padded armchair behind his prescription counter, consuming large quantities of the cheaper brands of cigarets and the higher forms of literature.

He was a bachelor and an orphan, and so far as he knew, none of his relations lived nearer to him than a good four thousand miles east of New York, for all of which he was grateful, and he was therefore not at all interested in Mr. Beltz' family affairs. In fact he dreaded hearing about them.

"Maybe you'd better not do any talking just yet," he murmured. It was late in the afternoon. All the luncheon disorder had been cleared away from the soda fountain and even Miss Spivak was beginning to doze behind her cashier's desk, so that he had no pretext for leaving Beltz' side, and being of a naturally candid disposition, he could invent none. He was accordingly quite helpless when Beltz laid a hand on his sleeve.

"I only want to say a few words," Beltz assured him, "which might you could give me an advice maybe."

Boris looked at Joe, who was polishing the spigots of the soda fountain with an industry which gave no excuse for interference. Miss Spivak, behind her desk, roused herself from her lethargy and began to figure the day's receipts with commendable rapidity, and all went so well with his drug store at the moment that there seemed nothing left for Boris but to listen to Mr. Beltz.

"Your name is what?" Beltz began.

"Rofkin," Boris replied.

"Well, Mr. Rofkin, in the first place, I must tell you that I was very, very happy anyhow seventy-five percent of the time, till that feller Plotzker married my daughter," he said, "but you know how women are, Mr. Rofkin."

Rofkin nodded, although he hadn't any ideas on the subject except those that he had gathered from the outmoded pages of Schopenhauer.

"He'd been a soldier in the old country, Mr. Rofkin," Beltz continued, "and naturally, I didn't hesitate that I should pay such a feller fifteen a week as shipping clerk, because why should I hire it an assistant shipping clerk when with one hand already, Plotzker could take one of them big packing cases filled with heavy denim overalls and lift it on the freight elevator like it would be a *Windbeutel* yet? Am I right or wrong?"

Rofkin nodded again although his heart was not in it, so to speak.

"But a shipping clerk is one thing and a son-in-law is another, Mr. Rofkin, which I admit, Mr. Rofkin, my Sarah wasn't exactly no beauty, y'understand, but when the father is well fixed, Mr. Rofkin, the daughter could have only a good heart and *still* get away with it," Mr. Beltz said. "She don't have to be so much as a good cook, but that feller Plotzker is such a healthy loafer that even her cooking he didn't kick about."

"Listen!" Rofkin protested. "You're talking too much. It ain't good for you."

He had a premonition that too much talk about Beltz' daughter would not be good for him either. A number of other fathers in the cheap fur district, with good-hearted daughters, had mentioned the matter to him before and had even praised their daughters' beauty besides. A graduate pharmacist with a prosperous luncheon trade has to stand that sort of thing, if cornered, and Boris somehow (*Continued on page 117*)

Rofkin, who could read the Odyssey in the original Greek, was rather helpless in business.

The 3 Women of "This Madness"

"YOU people may not realize it, but in 'This Madness' you are publishing the most intimate and important work so far achieved by me," Theodore Dreiser told us after we had completed arrangements for his new novel to appear in Cosmopolitan. We do realize it, Mr. Dreiser. We realize that no man, certainly no American, has written so honestly, so frankly, about the part love plays in the life of a great artist.

We believe you readers of Cosmopolitan also realize what a privilege it has been to you to have the opportunity to read such an outstanding piece of realism before book publication.

In "Aglaia" and "Elizabeth"—the two Books which have already appeared—you met two of the most vivid and interesting women ever put into a novel.

With this issue you will meet Sidonie; you will read her story, her part in a drama of life so true and so poignant that you will marvel that any man, even so great a humanist as Theodore Dreiser, could have seen so deeply into the heart of a woman. "The Book of Sidonie" begins on the next page.

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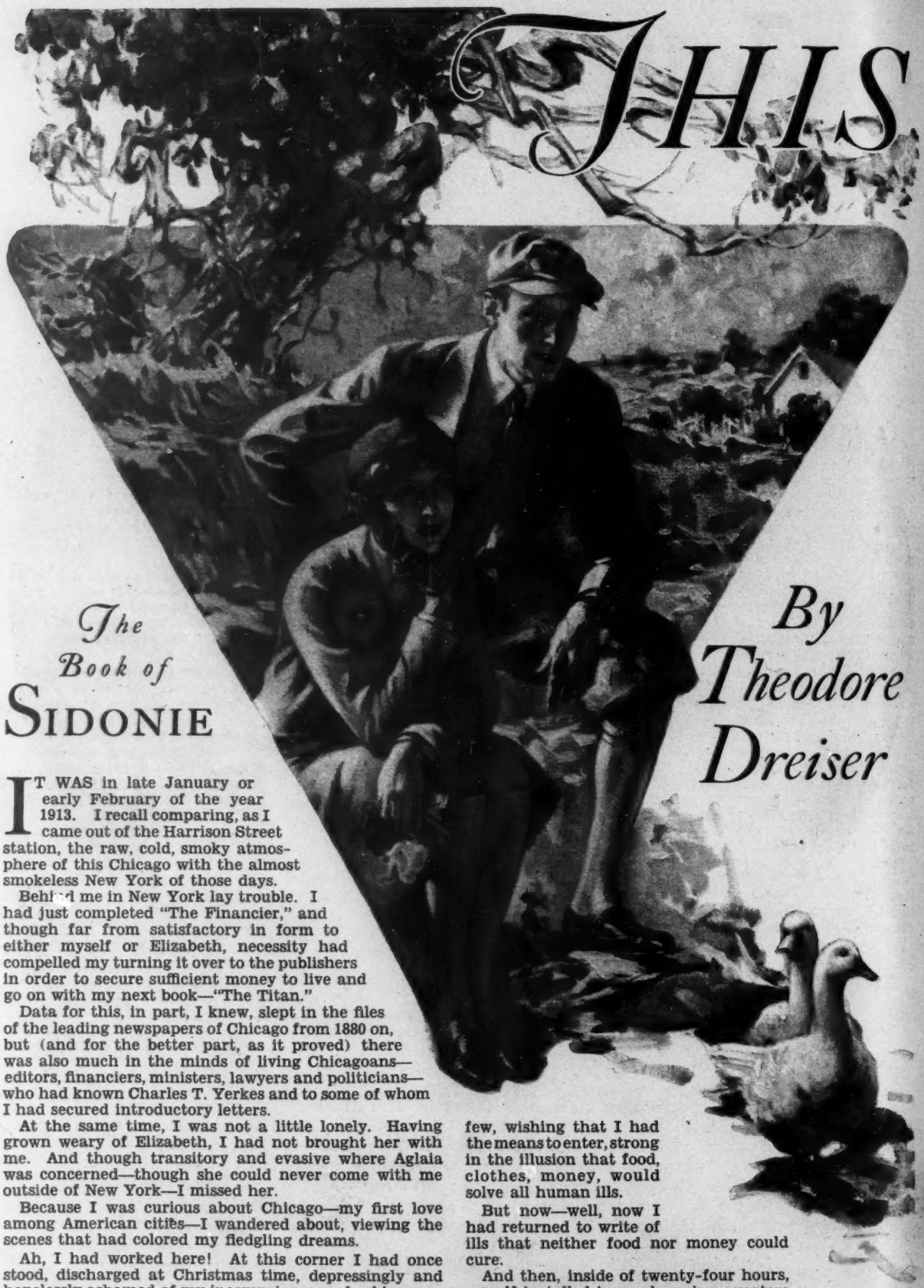


The Book of SIDONIE

By Theodore Dreiser

IT WAS in late January or early February of the year 1913. I recall comparing, as I came out of the Harrison Street station, the raw, cold, smoky atmosphere of this Chicago with the almost smokeless New York of those days.

Behind me in New York lay trouble. I had just completed "The Financier," and though far from satisfactory in form to either myself or Elizabeth, necessity had compelled my turning it over to the publishers in order to secure sufficient money to live and go on with my next book—"The Titan."

Data for this, in part, I knew, slept in the files of the leading newspapers of Chicago from 1880 on, but (and for the better part, as it proved) there was also much in the minds of living Chicagoans—editors, financiers, ministers, lawyers and politicians—who had known Charles T. Yerkes and to some of whom I had secured introductory letters.

At the same time, I was not a little lonely. Having grown weary of Elizabeth, I had not brought her with me. And though transitory and evasive where Aglaia was concerned—though she could never come with me outside of New York—I missed her.

Because I was curious about Chicago—my first love among American cities—I wandered about, viewing the scenes that had colored my fledgling dreams.

Ah, I had worked here! At this corner I had once stood, discharged at Christmas time, depressingly and hopelessly ashamed of my incompetence and asking myself what I would do next! Before this door I had hesitated, anxious to ask for work and yet fearful of the customary rebuff.

Outside the windows of this restaurant I had stood, looking in upon the, to me then, fortunately exempt few, wishing that I had the means to enter, strong in the illusion that food, clothes, money, would solve all human ills.

But now—well, now I had returned to write of ills that neither food nor money could cure.

And then, inside of twenty-four hours, myself installed in as charming quarters as I would have asked for, two large rooms and a bath in a big old house on the North Shore Drive, the snow piled about some small firs below my window; a clear view of the broad, lonely lake, with now and then a gull and now and then a boat passing in or out,

MADNESS

And then, going to the newspaper offices to consult a "morgue," or this editor and that, and to visit the personalities I had picked on as probably knowing what I wished to learn, I came to be part of a circle that knew much of me and my mission.

And among these varying personalities, at last one who interested me more than the rest. A slim, poetic American youth, of a Stevensonian cast of body and face, his name was Webb Collins; Chicago-born, as he told me, and at this time directing the literary comments of one of the local papers.

WOULD I not talk on "Old Chicago"—the Chicago in which had worked Eugene Field, Henry B. Fuller, George Ade and others? And since he intrigued me much by his look and manner, so unassuming and so genial, I agreed.

But this settled, he talked much, and wisely, concerning the Chicago of his day. It was enjoying a literary renaissance. But, best of all, a most interesting art experiment then and there in full force—a little theater—the first I had ever heard of—which occupied a studio in one of the immense downtown buildings. I must see that, see what was being done, what could be done, with a minute stage and a company of volunteer players trained by an English director who had fixed on Chicago as the most likely place for an experiment of the sort.

Would I not come with him the next night to see the play now being given—"The Trojan Women"? There was a young actress, the star of the company and one with a great endowment for her work, whom he would like me to see and meet.

Accordingly, the next evening, at near the curtain-rising hour, we entered. Much to my surprise, the performance was far superior to anything I had anticipated, a really beautiful presentation of Euripides' somber and relentless tragedy. One could sense, as one senses warmth or cold, the earnestness of the artistic intent behind it all.

Among these players—perfect, as rhythm is perfect, in their robes, their gestures, their groupings and posturings—was one whose voice, as well as figure and movements, arrested me. She was playing the rôle of Andromache, and apart from her statuesque gestures and poses in connection with herself and the child, Astyanax, there was something approximating unutterable melancholy in her voice.

Her age appeared to be between thirty and thirty-five. Yet chancing to commend her to my young friend, he remarked: "Yes, that is Sidonie Platow. Can you believe that she is only nineteen?"

"I cannot," I replied.

"Nor I," he said, "as I look at her here. She seems to like to disguise her youth. I never knew anyone more anxious and willing thoroughly to submerge her actual personality into her characters. She is not at all vain that way. Yet you should see her in 'The Affairs of Anatol.' You couldn't believe her to be the same person. The critics here are enthusiastic about her."

Certainly most enthusiastic praise, I thought. And immediately after the fall of the curtain I was asked to stay to meet the company. And presently, in the anteroom or lounge which was toward the extreme end of the auditorium, I found myself surrounded by the cast, all save this Miss Platow.

Introductions, followed by much chatter, and still she did not appear. But now young Collins was forward with a suggestion. All save himself were to move on toward a restaurant he named for supper, and as soon as Miss Platow appeared he would bring her.

SO SLOWLY we moved to the sidewalk, which was eight floors below. And there I found myself paired with a young actress to whom only a few moments before I had been introduced. As we were about to move off, Collins and Miss Platow appeared. And in the shadow I saw that she was tall and graceful, her tallness youthful and classically statuesque, her grace pantherlike in its ease and rhythm. Besides, as I noticed at once, there was warmth and a liquid modality in her ordinary speaking voice.

We walked on, but not without pairing differently,

Illustrations by
Marshall Frantz

Collins assuming my companion and leaving Miss Platow to me. And then we talked, of what, I scarcely remember—the play, acting, the ancient Greeks.

But most of all, and apart from the rhythmic stride with which she accompanied my steps, I felt the quality and zest of youth—its lightness, its optimism. Here, in spite of her Andromache, was youth, beauty, confidence. But after a dark fashion—Arabian—a type unfamiliar to me.

And, interestingly enough as I now think of it, nothing suggested, let alone foretold, the several years we were to be together, the exquisite hours in winter, spring, summer, fall.

The restaurant at which we soon arrived proved to be one of those standardized German rooms, rich in imitated medieval wood craftsmanship.

Collins immediately recaptured Sidonie and drew her to sit next to him. I seated myself opposite them, beside the young actress whom he had taken from me. She was fair and essentially American as opposed to Sidonie's darker coloring and more classic lines, but I fail to recall her name.

Yet I noticed the difference in the voices of the two! This second girl's was the usual quick and somewhat practical or unpoetic American voice. Sidonie's was smooth and nuzzling.

And there was another difference. This vivid, even electric, blonde at my side was most obviously sensual and almost irritatingly conscious of her power to attract, whereas Sidonie's sensuality was more insidious.

She grew on me, and I found my eyes straying to hers at intervals. Yet even as I watched and wondered about her, I was arranging to have luncheon next day with the blonde at my side.

And although the primary import of this luncheon with Miss Y, shall we call her, was erotic in character, I found myself interested most in gathering what news I could of Sidonie Platow. (This did me no good afterwards with Miss Y, as I can tell you!)

Sidonie's mother, so Miss Y said, was a Yankee from Connecticut and had been a clerk or stenographer in her day. Mr. Platow, once a penniless Galician Jew, was now successful and polished, quite a figure in Chicago, in short.

Then the conversation switched to the director of this Little Theater and I listened while Miss Y raved about him.

He was from London. Or was it Manchester? And personally, and without means, he had brought together and enthused not only society patrons but various young men and women with dramatic ability.

Needless to say, I expressed to this actress, as well as to Collins afterwards, my personal interest in the temperament of this director, and shortly afterwards was favored with an invitation to tea at the theater. Director and wife were to preside.

And here, in the small auditorium which by a little rearranging was converted into a salon, I met various poets, writers, critics, artists, actors, and now again Sidonie.

She was in red and black, a half-Spanish, half-American effect, her short, lustrous black hair blowing wavily about her interesting oval face and full, rounded neck.

Positively, in spite of my intellectual mission, I was fascinated and even perturbed by the sight of her. And regardless of the import of the conference—which assumed the physical form of a circle, with the director and myself vis-à-vis, he solemnly explaining his earnest ideals to me and I catechizing him—I was conscious all the while of the rhythmic figure of this girl in the background, now here, now there, arranging the hangings, or placing some flowers, or carrying a bowl of something, and occasionally pausing to listen as the questions or answers chanced to interest her.

As the tea conference was breaking up I moved near her. "You didn't seem to want to join us," I said.

"No. I promised to arrange certain things for this occasion, and I was a little late."

"I have been watching you."

She only smiled.

"And now I suppose you are off to some dinner engagement."

"I have one, yes," she said.

"And it couldn't be broken?"

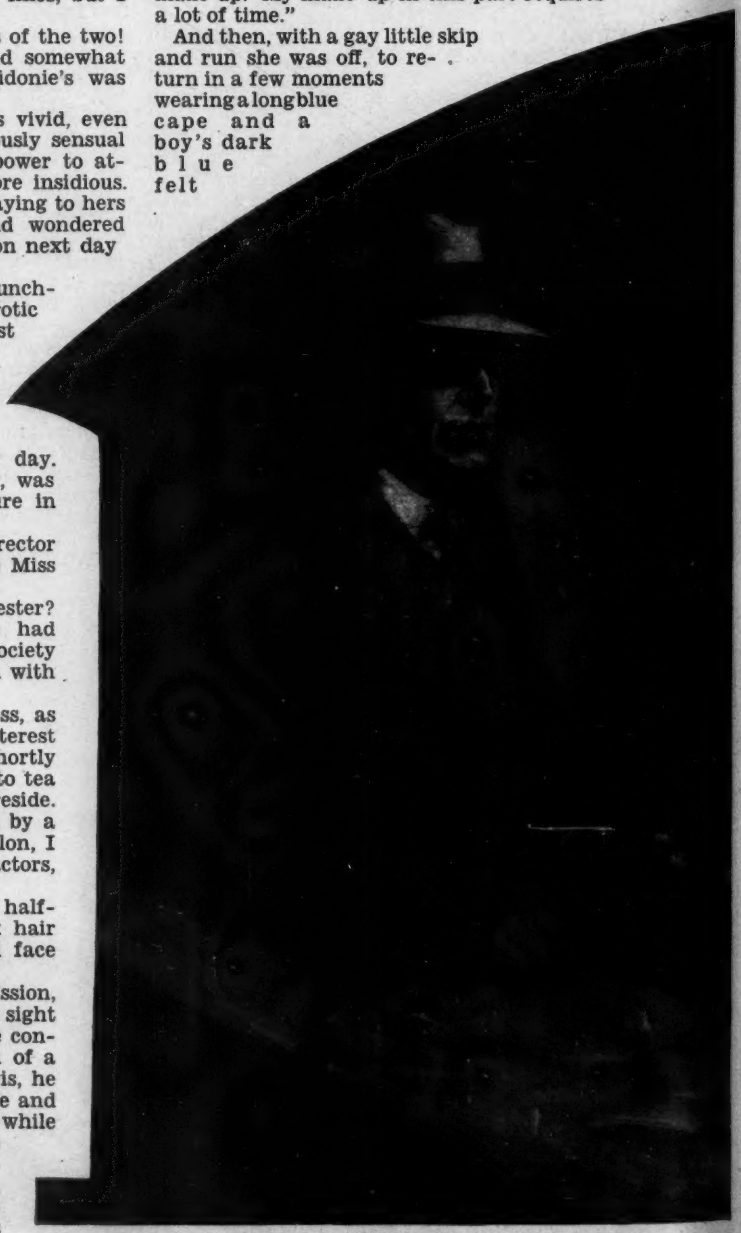
"No one has asked me to break it."

"I do."

She looked at me as I looked at her. There was a moment of hesitation, a wavering and uncertain look in her eyes. Then: "All right!" as though she had made a most sudden and, for her, troublesome and perhaps even momentous decision. In spite of myself, I tingled. There was something so glad and gay about it all.

I suggested going for a walk, and she replied: "All right, we'll go now. You see, I must be back early to make up. My make-up in this part requires a lot of time."

And then, with a gay little skip and run she was off, to return in a few moments wearing a long blue cape and a boy's dark blue felt



Into all conversations between Sidonie . . . prove that he was anything more than a

hat pulled rakishly over her black hair and brown-black eyes.

Chicago on such a night! The winter charm of it! Early dark. Crisp, powdery snow. And the tall walls and myriad lights of the great, wide, windy lake front!

I suggested that we walk south, north, out to the lake itself, over the bucketed tracks of the Illinois Central. She fell into a long, easy step with me. And once there against the cold black of the boisterous lake, I thought of her as another waif facing the sometimes glittering, sometimes lightless sea of life.

On one of the small bridges spanning the Illinois Central, she turned to look at the magic, glittering face of the city.

"It seems that a thing like that might be painted. And yet it is so obvious it can only be symbolized, don't you think?"

"Yes. So you paint, too?"

"Oh, no! I have tried some things."

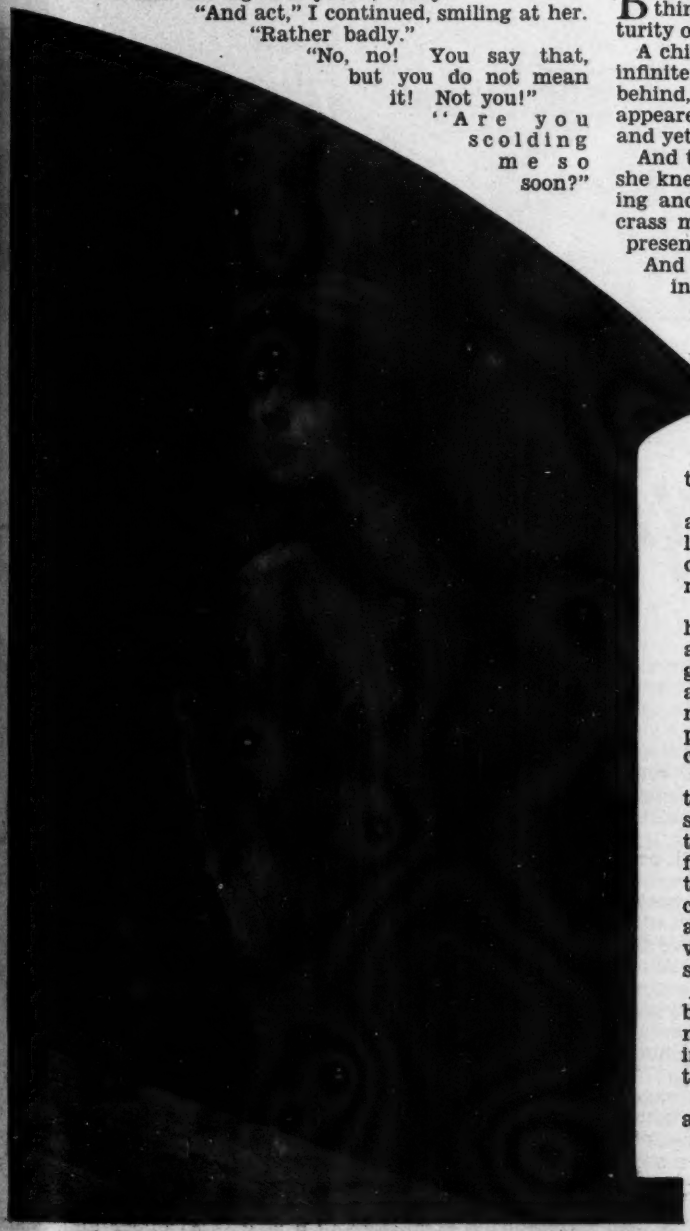
She said it with an air of youthful condescension—that marvelous condescension that is the strength and the right of youth, really.

"And act," I continued, smiling at her.

"Rather badly."

"No, no! You say that, but you do not mean it! Not you!"

"Are you scolding me so soon?"



and me Webb Collins' name crept. But I could not good friend, even by questioning her most seriously.

"No, admiring you. And you probably write poetry, too."

"I wish I could say I did. I would like to."

"And dance."

"Oh, I love to! I want to study dancing."

We walked to a restaurant which was on the high floors of a great building. And there—thousands of lights below—the conversation illuminated many things. This was her first year with the little theater. Obviously, there were playwrights, poets, writers, artists, what not, buzzing about her.

Her mother and father—more particularly her mother—had been, and still were, opposed to this venture. They had wanted her to go to some eastern college, as had her sister.

But she would not. Her dream, after more work here, was to go to New York and connect with the wider commercial theater, assuming, of course, that her parents would let her. Already I saw the fledgling poised on the edge of the artistic nest, eager to test its wings.

But as we talked, there came over me a sense of something as yet immature here, the lovely, poetic immaturity of girlhood and inexperience.

A child this, really, however wise or seeking. Ah, the infinite freshness and zest of youth! No ills or defeats behind, only hope of joy before. It was in her eyes. She appeared to be dreaming about life in an inexperienced and yet intuitive way. But she had read much—oh, yes.

And there was so much, as I could see, that intuitively she knew or suspected. But her mind was of that pleasing and romantic texture which sheds from itself the crass materiality of life and clings only to beauty, its present strength and its ultimate destination.

And almost immediately I was fired with a dream in connection with her. Supposing, I said to myself, I could help her, enlighten or aid her in some way? Why not? She needed to be made wise and yet remain this way. Might I not do something, be a friend, keep her as she was, say, and ask nothing, nothing at all?

But now it was growing late for her—a little after seven—and she had to hurry to the theater. But before going we talked of the future. She must come with me again and tell me more about herself. Mostly, I was to be found at the library—at night, anyhow, or before dinner—but couldn't I call her up? She gave me her house number and telephone.

At the entrance to the theater building I left her, but only to return presently and sit through a second performance of the play in order to gather more of her. And then to my room, to sit and think of her even as I was writing—not so much of the lonely, classic Andromache of the play as of the young dreamer in the long blue cape and casual felt hat.

But one of the things that came up in connection with this budding friendship: Collins—that same who had introduced me to her—had been to see me since our last meeting and had confided more of his great regard for her. Something in his manner as he talked of her had caused me to feel that although he was married and the father of a child, Sidonie had seized vividly upon his emotional as well as his artistic sensibilities.

More interesting still, into all conversations between Sidonie and myself, his name, as I had noted, had crept. But always in such an easy, intimate, genial way. Webb had said this or that; thought this or that.

"This Webb Collins, Sidonie," I finally ventured, and with curious and half-nervous speculation.

"You like him very much, don't you?"

"Oh, Webb is just a boy," she replied, in the most offhand and innocent manner. "I like him very much. He is so sensitive and so generous. And he dearly loves the stage, and understands it, too. He has played one or two (*Continued on page 156*)

That Affair in

By Forrest

MECHANICALLY scraping at his fingers with a clay-modeling tool, Monsieur Hyacinthe Bonabeau stood in the lime-powdered and littered shed which served him as a workroom and somberly regarded the piece upon which he was at work.

It pleased young Monsieur Hyacinthe to refer importantly to this mean retreat as his studio. Possession of a studio, or even of something that one could call a studio, dignified a talent toward which Paris had thus far managed to remain obtuse.

This, however, was not actually a studio at all, properly speaking, but only a sort of shack piled deeply on one side with an accumulation of whited planks, buckets containing the hardened residues of plaster mixtures and the shards of discarded castings, their edges fringy with tow. It was one of numerous other similar edifices built in blocks within a court which, through its common vent into the Rue Vercingétorix, daily and nightly swallowed and disgorged as frowzy and seedy a horde of young artists as ever enforced insomnia upon an honest concierge.

So flanked around with tall apartment houses was the courtyard, and so crowded with wooden structures within, that Hyacinthe's light would have been none too good even had his quarters been equipped with a studio window. But they were not so equipped. Such daylight as could find the place at all had to enter through webby panes of glass set into the upper part of the doors, with the result that even in summer Hyacinthe often had to rely upon the electricity for illumination.

This was an afternoon in February. The winter dusk had long since poured over the adjacent roofs and brimmed the court with darkness; and in the unwinking glare of a single naked incandescent bulb, the blue-gray figure of clay upon Hyacinthe's muddy turntable—a figure as yet only roughly fashioned in places and having its structurally weaker members braced by rusty iron rods sunk into the plastic material—seemed singularly lifeless and suggestive of museums.

It was the nude figure of a dancing girl which its author was contemplating so morosely. Any uninitiated person might have seen beauty in the slender, tense form poised upon one little muscular foot, the other leg raised at the knee, head and arms thrown tautly back in calculated abandon.

It required no great imagination to picture the modeling finished and the piece cast in silky bronze or shining in some candent marble. But in his despondency the sculptor could see in it no such glory. Certain delicate treatments of muscles in a lean torso under abnormal tension kept eluding him.

"That one had the means to permit himself a model!"

Illustrations by W. E. Heitland

the Latin Quarter

Wilson

he sighed for the hundredth time. "This might have been my masterpiece!"

There was a tap on the door.

"Enter!" called Hyacinthe, still staring gloomily at the clay.

"Good day, old one," came a cheerful voice behind him.

Hyacinthe turned and saw his friend Auguste Piquemal.

"Good day!" he returned shortly. This was no time for a light heart.

"That marches, eh?" said Auguste, coming up and examining the sculpture.

"Thinkest thou!" retorted Hyacinthe sarcastically. "That is because thou art a poet, my dear. The poets know nothing of the dolors of the true art."

"This one knows he is afflicted with a stomach," replied Auguste, unabashed; "and that is veritably a dolor of art when the verses of one have too much of merit to sell. Thou hast of silver, my old one?"

"Four sous."

"Me not more," said Auguste ruefully. "And I have a devil of an appetite."

"Hast thou demanded of Théophile?" asked Hyacinthe.

"That bad boy is not at home. His door is firmed."

"But he has told me," exclaimed Hyacinthe, "that he proposed himself to paint this afternoon!"

"That makes nothing—he is out. He is always out these days, that Théophile. Me, I suspect some pretty woman."

"Bah! That ugly fellow?" scoffed Hyacinthe. "Not any pretty woman would regard him two times." Hyacinthe glanced at his own handsome features reflected in the mirror above his washbasin. "Without doubt it is that Théophile makes a commerce this afternoon in those little dead-natures of flowers that he paints to make the pot to boil," he guessed. "If so, we will dine this evening, my old one."

"One hopes it," sighed Auguste. "Just the mention of a pot—— Eh, well, work is the best oblivion. I have a quatrain to polish. Push some cries toward my window, dear master, when thou hast the good news."

Auguste left. Of the three friends, he lived in most state, being blessed with a small apartment in one of the tenements that walled in the court. Hyacinthe and Théophile, who played Athos and Porthos to his Aramis, understood that Auguste's family was rich in its own Alsace.

Father Piquemal had sent Auguste to the schools of Paris to study law; but that young man had found the fashioning of odes a much more congenial occupation than the interpreting of codes, and now his family was

engaged in the process of starving him into submission. Yet even a determined French father could not quite contemplate his son shelterless, so Auguste found his rent paid and now and then in the mail some little remittance that enabled him, too, to help solve the trio's daily problem of dinner.

Hyacinthe turned back to his work. The slim figure in clay upon the elevated turntable ruled serenely over the disorder of the room. Hyacinthe studied it, shaking his head hopelessly.

Why had he not tried some easier subject? This was an essay in anatomy quite beyond his powers of unaided imagination. A life model, to be sure, might yet save it, but—a model!

He wondered why he went on with this project at all. At least he would do no more work upon it this day. That Auguste, always talking about his stomach, had broken Hyacinthe's concentration.

The young sculptor brought a pail of water and his squirt gun and walked round and round the figure, spraying the clay. Then he swathed it hideously for the night in grave-wrappings of soaked sacking.

As Hyacinthe washed his hands and forearms in the basin, he kept looking into the mirror at his blond healthfulness. Of the three impecunious friends he was much the handsomest—in fact, a veritable personage along the terraces of the cafés in the Rue de la Gaité. Though not a prig about it, Hyacinthe manifested a certain satisfaction in his own good looks.

He turned off his light and went down the gravel path in front of his block of sheds, stopping at a door marked, "Théophile Jacquier, Artiste Peintre." He tried the handle. The door was locked.

Hyacinthe was turning away when his eye caught a glint of light in the keyhole. He whirled and thundered on the door with his fist.

"Who is there?" called a male voice.

"The President of the Republic, idiot," roared Hyacinthe. "Since when has one commenced to firm the door in the Impasse Vercingétorix?"

"Two minutes, old one," came calmly from Théophile within.

"Two minutes—là là!" cried Hyacinthe wrathfully. "But do not derange yourself, Monsieur Matisse, I pray you. It makes cold a little, here outside, but do not make attention to that; one can attend your pleasure."

The iron key rattled in the lock. The door swung inward. Under the studio lantern Théophile's big canvas—the one he hoped to make his masterpiece—the portrait of the nude lying with averted face—glowed on the easel. The warm air smelled of fresh oils. On an improvised divan at one side sat a dark-haired girl wrapped to the throat in a kimono, her bare toes sticking out from under its hem.

Hyacinthe took one glance at this scene. "Auguste!" he bawled up at the poet's window. "Hasten thyself! Théophile has of silver! He has rented a model!"

"Enter, old one," remonstrated Théophile impatiently. "Dost thou desire to make Clélie to trap the rheum from this open door?"

"Clélie?" repeated Hyacinthe sarcastically, stepping in. "Has one, then, become so intimate in a time suchly brief?"

"It is one of the two friends of which I have warned thee," Théophile introduced Hyacinthe to the girl. "This one here is Monsieur Bonabeau, sculptor."

There was a heavy thud on the roof, followed by scratching sounds.

"The other approaches," announced Théophile.

It was but a short drop from Auguste's window to Théophile's roof, and not too great a fall for an agile and impatient young man from the roof to the path. There was a gravel-scattering concussion in front, and almost instantly Auguste burst in through the door.

"Mutton!" he shouted, even before his thin face appeared. "But yes, my old ones, I insist. Mutton boiled until the fat becomes like jelly. Then, a dark sauce full of grease, with carrots—is it not?—and turnips, potatoes——" He stopped abruptly, having just noticed

"Clélie, it is the second of my friends, and by consequence always famished."

the kimonoed girl on the divan. "Madame." Auguste bowed formally.

"Clélie, it is the second of my friends, Auguste—Monsieur Piquemal," said Théophile to the girl. "He is a poet, and by consequence always famished."

"And never more so than at this moment," agreed Auguste heartily. "Hast thou yet commanded the victuals, Théophile?"

"But I do not understand, my old one," hesitated Théophile.

"*Tiens!*" broke in Hyacinthe. "Naturally, when one rents a model, that presupposes——"

"But dear friend, one has not rented a model."

"Then Clélie—she poses gratuitously?"

"For love," answered Théophile.

The handsome Hyacinthe stared at his friend—at his general chinlessness, at the pale freckles spotted over his nose and cheek bones, at his little eyes of washy blue, at his corona of crinkly red hair. Then he looked blankly at Auguste.

"He said for love," he announced incredulously.

"What have I told thee?" gloated Auguste.

"Then Clélie rests here always?" Hyacinthe demanded of the painter.

"She rests," sturdily replied Théophile.

"Eh, well," said Hyacinthe sulkily, "I suppose I can carry my bed back to my studio again."

"But yes, my dear," Théophile took him up eagerly. "Clélie and me, we will help thee, is it not, my cherished? And Auguste also. Thou wilt have of the grand comfort right away."

"Not so fast!" protested Auguste. "Is it that one is not going to dine at all?"

"But yes, but yes, old one," scolded Théophile. "Naturally—and now. We can make housekeeping for Hyacinthe more late. Clélie, habilitate thyself. It is necessary that one go out of here to eat."

The girl stepped behind the screen. The eyes of Auguste had been brightening with renewed hope.

"Then, Théophile, thou hast of silver after all?"

"Why?" Théophile damped his anticipations. "All simply, it is as habitude—I have four sous."

"Dolor!" mourned Auguste. "That wishes to say the café again for the sandwich of crusts of forged iron hiding an invisible filler of dry ham from a pig of athletic temperament. And me, I had already digested the half of a veritable dinner—in idea."

"It is well necessary, then, to make the inventory of the actives in common," announced Hyacinthe, the practical, making a search of his pockets. He produced six metal francs and some perforated pieces of nickel. "See, there is my fortune!"

Théophile managed to find three francs and Auguste five.

"Well, Clélie," suggested Hyacinthe.

"Clélie is my friend," announced Théophile proudly. "I pay for her."

"What—with three francs? When we others have contributed eleven?" Hyacinthe wanted to know.

"All is going to go better tomorrow," Théophile soothed him. "Tomorrow I commence a commmerce in my dead-natures. And thee, my old one, thou canst mold more of thy fetishes for the caps of automobiles."

"Then the housekeeping in common, it is going to maintain itself just the same?" asked Hyacinthe.

"Why not?" answered Théophile in some surprise. "In effect, it will be ideal in the future. We to gain the silver, and Clélie—art thou a kitchener, cherished?"

"Like this, like that," came a clear voice from behind the screen. "Not so bad. Nevertheless me, I love better a restaurant."

"Ah, but thou art in the circle of art now. It is necessary that one make the economy."

"But I had had the intention to pursue the modeling of the dancer," objected Hyacinthe.

"Fie, then!" exclaimed Théophile. "Wouldst thou not make the hospitality to Clélie?"

"But those sacred fetishes are bad art," protested Hyacinthe.

"And thy sister!" denied Théophile slangily. "Truly, Clélie, those

(*Continued on page 150*)

Auguste—Monsieur Piquemal," said Théophile. "He is a poet,
"And never more so than at this moment," agreed Auguste heartily.

They're born that WAY

YOUNG Addison was waiting in the anteroom for my son Jeffery. He looked sad. He was playing disconsolately with a button of his topcoat.

"What's wrong? Can I give you a lift up Fifth Avenue?" I asked, preparing to enjoy the drive home.

Jeffery, who doesn't worry me but sometimes bores me by his excellent advice on my business, has told me tales of young Addison. I have gathered that half the gay girl population of the Atlantic seacoast looks to this good-looking young Park Avenuer for orchid corsages and taxicab fare.

"Nothing much. Thank you, you can," he sighed. "Although often I wish that I belonged to an earlier century—when girls weren't so distrustful of men. This age is hard on some of us fellows."

He sent a cold look after a pretty, sassy little ledger person whose gray satin heels skipped the outer corridors of my office suite like tiny machine guns.

"Dear me," I said, as man to man.

I am so old that my doctor tells me to smoke all I like because presumably my constitution is iron. Addison is so young that he gets worried over an occasional pseudo-palpitation. But he has a kindly feeling toward me because of the fifty thousand I gave for a new pipe organ for his alma mater, which is also mine.

"Who is she? That is—pardon me—what has she done?"

"Ellen Covent. Lackawanna Covents. You know her well. She will not believe that all my life I'll love her."

"Won't she? Have you done your best to convince her?" A sad nod. "Well, perhaps you'll get over her."

He said, "Never," so coldly and offendedly that I apologized.

But at once he appealed miserably. "Tell me, do you believe a man can't love one girl the best always?"

"Let me," I said, as the car waited at Thirty-first for the green Go, "tell you something of my own experience with women."

"Interested," he said, bored.

But old men must be grateful for crumbs, with young listeners.

"Presently we will pass the Plaza," I said pensively. "And I never enter Central Park without recalling a bitter night of long ago. It was winter. In a luxurious hotel suite, zero weather is a charming fillip to life. We had known each other six months. Two months of perfect intimacy.

"She was a luscious dark-haired darling. Young, spirited, witty. She used rose bath salts. She had the whitest neck"—absently I mused, half forgetting the boy at my side—"earth has ever known, I believe. Nell Gwyn had not the equal. We had countlessly assured each other that our love would last as long as those glittering stars should shine over the ocean that a few miles away lapped at the soil of the world's most important island. We had read Kipling together.

"BUT that night we quarreled. Unexpectedly. She was an exacting beauty. Good family. Plenty of money. Spoiled. Perhaps I was, too. Or untamed by life. I flung out of that velvet-carpeted suite into snow-covered Central Park. In misery I walked for hours. The light soles of my evening pumps were soaked—later I had pneumonia.

"To this hour I remember a park attendant stooping over to remove a torn pink newspaper from a side path. And the rolling carriage and gorgeous gold-and-green coat of a Chinese statesman who chanced to be in America that week.

"I remember her hard little final cry of good-by. The twitching of her white shoulders as she contemptuously jerked off a platinum chain which I had given her . . . Well, time passes. Time heals."

Young Addison grunted semi-politely.

"Ten years afterward, quite recovered from that bitter parting from that dark-eyed, white-necked girl whom I had honestly expected to love alone and forever, like the Bedouins in the many Bedouin songs, I had occasion to make several business trips to Chicago. A tentative connection of the firm made the trips necessary and it was deemed better that a principal of the firm should make them, although to be sure they could have been delegated to a subordinate.

"But I am not a Manhattan home-hound, although native Manhattan. I can endure a strange chef and a Pullman well enough.

"SO IT came to pass that on my last trip I sat in the supper-room of a gold-and-rose furnished hotel in Chicago opposite a slim lovely woman, with, I believe, the loveliest blue eyes that earth has ever known. Not excepting Paris' perfect paramour.

"They were violet-dark. Dryadic and flowerlike. She was a slim woman with a red mouth and an imperious way. A spoiled woman. All actually lovely women seem spoiled. By life and perhaps by love. Sometimes delightfully spoiled.

"She had read 'An African Farm' that day and she said pensively that she would like to shoot lions—but an hour before she had protested in temper because her taxicab was not waiting.

"We knew each other well. Possibly we had come to know each other too well. I had had a hard day and was tired. The supper-room overlooked the lake. It was again winter. The green lake churned, as restless and peevish in its waters' motion as if it aped the beating, bursting soul of all humans.

"She had accused me pettishly of keeping her waiting. As I had made a sacrifice to meet her at all, I resented her words. No more first cause to our quarrel. But it was not our first quarrel.

"Even the hottest passion burns out, leaving a petty residue of ash in the blackened heart. So when she put out a slim white hand, saying, 'This *is* the end,' I agreed.

"I agreed in a burst of anger. It was my last trip to Chicago. We never sat again in the gold-and-rose

Illustrations by Wallace Morgan

A Story *of the* *Skeptical Sex* by

Ida M. Evans

supper-room and watched the green lake smolder under the stars.

"A memory—that evening. But memory is a master oftener than it is a slave. I have never forgotten the quick tapping of her gray satin heels on the waxed parquetry of that supper-room's floor. Or a loud and common family party at the next table.

"I recall that only a week before we had been most sure that we would clasp hands all our poor wistful mortal days. Memory cracks the whip oftener than it kneels in the sawdust. Her face—— Yet the parting has left no mark on my countenance. Has it?" I turned smilingly to the boy. I am hale and have few gray hairs.

"No," he said briefly. He was beginning, I could see, not to like my ramblings.

I went on, "Time passes. Time heals . . . Two short years ago I walked down a famous western boulevard whose palm trees wave languid fronds in August or in January. They wave at the Pacific and at passing film queens. I did not walk alone. By my side was a woman who, I was convinced, heaven had originally meant to be my mate.

"She was slim and lovely. I do not like fat women.

"The palms gave way to pepper trees. We crunched spicy red berries under our care-free feet. She had tiny feet, like a Chinese maid of high degree. She would not have liked the comparison. She preferred French phrases.

"Tiny feet in satin pumps with huge expensive brilliant buckles. The newsboys, hawking a murder edition, looked at those buckles and her lovely dark eyes. Dark eyes with long exquisite dark lashes that fluttered at shop windows—at hat windows, at gown windows, at silversmiths' windows, at curio-dealers' windows.

"She was insatiably greedy. I knew that always. To my indulgence, it was part of her charm. Perhaps in some former incarnation, I was a nabob or rajah and liked to deck my rani with emeralds and rubies and brocades and silver girdles.

"In an hour I bought her a ruby heart, a pair of silver-buckled garters, a carved vanity-set of jade, a bland brass Buddha, an ivory elephant whose trunk bore aloft a trumpet cut from an emerald.

"She was a vital type. She sniffed the crushed red pepper-berries and gurgled in ecstasy. She admired violently the ridiculous pink stone of a supposed Spanish *cochère*. She demanded that we ride atop a green bus clear to the salty Pacific sands.

"Mind you, boy, this was only two years ago and I was not of a lithe-jointed age to clamber up bus stairs. But I climbed, like a fatuous boy, and asked heaven to give her to me until death.

"I was no longer young, you see. And youth has fewer tremors than age. A movie star in white sombrero in a white car whirled past our bus. 'Handsome,' she sighed.

"'Ass,' I corrected jealously. But we quarreled that same day. Parted."

Young Addison was staring at me as a red signal at Seventy-fourth Street stayed my reminiscences. My chauffeur is a good man but fast.

Young Addison stared at me with the distaste of a young and respectful lover for an old and promiscuous philanderer.

"My feeling for Ellen is different," he said, in offense.

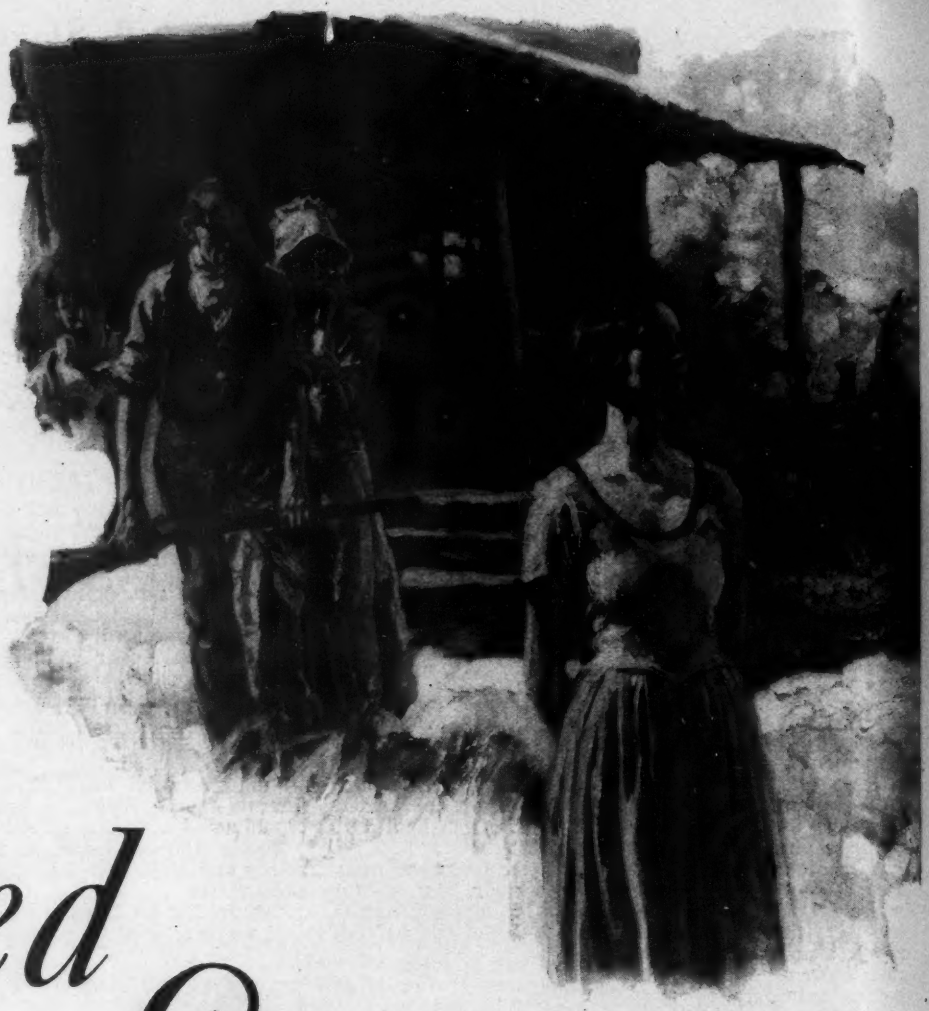
"I wonder," said I, unabashed. "Well, if you and she can arrive at the ripe sixties with only three major rows like Mrs. Stuvehock and myself——"

"Mr. Stuvehock," he cried in apology and dismay, "were you speaking each time of Mrs. Stuvehock?"

"Of whom else?" I demanded testily. "We quarreled that first time at the Plaza, because she said if I loved her I would not have wished to cut off my beautiful brown mustache. In Chicago, she declared I could not love her or I would not object to her bobbing her wonderful dusky hair. In Santa Monica, California, she blamed me for the cold she caught atop that salt-breeze-ridden bus. A red nose infuriates her always."

"Oh." Young Addison sighed like a novitiate who has been blessed with a divine communication. "Would you mind, then—I mean that perhaps if Mrs. Stuvehock were to talk to Ellen—advise her——"

"My boy, she'd love to!"



A Novel of Old Kentucky

Red LIKKER

The Story So Far:

IT WAS to Bird's Nest, the home of many generations of Birds, that Gilmartin the writer came for information about Kentucky's leading industry. He couldn't have come to a better place, he soon found, for within sight of the Bird home was Bird and Son's Old Blockhouse distillery, where Bourbon whisky was still being made in the traditional manner.

For many years the Birds had found the making of Bourbon a source of revenue—in fact, from the day when that doughty pioneer, the first Isham Bird—Old High Pockets—and his brother Shadwell sampled red likker and found it powerful good.

After the Civil War, from which Attila Bird returned with empty pockets, he revived the old industry. It was in this atmosphere, therefore, that his son, young Isham Bird, grew up and came to manhood. But Isham lacked balance, and, unrestrained by his invalid mother and his indulgent father, he became more and more the gay Lothario, whetting his passions all too frequently by recourse to the bottle.

Even when Juanita Ringo, Attila's sister who was, strangely enough, an ardent Prohibitionist, called young Isham's constant derelictions to his father's attention, that courtly gentleman of an earlier day laughed to scorn her fears for his boy and mocked at her prophecies concerning Prohibition. But he soon found cause to worry over both these matters.

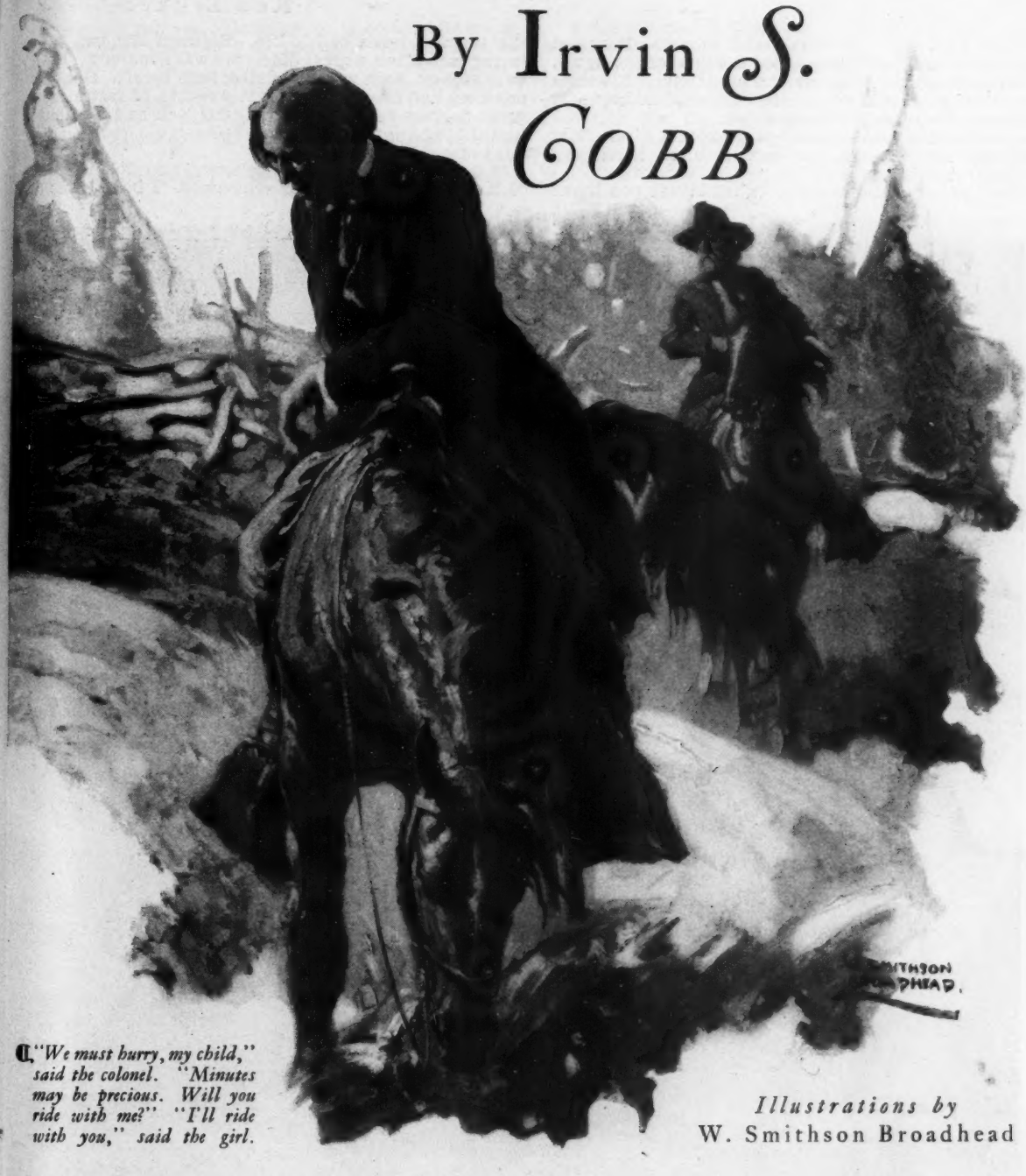
It was more than worry, indeed, in the case of his son. His old friend, Felix O'Shea, brought him news of the "shooting scrape" between Isham and Dick Sales. Only three shots had been fired and the fight had been a fair one. Isham had been warned.

But Attila was not satisfied. "O'Shea," he asked, "why did Dick Sales shoot my son?"

Reluctantly O'Shea answered him. "Because of a girl—his own sister, Dolly Sales." That very day, it seemed, she had owned up that Isham had wronged her—and the boy, as he lay mortally wounded, had admitted her charge and fully confessed his fault.

The stricken father waited to hear no more. He swung himself into his saddle and was off, clods flying. His henchman, Gabe Scarr, followed him. And when the colonel turned in the direction of the Sales home, Gabe brought forth his pistol as they rode . . .

By Irvin S. Cobb



¶ *"We must hurry, my child," said the colonel. "Minutes may be precious. Will you ride with me?" "I'll ride with you," said the girl.*

Illustrations by
W. Smithson Broadhead

THERE were those four miles of riding, until they came to a district of poor lands—the only district in that whole county, barring the broken country still farther west along the river, where the soil was scanty. Still at a pounding gallop, and their horses all lathered now with foam, they labored up and partly over a low twisting ridge of shaly outcrop and just beyond its crest drew near to a place where the fences were snaggled and broken and weeds possessed the fields, and here, in an unkempt dooryard among trees, stood a house that had the look upon it of improvidence and poverty. On this house all the shutters were drawn as though in sign of mourning, and from it there issued, at their thumping approach, the sounds of a woman's weeping, shrill and unrestrained.

Also at their nearer approach the scarred front door was thrown open and out upon the rickety porch came a man of fifty-five or so, who held in his hands, which fumbled and shook, a double-barreled shotgun; and immediately there followed behind him a middle-aged woman, her hair disheveled and awry, her face greatly contorted, and sobs and outcries shaking her; and she beating with both her fists at her bosom. And behind her in turn appeared a blubbering half-grown boy and in his hands was a kitchen knife.

"Aha, I thought so," said Gabe Scarr to himself, and thrusting forward and sideways, he checked his horse to a standstill fifty feet from the porch and he pulled his weapon and swung it up, cavalry-style, the muzzle in air.

"Gabe, put away that pistol," snapped the colonel. "I'm handling this alone."

For once in his life Gabe refused to obey his commander; he didn't put it away; he still held it so, ready for action.

Colonel Bird halted his horse and in a controlled and steady fashion he said to these three distracted dwellers of this house:

"I ask that no hostile move be made until I have said to you what I have to say. I have not come to make war upon you."

"Then why have you come—and armed? You and that ruffian with you?" demanded the man of the house, his voice choking with his grief and his rage. His voice was not firm, not positive, as the colonel's had been. It was indecisive; it wavered and shook.

"I have drawn no weapon," said Colonel Bird. "Nor shall I draw one on you, suh, now or hereafter."

"Then what brings you?"

"Yes," shrieked the woman; "what brings you then? Isn't it enough that your breed already have brought shame and suffering upon me and mine, but you must come, too? Oh, the shame of it! The shame of it!"

"If you want your revenge, why don't you say so?" cried out her husband in a crack-toned, frantic way. "My son has shot your son—the word has just now come to us. My son's quarrel was just and it's my quarrel. If you want a fight, I'm ready for you."

But his very frenzied manner showed he was not ready. A failure at lesser affairs all his life, this man betrayed himself as the completest of failures in this, the topmost crisis of his life. Between the two men facing each other, a great difference was apparent. Both were fathers, both were desolated, both bereft. But this one here had about him a great strength of restraint, a great purpose revealing itself in his look and his tone; and that one just yonder quavered and quivered on the edge of a collapse.

"I do not come here for vengeance," said Colonel Bird. "I have no right to ask for vengeance. I have come to do such justice as I can for the injury inflicted on you and yours by one of mine. I have come to make such amends as may be made at this late hour."

"If you dare to offer me money, I'll kill you in your tracks, like a dog." This issued in a hoarse burst from the elder Sales.

"Charlton Sales," said Colonel Bird, "I would not so bemean myself nor would I so belittle you. May I enter your doors to say what I wish to say?"

"No, no, no!" It was the woman who shouted that at him.

¶ *"My friends, my son is dead," said the dares to slight her, or to flout her in public*

"Then will you ask your daughter to come out here so that she may hear, in your presence, what I have to say?"

"No, I tell you, no!" The man made this decision.

"Oh, my daughter! Oh, my poor child! Oh, my poor children!" the mother lamented. "My boy in jail! My daughter disgraced! Oh, that I should live to see this day!"

"Your son is not in jail, or if he is he'll not stay there.

"You can't save her from it—it's too late, it's too late," wailed Mrs. Sales.

"Madam, bear with me another moment," pleaded Colonel Bird. "I have not yet gone to my son on his death-bed. I have not seen my beloved wife since this blow fell; she, too, may be on her death-bed. While there still was time, I have come straightway, as my first duty, to you. I come to ask that your daughter, Dolly Sales, may be married to my son, Isham Bird."

colonel. "This is my son's wife . . . If there is one among you who or in private, that one shall answer to me. Is that plain to you all?"

I myself will go surety for him if that should be necessary. If needs be, I shall go before the grand jury, or before the court and ask for his acquittal. But that will not be necessary either—you know it and I know it."

All three of the Saleses were comparatively silent now, all three glaring at him in a sort of stupefaction.

"Nor, if I can help it, shall your daughter suffer disgrace."

Describing the scene afterwards, Gabe Scarr said that at this point the colonel's voice rang, as he had heard it ring when going into battle.

It was as though they had not heard him. Dumbly, motionless, they all three glared at him. In the hush, Mr. Scarr made an audible noise while pouching his unrequired revolver.

"Suh and madam," said Colonel Bird, his words falling now into a measured and formal cadence, "I have the honor, on behalf of my son, to ask for him the hand of your daughter in holy and honorable wedlock."

From behind the huddle of their bodies there emerged into view the girl herself. She wore a sleazy housegown. Her eyes were like big (*Continued on page 122*)

I Have Ten

¶ THIS *is the* Way You might think I'd feel About it

By Donald

FOR reasons beyond all human fathoming, Providence visits upon man's choicest ignorance the most critical necessities for decision and good judgment. At a time when a young man is scarcely fit to be trusted with a five-dollar bill and when his opinion is worth somewhat less than nothing on any subject under the sun, he picks himself a job, chooses a career, and looks around for a wife.

Of these three the wife is the most speculative investment and the most irrevocable entanglement. She is also, beyond question, the province of his most abysmal ignorance. For he knows little of marriage and nothing of wives, and not even his best friends can tell him. But spite of all he gets married.

Ultimately and inevitably he comes to wonder how and why he happened to do it. He finds somewhere a breathing spell from the course of true love or from the surprising complications of his new partnership, and takes stock of assets and liabilities, of profit and loss. Probably he must reckon among them the doubtful values of one or more children.

I took unto myself a wife some fifteen years ago, for reasons which at the time seemed good and sufficient. Since then a good many things have happened, including ten children. I do not recall that I have regretted my marriage since the wedding day. I haven't had time.

It is popularly assumed that one marries in haste and repents at leisure, but so far we haven't had the leisure. But now that my family has multiplied and increased to what may be called a good round number, no one will grudge me a moment for pause and reflection.

It has all been quite unexpected and uncontemplated—this family which now stretches practically as far as the eye can reach. If the minister of the gospel who married us had taken us afterwards to the vestry and promised our union ten benedictions within fifteen years, we should probably have fallen unanimously backward into the baptismal font and lost all appetite for the wedding breakfast.

But we hadn't the least idea. We knew that married folk often had children, and we even thought it a rather interesting prospect. But at that moment, certainly, we couldn't count up to ten. At least I couldn't.

For that matter, the family has crept up on me with that peculiar logic and inevitability with which one thing leads to another. If it had come upon me all at once I might have realized its paralyzing proportions and perhaps done something about it, but it has come a little at a time, like the camel into the Arab's tent.

Each child was just one more child, and after the first five or six, another could not much affect the situation. There have been no twins or triplets to jump the total alarmingly and upset the family equilibrium beyond repair. It has just been a case of one biological incident after another, until suddenly I find my family gone into double figures, where—in this day and age—it has little company or competition.

I have achieved distinction. As an aspiring and perspiring journalist I have been hunting distinction for years, but I get it at last for no particularly professional performance. My only distinction to date is that I have probably the largest and certainly the noisiest family that must derive its nourishment from the death rattle of a typewriter.

In a trade in which are all sorts of experts and specialists, I am by way of being an expert on families. At least,

Children—

¶ BUT as a matter of fact THIS *is the* Way I really feel

Rose

I ought to be. For if these six boys and four girls of all ages, sizes, characters and dispositions do not constitute a full-blown family, then the thing can't be done.

There are, I find, those who profess to admire my family, as one might admire the Mississippi River or the Pyramid of Cheops. But there are few who seem to envy me its pleasures, privileges or responsibilities.

Yet it is my story—and I stick to it—that my family is a definite and demcnstrable asset, a positive advantage rather than a ball and chain, and the only sound and sensible investment of my brief but varied personal history. When I take occasional inventory I can point with satisfaction to a dozen reasons for writing it on the right side of the ledger.

Consider, for example, the single matter of the income tax. For years and years I have felt that it might be a proper, patriotic and perhaps pleasant thing to pay an income tax. Whenever I see the government coming round again with the collection plate, I play pleasantly with the idea that I too might drop in a few pennies, if only as a careless gesture of final financial adequacy.

But there are difficulties in my way. In the first place there is my income—or rather, there isn't my income. Even considering my gross receipts, which are not so darned gross anyway, my income has never been such as to make a healthy plumber gnash a Bolshevist tooth. Possibly it is not even a representative income, so that the old law of no taxation without representation applies to my case.

After studying both my income and the score card provided by the government, I conclude that the only place I fit is in Section 15, under the heading of depreciation, obsolescence, and depletion—apparently a state of general collapse by reason of exhaustion, old age, or wear and tear of property used in the business. And that, apparently, is the one thing on the list that doesn't get taxed.

BUT the real difficulty is the matter of my exemptions. They are nice little exemptions, mostly taking after their mother, but they stand squarely in the way of any probabilities of my owing the government money. The government allows me $400 out of my practically imaginary income for the running expenses of each bud on the family bush—all of which shows conclusively that the government never had any children of its own.

There is also my wife, who is worth $3,500, F.O.B. Washington, D. C. Just at present the family has a defensive strength of $7,500, before I need call in an expert income-tax accountant. The government hasn't a chance.

Some years ago, when I had no more than eight children, an inspector came snooping around to see what I was doing with all my money. He took one look at the wash on the line and hasn't been back since.

A man with ten children, you see, is listed as a domestic corporation and therefore liable to certain "expenses, obligations, indebtedness, losses by fire, storm, shipwreck or other casualty," not to mention "contributions for religious, charitable, scientific, literary, or educational purposes, or for the prevention of cruelty to animals." And at the last annual round-up I figured out without half trying that the government owes me $142.19 for the fiscal year ending December 31st, 1928.

Those who must pay quarterly tribute to the Internal Revenue Department for the sin of having more money than they know what to do with, will not question this practical advantage of a family of ten. They may, however,

insist that on the other side there are liabilities, real and deferred, involved in the business of bringing up ten children safely and sensibly to the point where they can earn their own keep and be responsible for their own behavior. They wonder, more or less audibly, that any man should have the impudence to undertake it.

I by no means suppose that I am an expert on bringing up children in the way they should go but probably won't. I leave that to the people who haven't any, and my own ignorance on the subject increases beautifully. I am rapidly approaching the point where I shall know nothing whatever about it.

My status as an expert is a matter of experience and not of theory. I know something about children because I have been through the mill, not to mention the meat grinder and the ash sifter. And even at that, I don't know much. Such opinions and convictions as I have, come at least by first-hand experience. Our children know no governesses, tutors, nursemaids or servants, and a minimum of relatives.

I do not know whether this has been good for them or otherwise, but I am quite sure it has been good for their parents. It has been particularly good for me. I am naturally one of the world's champion easy-going philosophers, which is a nice way of saying that I am congenitally lazy. Under my own steam I would never get anywhere or amount to anything.

Maybe I won't anyway, but if not it won't be the children's fault. They demand of me industry, application and endurance. They push me into paths of progressive energy where I probably never would walk without boot or spur behind me. If ever I make two ideas grow where but one grew before, it will be because the children insisted on it.

But that, to be sure, is the least of it. That is a simple matter of the law of demand and supply. The children demand oatmeal and orange juice and shoes and socks until they seem perpetual victims of some sort of foot-and-mouth disease; the old man must supply the demand, though his brow grow wrinkled and his trousers' seat shiny.

But beside and beyond such forensic obligations there are sundry domestic responsibilities attached to a family of ten. The traditional idea that the children are Mother's care while Father goes gunning for the wherewithal collapses in a heap before ten children all at once. The job calls for teamwork.

We haven't worked out—even after fifteen years of trying—any permanent and comprehensive schedule of responsibilities which belong to me, in so far as the children are concerned. There is perhaps only one daily duty that my wife can trust me to attend to without prompting.

This is the job of counting them. I count them every night that I am at home and worry about it when I am not. I make sure that they are all bedded down for the night, each in his or her own crib or cot.

The oldest girl gets only casual attention. She has sense and size enough to get herself safely to bed and stay there. But Leon and Roy must be disinterred from a cocoon of blankets in winter and adjusted to approximate respectability in summer.

Muriel at the age of ten is a pocket edition of an old maid and lies primly and properly on her pillow, but Sylvia's scattered curls invite a paternal pat. Stanley and Jack carry on a miniature War of the Roses in nightly installments, and must be disentangled from the field of battle and set right side up on the mattress.

Marjorie takes everything to bed with her, and must be gently separated from dolls, clothespins, building blocks and the cat. The formula for Frankie is to take all his sheets and blankets from under him and put them once more on top of him.

Finally I arrive at baby Kenneth, six months old, more or less, who has no particular need of my inspection but gets it anyhow. Sometimes he wakes up with one eye, and we engage in brief communion as one man to another on matters secret and profound.

This is a nightly performance of no particular dignity and small profit, but somehow it is good for my immortal soul. As a postscript to the day I find it superior to winding the clock and putting out the cat into a world full of temptations.

There are writing men who go through the motions of a regular business man and disappear downtown at the flush of dawn, coming home at eve for rest and

NEXT MONTH—

"Tagati"

A New Novel

in which you watch the play

of Love and Loneliness

in the

African Veld

by

Cynthia Stockley

Author of "Ponjola"

refreshment. There are others who keep their pet Pegasus at home, and stable him in a study within shrieking distance of the family.

It happens that the latter lot is mine. I don't go to town often because there is nothing for me to see there but editors, and to a naturally pessimistic disposition like mine there is nothing more depressing than an editor, unless indeed it be two editors. So I stay at home and beat my brains out on a typewriter.

It's nice for me, since I can wear old clothes, soft collars and a fine air of detachment from a time clock, and it's nice for my wife since she can—and does—call on me in emergencies. But where do the children come in?

They come in everywhere and often. Short of chaining them hand and foot there is no way to prevent it, unless I bolt and bar myself within an inner sanctum and a sense of my own importance. I have preferred to adopt an open-door policy. The only reason for doing otherwise would be that I needed perpetual peace and quiet in which to think.

ON THIS score I have no illusions. I should probably think no more and no better in a vacuum or a padded cell, and I might think worse. Some years ago I gave up the idea that light journalism is a product of heavy thinking.

And as for quiet, I have served time in a newspaper office, where the quiet is that of the Tower of Babel. If you can think there, you can think anywhere. I don't say that anybody does think there, but at least they get paid for it.

So the fact that there are children everlastingly under my feet or table or typewriter is not so serious as it seems to those who have never tried it. The real hazard to my journalistic integrity is that one cannot work within range of a family of ten without becoming more or less entangled in its affairs.

There are any number of things that can happen to any one child at any conceivable moment of the day and there are ten times as many things that can happen to ten children.

It is probably impossible and would be positively immoral for me to keep hands off all these charming contingencies. My wife is but one valiant woman against overwhelming odds. Furthermore, this is my family, and I fain would be to it something more than a meal ticket. So I take a hand in the game.

I have no idea that I am really any great help, but I am at least fully initiated. There is, for example, the matter of pinning up the baby.

At first it seemed impossible and something belonging to the secret wisdom of women, of which I had heard. A woman was able to assemble a baby, gather up all its loose ends and attach them immovably to each other and the baby with a single motion and safety pin. To get the same effect, I needed a screw clamp to hold the baby, a dozen safety pins, three anchor bolts, a handful of cotter pins and a piece of string, and even then the baby would be indifferently well clothed and liable to fall apart again at a single harsh word.

But I persevered and became expert. I have become at last, in fact, positively proud of my proficiency. I use more pins than my wife, it is true, but I think I achieve a more geometric effect, and it certainly amuses the baby.

I do not, however, brag about it. I have noticed that people who brag are liable to get elected to something. So it remains principally a private matter between me and the current baby.

I admit that my relations with the baby are somewhat more limited by the house rules and regulations than I like. As a consequence of tenfold experience I have learned to appreciate enormously the company of a baby after he emerges from the pink and wrinkled period and before he sits up and takes notice. Such a baby, if treated with sense and discretion—which means as little as possible—is God's greatest gift to the tired business man or the jaded journalist.

It is strange and somewhat tragic that so few men ever find it out. They neglect the parental prerogative of entrance into the charmed circle of the baby's acquaintance. My own experience is that it takes half a dozen babies or so for a man to get used to them so that he can bridge easily and naturally the gap of years and meet his infant offspring beneath the very shadow of the angels' wings. So rare is this privilege, and so swiftly gone away, that it is well to make the most of it.

So I begrudge somewhat the deference due to modernism in the rearing of the baby, even though so much of it is so sensible. I am not allowed overmuch of his company. I am allowed to look at him occasionally, and to make small clucking noises in his direction for limited periods, bu little more than this.

I am not allowed to sing to him. I am not allowed to lug him around. I must not poke him in the ribs, as one man to another, particularly while he is ruminating on a recent bottle. I must not tickle his feet, even though he likes it.

For consolation, I dodge also most of his responsibilities, which is perhaps just as well. Filling his bottle is an accident that occasionally befalls me, but it is something to be avoided with prayer. Its difficulties begin with the removal of the cardboard cap on the bottle of milk.

There is a theoretical tab on this cap which is supposed to serve as handle, but it usually cannot be separated from the surface and if it can, it promptly breaks off. I then start clawing at the cap, while the baby's shouts mount. Cold fear clutches at my heart.

Somehow, at last I wrench the lid off or push it in with a devastating milky splash, and I try to pour six ounces through the narrow neck of the bottle. I do it at last, of course, even though some obscure law of physics sends most of the milk down the outside of the bottle and into the cuffs of my trousers.

By actual test an experienced father can fill a six-ounce bottle out of a full quart of milk and still have enough left for the bleaching of one cup of coffee, but it is an uneconomic process and no proper job for a man.

But beyond the baby period lies the middle ground of matrimony, where there is no decided line drawn through the midriff of family life to divide the masculine mandate from the feminine franchise. Here there are obligations and responsibilities that have no definite sex appeal. Among them is the problem of discipline, and since there is so much of it and I am the handy man around the house, a good deal of it seems to come my way.

It may surprise you to hear that our children need discipline, but it does not so much surprise me, knowing their father as I do. It is because my son takes after me with a vengeance that I must occasionally take after him with a switch.

This responsibility begins at the indeterminate point at which the baby gets his first spanking, which is usually about three months later than he needs it. After experience spread over fourteen years and ten children I solemnly asseverate that I know nothing about it.

The wisdom of the ages, including all the latest models, has devised no formula that is good for more than one child at a time or one emergency at a time. The only solution is a watchfulness that runs deep and wide, a disciplinary system that lies lightly on the surface of family life, and a perpetual and fertile ingenuity.

Educators, psychologists, moralists and maiden ladies seem to know all about it, but they are as full of prunes as of theories when they declare the law on a problem which perpetually outstrips all solutions. It is a matter for a prayerful partnership between parents, and a choice conspiracy of good intentions.

No single adult intellect, male or female, can cope or contend with the devastating ingenuity of youth intent on its own devices. One cannot even anticipate what a child is going to do, since he has already decided to do something else. One cannot and two can hardly; but two can at least bring aid and comfort to each other in a valiant stand for order, peace and righteousness.

Among ten thousand possible problems of discipline I choose for example the simple one of making the children eat. Lately I read the final word on the matter. A child and its spinach are entitled, I learned, to twenty minutes' individual attention for each meal.

Now a little ordinary arithmetic will betray that in our happy home this would demand either ten attendants for the ten children or—since we have no attendants—a gross allowance of worse than three hours a meal, not allowing anything for the parental appetite. Since we must positively save a little time in the day for washing, cleaning, cooking and tending bar, the twenty-minute solution is for us no solution at all.

There are two possible answers to the dietary dilemma. One is mashed potatoes. It happens that most of our children like potatoes most of the time, with or without gravy, and always with butter. The butter is a painful point, but I console myself with the conviction that butter is cheaper than doctors and dietitians.

The other solution is sausage, pickles, fried bread, apple pie, Welsh rabbit and everything else that is bad for children. Of these the family will eat a long ton at a sitting. Provided, of course, that they are hungry.

It was somewhere along about the third child that we discovered that an oversensitive parental conscience on the matter of diet can easily depreciate into a mild monomania. Most of the faddism and fanaticism of dietetics is rubbish.

A HEALTHY, hungry child can and will eat anything but anvils, and thereby grow fat and rosy or tough and wiry, according to the disposition of the child. We no longer have any time or patience for synthetic feeding, by which young bodies are theoretically compounded out of carbohydrates, proteins and vitamins.

The kids keep healthy and heartily hungry by running like wild Indians over the adjacent landscape, and we set before them plain fare to keep them fit for it. Mostly they eat it. When they don't, we don't worry much about it unless they are sick, in which case they can go without to their advantage. We have solved the diet problem at least as well as our highly scientific neighbors by declining to treat well children as though they were sick or about to get that way.

We have reduced doctors' visits and bills by a similar apparent indifference to youthful temperament and by having no time in which to do plain and fancy coddling. If one of the youngsters gets a little sour around the edges, he goes to bed and sleeps it off.

Serious sickness has mercifully passed us by with a few exceptions, and we have had no more than our share of broken arms, legs and heads. We have so far been delivered from devastating epidemics by the tonic prophylaxis of fresh air, and we have allowed no popular panics or high-pressure propaganda to bully us into wholesale inoculations.

Nor have we whittled our family away by minor operations for tonsils and adenoids and all the other superfluous attachments of the modern child. The children are all intact and we still have all ten of them.

We have been heretics and renegades to all the scientific cults, cultures and painful precautions which keep our neighbors awake nights and perpetually in the shadow of the poorhouse, and for our sins we have ten noisy, vigorous, alert and individual children, who are just now the joy of the house and will some day be its pride—provided the house doesn't fall down in the meantime.

But these are unimportant and unconvincing confessions, principally because they concern matters debatable. My inquiring friends and curious acquaintances don't care much about my domestic theories, since each one of them has one of his own.

They do want to know, however, how we ever get any sleep at night or lie abed in the morning with so much dynamite lying around the house. The answer reveals our solitary undisputed triumph. Our children do not wake up at night—at least not much—and they never, never wake with the lark.

In summer, when there is no school bell for them or morning train for me, we come to life about eight-thirty and get breakfast by ten o'clock. It is almost inexplicable, but I suspect that the reason for this unconventional behavior is that we have never had a book.

We have never had a book to tell us that children must be put to bed at six o'clock, whether they like it or not. If you want to be wakened by the patter of baby feet and the prattle of baby voices at a milkman's hour, put your children sternly to bed by the clock. They'll get even with you in the morning.

This means, of course, that we have forsworn sweet peace and quiet in the evening to get it at the other end of the day. We prefer it that way.

By these and other experiences, by-products of a family of ten, I have learned something. I have learned something which fathers in a small way may never find out, which is that there is a middle ground of matrimony wherein fathers amount to something.

Probably they bring to it little wisdom, but they may bring some wit and ingenuity, and take away from it increased understanding, sympathy, vision and humor. Their presence may solve no problems to finality, but may make them more tolerable.

For whether 'tis better to "speak roughly to your little boy and beat him when he sneezes," or to cultivate such remnants of virtue as he inherits from his mother and hope for the best elsewhere, is a matter of theory, without which a host of experts and theorists would be left lamentably without a reason for existence. But as a matter of fact his hopeful chances for salvation depend much upon the degree to which he enjoys the mutual attention of his parents.

It is, in fact, a triple alliance of father, mother and children, and its biggest and finest function is to keep the home fires burning so that this institution of marriage shall not shrivel and congeal into something like last week's boiled potatoes.

In harder days than these, there were grim necessities and adversities to make a man and a woman true partners in the adventure of life; today the habit of prosperity gives men the world to work with and women the world to play with, and both can grow too easily bored with the affairs and interests of the other, so that marriage begins at last to strain at the seams. But against this slow poison children are so excellent an antidote one scarcely can have too many of them.

Over the ten heads of my children I meet my wife every day, and all that is mean and self-centered in me is everlastingly confounded by her courage, good humor, quick wit and serene wisdom. She is the world's eighth wonder and also its ninth and tenth, and this ten-cylinder family is her living monument.

Somehow she stays young and gay in spite of it, and it is I who have the family's three gray hairs. And she has wisdom enough to keep me well aware that this family is a joint job and a mutual delight, so that I serve not unwillingly as its second in command.

For no formula has yet been devised to make this family burden an easy one, and only cooperation and mutual aid can make it a pleasant one. And since there is so little in the heart of man to encourage the sinful vice of pride, I may be forgiven for pride in the family around me, and pleasure in the thought of the four daughters who may one day bully and beguile their old man and the six sons who will honor and esteem their mother. Whether there will be any more, heaven only knows and will not tell.

Men Won't Marry Fifty Years From Now (*Continued from page 71*)

make a sex adjustment—are really married. That means that eighty percent of the women aren't interested in their husbands except conventionally—the community expects them to stay married. But right down underneath they don't like it and would like to get out of it.

This diffidence about their own marriage of eighty percent of the married women is leading many of them to experimentation with other wives' husbands and with bachelors, too. This is increasing rapidly. None of us can tell accurately what percentage of experimentation is going on among married women because the women who come to us may belong to a selected group. A study recently made by a careful psychiatrist states that in a group of average women the proportion experimenting is about forty-one percent. Almost half!

The women who were married during the last few years are much freer in their relations with men not their husbands than women married for a longer period. Indeed, the evidence is growing that the women are taking their marriage vows much more lightly now than the men.

So the married man today who possibly is trying a little harder to stay married with an eye blind to the charm of women other than his wife is doubly hunted—hunted by the 20,000,000-odd married women who are not successfully married, hunted by a large percentage of the 1,250,000 flappers who reach the age of eighteen every year.

I think we all must frankly admit that staying married today is a tough job for the man, even if we discount the factor of lessening pressure upon sex standards. The world is so swift, so full of noise and jar, overwork, hurried decisions, trying things during the day, that none of us will stand as much pressure as in other days. We become irritated more easily. We are less willing to stand boredom. Men and women who get along quite well together from the mating standpoint get fed up with each other.

But merely because you are unutterably tired and weary of living with your husband or your wife is no reason for leaving your spouse; so the law decrees. Paternalism steps in. We get used to standing things that bore us from infancy on. "Mother, I'm tired of playing the piano"; and the mother says, "It doesn't make any difference. You know you must practice three-quarters of an hour every day." We get used to parental discipline, hardened to it; we grow submissive under it. Hence when you say to the court, "I'm tired of my wife; I want to leave her," and the court says, "It doesn't make any difference whether you are tired of her or not. You know you must go on living with her until death do you part," you acquiesce.

"Why?" a growing body of young, middle-aged and old married couples are beginning to ask out loud. The behaviorists who believe in the objective reexamination of millions of age-old social customs and habits are also asking why.

Who started this business of monogamy anyway? Who said that man should have one wife, and woman one husband, and that the relationship should endure for life? This is an age of science. Has any biologist with facts in front of him ever secured any evidence as to when people should be married or how they should be married? Is there any biological evidence that a man should stay married to one woman always?

The history of the man-woman relationship is very interesting. We have no record of man-woman relationship when the earth was young. It was doubtless utterly promiscuous but with occasional temporary matings.

During the ages for which we have records we can find almost any kind of relationship existing. We find monogamy, polyandry, polygamy, infant marriages, group wives. Under the influence of the Christian era marriage slowly began to emerge as we have it today—a kind of mystical union of one male and one female.

Our whole situation has changed since the Middle Ages. Some new kind of relationship must emerge—it is emerging. I don't know what it will be like. I don't particularly care. I know it won't be any worse than marriage, but it may be no better. It will be just a new blind trial-and-error bit of experimentation. The change will seem perfectly all right as soon as people get used to it.

Taking the man's point of view again —*there is no biological reason now for his staying married.* Women are not scarce, nor are they located at geographically different points. There are dozens of attractive women always right at hand.

There is no longer any economic reason for a man's getting married. He doesn't want a wife to sew and scrub. If there is no genuine biological or economic basis for it, now that we are all ready to think about it—is it likely that men will get married fifty years from now?

Strange as it may seem, the millions of divorced couples over the country with children prove that there is no problem of the child; the child will be cared for. All of them would be happier and better

A LETTER to the town's best housekeeper

You've certainly done a lot for us. That's why we're writing to thank you.

We don't know your name. "But," we told ourselves proudly, "a letter to the town's best housekeeper will surely reach the woman who, probably without even realizing it, has helped us sell so much Fels-Naptha Soap."

Perhaps you think the only help you've given us is to buy Fels-Naptha yourself. It isn't. You've done lots more than that. One sight of your spic-and-span house—one glimpse of the snowy clothes on your line—these have meant more to the women who know you than anything you could write.

And when they say, "How *do* you do it?" how cheerfully you've said a good word for Fels-Naptha! How convincingly you've told them (far more convincingly than we can) that this golden bar with the clean naptha odor gives extra help that makes clothes look—well, just the lovely way *your* clothes look!—without hard rubbing.

Maybe—just maybe—you're the very one who coined the phrase we've had written and repeated to us so often we've taken to using it in our advertising—"Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha."

In any case—thank you! Thank you because *your* good example, *your* good advice, have helped Fels-Naptha Soap to give its extra help to millions of women everywhere.

Sincerely yours,

Fels & Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

P. S. *for brides only* . . . . .

Maybe you haven't used Fels-Naptha yet! You should—because it will give you *extra* help too. Fels-Naptha isn't "just soap"—it's good golden soap *and* plenty of naptha (the dirt-loosener dry cleaners use) combined in one golden bar. You can tell there's plenty of naptha—you can smell it. These two safe, active cleaners, working together, naturally give *extra* help that does your wash with less work and effort on your part. Fels-Naptha works excellently in machine or tub; in hot, cool, or lukewarm water. It's gentle on your hands. It's fine for general cleaning, too. So put Fels-Naptha Soap on today's grocery list—the ten-bar carton is particularly convenient.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR
WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

© 1929, Fels & Co.

brought up anyway if kept away from parents and brought up by trained persons. Try to adopt a nice, chubby, well-shaped, healthy youngster today and see how long you have to wait to get one.

Among the many men and women I know to be living together out of wedlock I occasionally find a new note. I am called upon to congratulate an unmarried mother—not the pitiful kind we used to read about in the 'eighties, but a courageous one earning her own living, who went into the thing with eyes open.

The habit not only of living together without marriage but also of begetting children out of wedlock is growing in the cities. There are any number of women now afraid of matrimony, yet brave enough to have a child out of wedlock.

The only question I would raise here is not a moral one. A man and woman unquestionably have the right to live together if they want to. It is nobody's business. They are adults and their characters and personalities are all but unchangeable. But I do question their right, as the world is now constituted, to put a child into a situation that is almost sure to lead to the child's becoming a scapegoat in his group, the result nearly always being the development of marked inferiority.

But we must remember that twenty-five years ago adopted children and the children of divorced or separated parents had to face the same situation. Now possibly every third or fourth child has divorced or separated parents. In another twenty-five years I think that children born out of wedlock will be received into the group without protest.

There is still strong pressure against divorce, but in spite of this, it is increasing at an enormous rate. In 1887 there were only 5.5 divorces for 100 marriages; in 1926 there were 15. These are government figures. There is no reliable record I know of which gives the number of couples living apart but not divorced. We know that the figure is high. Again these records are taken from all classes of the country—from foreign-born laborers, income taxpayers and non-income taxpayers, country and city. I believe that if we could get the number of divorces and separations per hundred marriages in metropolitan areas, among income taxpayers, the figures would certainly run to twenty-five divorces per hundred marriages, if not higher.

Men and women facing these figures will make up their minds—possibly long before my fifty years are up—that marriage is obsolete and wasteful of our few short years of happiness. They will form temporary unions and stick to them as long as they are happy. If we could get away from possession, the one by the other, if we only had different training to start with in our mating, maybe jealousy would disappear along with the fetish of possession. If we lost jealousy and the pressure that comes from it, a large proportion of men and women might stay together for a longer time than they do now.

I don't see that there is anything to worry about in all this. Just as a kind of sporting proposition, though, I have racked the experimental side of my brains to think of some set of social experiments which would stem the tide today against monogamy. I can't give any good reason why we should try to save it unless we can make it a better working institution.

Naturally I think first of our work on the conditioned reflex. Is there some way of bringing up children so that the eternal drive to try out the new and the different will not apply to members of the opposite sex? I have had children under my observation for five years at a stretch who would go to bed always with the same rag doll. Others became attached to a piece of worn-out blanket and took it to bed with them for years. Unquestionably we have in conditioned responses of this kind a powerful force, if there were only some way of harnessing it up for later use in matrimony.

If there were some way of giving the man a strong electric shock (it would have to be strong enough to produce a real avoiding reaction) every time he held hands with, kissed, or looked favorably upon a woman not his wife, society would have the thing under control.

We do this with animals in the laboratory. We arrange a cage with a wire floor. Every time the male touches a female we give him a strong electric shock. Soon he will not go near any female. By altering the situation, by punishing him only when he touches a female other than his mate, we could build up a positive reaction to the mate and a negative reaction to all other females. But after he is taken out of the cage the taboo lasts for only a little while. After he accidentally touches the female a few times and finds that he does not get the shock, all his training is off.

So with man in real life. Our mothers and other taboo-makers condition us not to hold hands with or otherwise touch the youthful females in the neighborhood. Dire threats of what will happen deter us. But we find that the sun doesn't swerve when we actually touch one.

Again the marriage vows condition us for a time, but the bottom doesn't drop out of everything if another girl happens to kiss us after marriage. Conscience at first gives us quite an electric shock but soon even that apparatus seems to get out of gear.

There is no doubt about the fact that the things which at a later age wreck the success of marriage have their start in infancy. We know what many of these factors are, but how to avoid them is the hard thing. Take, for example, mother fixation.

One of the things that every psychiatrist meets is the fact that the son gets conditioned on the mother. The mother is not happy with her husband and turns to her son after the first few years have passed. A strong attachment grows up. This continues throughout youth and adolescence, and it is often difficult for the son to break this attachment and find happiness with another woman. But such an individual can become a devoted husband if he is fortunate in finding a wife who approximates his mother's type.

Trial marriage will not save the institution. Trial marriage is nonsense. Any marriage is likely to go pretty well for two or three years if there are no children. There is a novelty in it. The twilight of the honeymoon lingers on.

A little later, and the wife wants more than love: a better house, finer furniture, more entertaining. The man wants to be getting on in life; to be thought a big business man; he wants to stand well in the community. He begins to slave to make more money, to become a success.

As his salary increases he has less time for home. His wife learns to get along without him; all the novelty is gone from marriage. Soon he wants somebody to play with, somebody to tell him how harried he looks, that he is working much too hard, how big and strong he is.

There is always somebody around who will play with him. This new Jezebel never seems to have anything to do but to please him. She is never too busy or too tired to play. When he gets prosperous enough to divorce his wife and marry his new playmate the same old cycle of changes appears.

The only thing I've ever seen work is jealousy, and it works for only one spouse at a time. There were several cases under my observation where both husband and wife were utterly bored with and indifferent to each other. Suddenly the wife (the other way, too, quite often) started something with another man. The husband immediately became a suitor again and a new honeymoon occurred if they made up.

This is never a safe prescription to offer. I've seen the man leave the woman immediately and I've seen the woman get really interested in her new playmate and the husband go on as a more and more hopeless suitor for years.

Coming back to the world of practical things, the behaviorist has no further suggestions to offer. All the trouble seems to come from the fact that the primary basis for marriage is gone in the great cities. We are all too sophisticated to go on believing that there is anything mystical in a man and woman living together—and we do not want helpmates any longer, we want playmates. But as soon as we turn a playmate into a helpmate, we lose a playmate.

If we want to go on as though we were married, if we want to remain outwardly conventional, I think the only thing we can do is to make divorce as easy as marriage, the way it is done in Sweden. It seems to me that we could improve on the Swedish system by making it really a class legislation.

When a man, for example, goes to a justice of the peace for a divorce (and this should be all that is necessary on either side) he should be asked to put up enough first-class securities with a trust company to bring in three hundred dollars a month for the woman for life, and two hundred dollars a month for each child until the child marries—no more, no less, regardless of his capital. If the woman remarries, she loses her income. This may seem unjust to the man, yet in the end it will be easier on a man who does happen to have a competency.

A great many women marry men today just to get the divorce melon. This would be stopped automatically. A woman would realize when she went into marriage just what she would end with, if she were ever divorced. She might work a little harder to keep the marital carriage on its wheels. I think this is the minimum amount that will care for a woman and child respectably.

This system would at least make the retreat from marriage an orderly one. It would, I think, keep us from getting panicky until society makes a few more trial-and-error experimentations, and hits upon some other formula than marriage, which will keep men and women living together under group sanction for another thousand years or so.

As Mr. Heywood Broun said over the radio the other night, "I haven't anything against marriage. On the contrary I have in a long life seen three or four beautiful, happy marriages."

I think it is too bad the institution will not work more generally. I should be willing to see us all go back to frontier life where a wife is really needed. I should like to see us study carefully the few happy marriages we know about so we could learn the recipe for being happily married. I don't think there is a real solution for the rank and file of people and I still don't believe men will marry fifty years from now.

John Barrymore

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

F. Scott Fitzgerald

These three distinguished Americans are choosing, from photographs gathered throughout the United States, the twelve loveliest women using Woodbury's Facial Soap

VOTED THE PRETTIEST OF *Co-eds*

by John Barrymore
F. Scott Fitzgerald
Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

They are 19 years old—sophomores in the University of Chicago—twins!

Laughter seems to bubble up in them as if from some perfectly inextinguishable fountain of mirth. They look at each other—and break into dimples, into smiles, into silvery peals of laughter. They laugh for no visible reason; or as if being alive, and being twins, were enough reason; as if they found the world too absurd, delicious, and exciting to be true.

When they walk down the aisle of a theatre, or along the street, the dullest face turns to look at them. Perhaps it is their wonderful Northern fairness; their cheeks the color of roses and carnations, their starry grey eyes; or perhaps it is just that they seem to have a warmer, more effervescent sparkle of life in them than most people.

They were born in Chicago, and have lived all their life a few blocks from the shore of Lake Michigan. There they have swum, dived, canoed, sailed, sunned themselves in the sand, from the time they were babies.

Since going to the University of Chicago, they have begun to have moments of intense seriousness about such subjects as psychology, mathematics, biology and above all, examinations. Nothing in life, as yet, seems to them worse than examinations; "unless," as one twin remarked, "getting a C when you expect an A."

They both have dazzling pink and white skins, and they have been brought up on Woodbury's Facial Soap.

"It's terribly hard to keep your face clean in Chicago," they say. "Woodbury's is wonderful for cleansing, it leaves your skin so deliciously soft and smooth. We *love* it!"

Out of hundreds of beautiful Woodbury users, on whom we called in big cities, in little towns throughout the country—three distinguished judges are choosing the loveliest of each type . . . Each month their photographs will appear. They represent thousands upon thousands of women throughout America who today owe the charm of a fresh, clear, beautiful complexion to daily care with Woodbury's Facial Soap . . . Commence, now, to take care of *your* skin with this wonderful soap! Begin, tonight, to gain the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch!"

Miss Helen and Miss Lois Dodd of Chicago, Illinois, chosen from Woodbury beauties of forty-eight States as the prettiest of co-eds

A DELIGHTFUL Woodbury set, containing a large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial for 10 cents! Send name and address. The Andrew Jergens Co., 1611 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. For Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1611 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont. © 1929, The A. J. Co.

High-rollers *by Ring W. Lardner* (Continued from page 77)

I'd have quit long ago. And they know better than to suggest one of those cold hands to me."

Walter himself had won over three hundred on this particular evening, his debtor being Hart. He hoped there would be a check waiting for him the next week-end. But there wasn't.

The four were pretty good golfers, one of them occasionally breaking eighty while the average was around eighty-five. Walter considered himself plunging when he agreed to a ten-dollar Nassau. The other three always had quantities of side bets besides the ones laid extemporaneously as the play progressed.

For example, there was an afternoon when they were at the National and Hart and Parker were battling each other for a thousand dollars a hole and a Nassau of five thousand. The two were even on the eighteenth green. Parker left with a four-foot putt and Hart with a six-footer for a par five.

Hart sank his six-footer.

"That means a wasted afternoon for both of us," remarked Parker.

"Why?" said Hart.

"You'll concede me this putt, won't you?"

"I'll not only not concede it, but I'll bet you five thousand you don't sink it."

Parker took the bet and missed the putt, which meant sixteen thousand dollars.

One Sunday morning, Walter got cocky and raised his limit to a hundred dollars for the Nassau. He went off his game and lost three hundred, the beneficiary being Dick Parker.

That night he mailed a check to Parker and it was duly indorsed, cashed and canceled. But no check had come to Walter for his winnings. He couldn't mention it to Jack because Jack owed him over two hundred.

The four golfers lunched together nearly every Saturday and Sunday. And they and their wives dined together Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays before opening four new decks.

Walter knew that Parker was a graduate of Harvard and Hart of Yale; also that Mrs. Hart had gone to Vassar and Mrs. Parker to Smith. Yet there was never any talk that would lead one to believe the talkers had so much as matriculated in the subprimary.

The English language was maimed and bruised; the men apparently had never read anything but the market reports and the women had concentrated on J. S. Fletcher and Sidney Lenz. When no one was relating a suggestive story, the conversation dealt with the future of General Motors and Sinclair Oil, things that had happened that day or last night at golf or bridge, and the quality and price of whatever beverages were being served.

Everybody excepting the Finches had made the acquaintance of an honest bootlegger who had access to some mysterious and never-to-be-exhausted supply of antediluvian Scotch, champagne and gin. You had to pay high, but wasn't it worth it? Just taste that!

Walter, riding in on the train with Jack Bowen, said: "Did these people really get college degrees?"

"Sure."

"And how?" asked Walter.

"The faculty was sick of them," said Bowen.

Jack admitted freely that neither Hart nor Parker was an intellectual giant, but he had a tremendous admiration for their courage, their willingness to risk, against odds, amounts that would seem like fortunes to most men, and the unruffled manner in which they took their losses.

"Why, last summer I sat in a no-limit poker game with Ken and Dick and Alex Spears and Bob Morton. Spears opened a pot for ten thousand. Ken stayed with a pair of kings. Spears drew one card and Ken took three, but didn't help his pair. Then Spears bet two hundred thousand dollars. And Ken called him! Spears had two jacks, an ace, a king and an eight-spot. Ken's hunch had been right and his kings won."

"Did Spears pay him?"

"Well, if he didn't, he will. They keep track and settle later on."

"How much later on?"

"I don't know," said Bowen. "Nobody ever worries about not getting paid. They're all good for it."

"How do you stand with them?"

"Me? I'm around seventy thousand to the good. That covers three years."

"Have you ever got any of it?"

"No, not yet. But I'm not worrying. By the way, Dick Parker thinks you're a queer guy, sending him that three hundred the day after you lost it."

"He cashed the check."

"Why wouldn't he? But he wondered why you were in such a hurry. He said he'd trust any friend of mine."

Walter and Marion decided they must give a party at the club to repay some of their playmates' hospitality.

"I suppose we've got to," said Walter. "But we certainly can't afford it. We haven't saved a dime all summer. If——"

"If what?" demanded Marion.

"If Jack and Hart and Parker would come across with what they owe me for bridge and golf——"

"How much do they owe you?"

"Just under two thousand dollars."

"Heavens! You must have been playing for big stakes!"

"Big stakes for me; chicken feed for them."

"Well," said Marion, "I may as well make a confession to you. I've played bridge for five and ten cents a point, and I've won nearly eight hundred dollars."

"Where is it?"

"I haven't got it yet."

"Of course," said Walter after a pause, "these people are perfectly good. Jack swears to that. They'll pay us, probably, before we move back to town. What we want to do now is gamble conservatively and hold on to what we've got."

"Or rather," said Marion, "what we haven't got. As far as I'm concerned, I could live comfortably without ever seeing another pack of cards."

"Well, we'll give the party and charge it and maybe by the time we get the bill our pals will have liquidated."

But before the dinner at the club had been in progress three minutes, this dream was shattered by a long, argumentative, mathematical conversation between Parker and Hart, both of them slightly squiffy on Walter's cocktails, made of gin so young that it didn't even have a name or a birth certificate.

"This is our last week-end, Ken," said Parker. "You've only got tonight and tomorrow and tomorrow night to get even with me on the season."

"What do you figure I owe you?"

"This season or altogether?"

"Just this season."

"I make it $180,000."

"Well," said Hart, "you're $45,000 off. It's really only $135,000."

"I think you're wrong," said Parker, "but I'll split the difference with you and call it $157,500."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Marion. "Don't they keep any record?"

"Just in their heads," said Mrs. Hart.

"All right," said Hart. "Make it $157,500, and that's giving you all the best of it. You must have forgot the $25,000 you laid me on the Harvard crew against Yale. Anyway, making you a present of the $45,000 or $25,000 or $22,500 or whatever it is, you still owe me $240,000."

"What do you mean, I owe you!"

"I mean since we began betting, in 1911."

"You know that ain't right. You owe me, not I owe you. And what you owe me is about $200,000 even. If that ain't so, when you asked me what I figured you owed me and I asked you if you meant this season or altogether, why didn't you speak up and say that you naturally meant just this season, because altogether I owed you, not you owed me?"

"I didn't put it that way."

"What way?"

"Whatever way you claim I put it."

"Do you still claim I owe you $240,000?"

"I certainly do!"

"Well, let's go back and I'll show you how wrong you are. In 1911, I bet you $100,000 Yale wouldn't score in the Harvard game, and they didn't."

"Neither did Harvard."

"That's got nothing to do with it. But that was the first bet we made, and that starts me off $100,000 to the good."

"You don't have to go back that far. We figured it up in the fall of 1918 and agreed that you then owed me $185,000."

"And in 1919, I beat you for $225,000 at golf and cards and $65,000 on the World's Series."

"Do you mean to say you're going to hold me to a bet on a crooked series?"

"All right. We'll throw out the $65,000. That still leaves you $40,000 to the bad going into the year 1920."

"Yes, and in 1920 I won $150,000 from you in golf and bridge and $40,000 that Lowden wouldn't be nominated."

"But you bet me $80,000 that Brooklyn would beat Cleveland and you lost that."

"That still gives me a margin of $70,000 at the start of 1921."

"Wait a minute!" said Parker. "If I remember right, we totaled it up two years ago and you owed me just an even $20,000. And that was before I bet you $150,000 on Tooney against Dempsey. So I was $170,000 up on you a year ago last spring, but that summer you cut it down to $42,500 and with the $157,500 I win from you this year, that makes it $200,000, just as I said in the first place."

"I suppose you don't count the $300,000 you bet me on the Argentines."

"When did I bet you that?"

"In August. You were tight, but Jack will bear witness you made the bet and you said next morning that it went. Ain't I right, Jack?"

"He bet you," said Jack, "but I thought it was $150,000 instead of $300,000."

"I'll concede it," said Parker, "and if it's true, that makes us so close to even that we might as well start all over."

"Even my foot!" objected Hart. "You either owe me $240,000——"

"Or else," interrupted Parker, "you owe me $200,000. Now which is it?"

"Well, there's no use discussing it tonight. Let's get down to business."

As they rose from the table Walter called Jack Bowen aside.

"Does this mean that they have been making those bets for seventeen years and no money has ever changed hands?"

"I'm afraid it does," said Jack.

"Well," said Walter, "before this night

Lovely Miss Janet Newbold *of Washington, D. C., was recently married to the grandson of the late Thomas Fortune Ryan.*

Beauty of ivory skin and amber eyes

MRS. ALLAN A. RYAN JR.

LOVELIEST DEBUTANTE in Washington last season, this spring she is its loveliest bride—Miss Janet Newbold, whose wedding to the grandson of the late Thomas Fortune Ryan was a society event.

Young Mrs. Ryan is enchantingly beautiful, with wide set amber eyes, soft knotted amber hair and ivory skin kept satin smooth by simple care given faithfully each day.

"Ever since I was a girl at school in Paris," says Mrs. Ryan, "I've been devoted to Pond's Two Creams.

"Now Pond's two new products delight me—the snow-white Tissues and the Freshener. All four are wonderful to keep your skin its loveliest!"

Her trousseau sports suit was brown with a chartreuse blouse, most charming with her amber eyes, fair hair and clear smooth ivory skin.

This is Pond's famous Method:

First — for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, morning, evening and always after exposure.

Then—with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, absorbent, remove cream and dirt.

Next—dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over your skin, to close pores, banish oiliness.

Last—smooth on a little Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and as a powder base.

Six evening gowns were in the young bride's trousseau. This is soft amber satin.

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NEVER *excused in a Woman*

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Disgusting—in a man. Simply *ruinous* to any girl's charm!

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Use it twice a day. See how white and sparkling your teeth become. How clean and sweet your breath!

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At the first taste of Pebeco you feel the quick invigoration, the instant watering of the mouth that its cool, sharp tang calls forth.

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TUNE IN on the Lehn & Fink Serenade—WJZ and 14 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Co.,—every Thursday at 7 P. M., Eastern Standard Time; 6 P. M., Central Standard Time.

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is over, I'm going to be even with everybody."

When he and Marion had reached their home at three o'clock and Marion had reported a loss, on the night's play, of only two dollars, Walter triumphantly told her how he not only had wiped out the debt the others owed to her and to himself, but had actually finished $8,400 to the good.

"You see," he explained, "after listening to that argument, I decided to do a little plunging of my own. I announced I was playing for five dollars a point and I lost twenty-eight hundred. Then I said to Parker, 'If you'll give me 2 to 1, or $5,600 against $2,800, I'll bet you I can cut a spade.' He took me and I cut a diamond.

"Then I bet Hart $5,600 to $2,800 that he couldn't cut a spade, and he did. The first $2,800, that I lost at bridge, squared their previous indebtedness. And the $8,400 I lost afterwards is clear profit."

Marion didn't quite understand. In fact, she was too sleepy to try.

Another June

(Continued from page 61)

was too good for Ethelyn. That was Will's opinion.

"Fred Snellenberger ought to be ashamed." Hat was rattling on and on.

Yet Will knew how Ethelyn had been stringing Fred along. The fellows all talked about it. Fred had waited patiently—too patiently, maybe.

"And Amanda Lumm," continued Hat—"how'll she dare show her face in Red Bud again?"

Will thought that Hat was going pretty far. It couldn't be as bad as all that. He knew that the whole thing would blow over in a week. But what an exciting week it would be for Red Bud women!

Hat was pouring out the details, the atomic minutiæ of scandal. She was flushed and thrilled. The whole thing had amazing possibilities of surmise.

Will was strangely silent. He was thinking of Fred and Amanda—running away—Chicago—the marriage—the tender beginnings of married life. Was he getting to be, or had he been always, a sentimental old fool? he wondered.

He left the atmosphere of onions and scandal, and started back to the shop. He went the longer route.

Why had Hat kept saying that Fred Snellenberger had only *one* leg? Everyone knew that he had lost one in France. But what did it have to do with eloping? Or being a successful partner with his father in the corner drug store—or with Fred's abandoning Ethelyn?

What had it meant? Was Hat *glad* that Amanda Lumm's new husband was imperfect? Was it her way of estimating the will of God and His retribution upon Amanda and such an unholy match? Was this the soothing sirup outraged women were offering Ethelyn? "Good riddance of bad rubbish!"

He could imagine Ethelyn saying, in the elocutionary manner she had learned from the high-school teacher, "Well, anyhow, Fred had only one leg." As if it were a crime to lose a leg in France.

He was glad to get away from Hat—glad of the silence of the quiet streets. And he was reveling in the daring of the elopers. They had run away! And it had taken courage. Courage? Maybe, after all, it was just love—in June.

Well, it would take courage for him to run away. And love? He was not in love. At least, he had not met "her."

As usual and with automatic footsteps,

DR. HILL is a prominent physician who has long been identified with the development of free clinical service in New York City. He is founder and director of the John E. Berwind Maternity Clinic: and Consultant at the Booth Memorial Hospital. His private practice is in the fashionable Park Avenue section of New York.

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Dr. Hill is well known as director of an important New York City free clinic. From his broad experience he warns: not only skin disorders but even more dangerous ills frequently result from unhealthy clogging of the intestines.

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he went to the post office. His mail was generally a collection of circulars and a few magazines. He took the mail out of the box and looked it over.

There was a strange letter. "Blake & Blake, Attorneys at Law, Nome, Alaska," he read in the corner. What could it be? Was it about Uncle Win? He opened the letter and read.

Yes, Uncle Winship Turner had died and had been buried there in Nome. That was the opening paragraph.

"Left me two thousand five hundred dollars!" Will exclaimed. "Whew!" He couldn't believe it. But there it was in black and white. He walked out of the post office quickly, so as to be alone.

Escape? Here was the very fulfillment of his dreams. Adventure? Uncle Win himself had run away! Years ago.

Hat? Well, Em and Willie could look after her. And he'd leave two thousand dollars for Hat. To get away—well, five hundred dollars would be enough for him. He'd add another three hundred dollars if he sold the shop.

Where should he go? Chicago? Out West? He could get a job, somewhere. But he remembered that he had no union card. Maybe it would be hard to get a job. Maybe he wasn't up-to-date enough. What about going to one of those barber colleges to freshen up?

Then he read the rest of the letter:

> It will take several months to straighten up Mr. Turner's estate. We will notify your bank when the money is available. In the meantime, please fill out, sign and have witnessed the attached affidavit, so as to establish your identity as the lawful heir.

That was a blow. So he couldn't get the money right away! Several months—June, July, August, September.

The letter, the legacy, the suspense, the disappointment—all left him in a daze. He walked slowly to his shop.

"Will Upjohn looks ailin'," said old man Silvers to old man Beebe, as they sat whittling in front of the Commercial House.

"Indoors too much," growled old man Beebe, instead of speaking his real mind, for he believed barbering effeminate and that no man ought to go to a barber. "If a man can't shave hisself, let him grow a beard." That was his way of thinking.

Fortunately, there was a lull in business. Will sat down. He felt tired.

In those moments at the post office he had gone through a terrific climax—yet he had merely read a letter. Visions had come; then a smash; then a blur.

It was as if he had been let out of prison by mistake and the guards had run after him and had caught him and had chucked him back in his cell.

He felt just that way. But he was more sad than rebellious. The whole thing was so personal, so secret and so inward that it hurt all the more.

His life had been like that—always a promise, never a fulfillment. He hadn't wanted to be a barber. He'd gone in with his father, first as a matter of duty, to help out, then—well, he had stuck.

There was a time when he resented bitterly his father's insistence that he learn the barbering trade. Yet there were later periods when he was thankful, because it meant safety during hard times. Somehow or other, he kept going when lots of fellows were out of work.

Should he tell Hat about the letter? Should he just accept the two thousand five hundred dollars when it came and add it to their meager savings?

Temptation. Uncle Win had offered him the means of escape, but September!

Why could it not have been June? September? No, he couldn't leave Hat and the kids. What a wild, unreasonable thing to do—now! He was forty. It was too late. If he had received the money ten years ago—another June—or today!

Still . . .

June had come and June had gone. *Another* June. One of the forty promising Junes, one of the forty disillusioning Junes. Tomorrow would be the Fourth of July!

Will laid a steaming towel on Judge Pemberton's wrinkled face and let the old man writhe for a moment. This was about the only constitutional jar the old judge got nowadays. And a hot towel was about the only thing that would keep the judge silent.

Will walked lazily over to the door and fanned out some flies. But a big horsefly on the ceiling sustained the buzz that the judge had been forced to forego.

Yet the towel had to be removed sometime, so Will lifted it off gently, as the judge gave a relaxing sigh.

"Oh, that's too hot, Will, for a day like this," the judge protested. And Will agreed. But it was part of the routine. Will wondered who invented hot towels. Why do men submit to them? What good do they do?

So tomorrow was the Fourth of July! Judge Pemberton was contrasting it with old-time celebrations—tomorrow's was to be very sane. "Why, I used to be waked up at four o'clock in the morning," the judge was saying, "and it sounded like a regular battle all day."

"Good old times," Will replied, more to himself than to the judge. "Old times was best, wasn't they, judge?"

He knew that would start the judge off and keep him occupied for the rest of the visit. Between Will's perfectly timed razor scrapes, the judge got in a few well-worn sentences about old times, short, barky phrases. Will knew them by heart. He shaved a moment, then let the judge talk a moment. Shave, talk. Shave, talk. It was ever the same.

"He's getting pretty old," Will was thinking. He remembered the judge as a younger man. How all the boys had feared the judge! Particularly at Halloween, when the judge prowled around his place, defying the depredations of youth.

But once they had waited all night. Will and his gang, and toward morning had tied a bag of squalling cats on the judge's doorknob. It had been a triumph of historical magnitude in Red Bud boydom.

The judge was getting old. His face was accumulating deeper wrinkles. Will had watched them come. He remembered a smoother, ruddier face—a firm skin, one that shaved well. And now it was loose and wrinkled and flabby.

"Well, thank you, Will," the judge was saying, as he arose. "That was a fine shave. Nobody like you, Will."

The judge was putting on his coat. Will held it for him. A flash of pain crossed the judge's face as he put his arm into the sleeve.

"My rheumatism is worse," the judge explained. He went to the door. He stood there for a moment, hesitant. "Pretty hot, pretty hot," he repeated, as he held back from venturing out into the broiling sun—then he meandered over to the courthouse.

It was an enervating day. Will sat down and waited for the next customer. It would be a busy day. He must rest while he had the chance.

His wandering eyes settled a second on the calendar . . . He had forgotten to tear off June.

Spring! . . *for everyone but her*

In her lovely Newport garden she stood—a bitter, disappointed, lonely woman at 33.

It was Spring—but in her life there was no romance.

Why was she still single? Once she could have picked and chosen from many suitors. Now she had none. Even time-tried women friends seemed to avoid her. She couldn't understand it . . .

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the damning, unforgivable, social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—*but it ought to be the first.*

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Winning **new users by thousands. Listerine Tooth Paste. The large tube 25¢**

You Men *by Joan Lowell* (Continued from page 47)

ninety-three days, and the sailors were restless. I heard my father remark to the mate that the men would be getting beyond control if he didn't give them shore leave soon.

We heaved to off the island and the natives came out in their loaded outrigger canoes. They spilled bunches of plantains on the decks, strings of dried fish, and pieces of coral and mother-of-pearl.

But the sailors were not interested in trading. A canoe filled with native girls followed the trading canoes, and the attention of the sailors was on them.

"I'll take the fat one there amidships," spoke up a Swede sailor.

"You can have her. I like the skinny one with all that black hair," observed the bosun.

"I'd give nine months' pay and my share of grog for a squeeze from the little one with the shells around her neck," Irish added.

And thus went their conversation. They saw a woman they desired. They expressed the desire frankly. They didn't waste time on introductions. Swede spoke to the fat one in Fiji dialect with a Swedish accent, but she understood him.

"I like you," he said.

"You have white skin. You are strong," she answered him, and added: "You please me. I make you a present." She smiled at him and handed him a mother-of-pearl fishhook as a gift.

"You sure please me," answered Swede enthusiastically. "I make you a present, too." He put his big arm around her.

But the fat one wasn't pleased. She pulled away from him. "I not like your present—so I not make you a present," and she grabbed her fishhook from him.

"It's all right with me, lady," grinned Swede, and he dropped the subject of his desire immediately.

He did not woo her with pretty words, with fancy gifts, with promises of joy. No. He had sense enough to realize he was null and void as a gift and he didn't waste any time.

How different, I discovered, were things ashore. The first man who showed any real interest in me was a famous novelist. I liked him the instant we met and he liked me. I knew it and the whole matter could have been settled his way right then and there, if he had only had sense enough to speak his piece or act it. I suppose he had been writing books for so long that it had affected his style, so in real life he had to live through two hundred and thirty pages before he got to the point.

My! How impatient and discouraged I was with him. He called at my home with candy and flowers. He took me to a theater. Coming home in a taxi he contrived to sit close. But he said nothing of what he felt.

The following week we went out to dinner. That night while we were dancing he held me close—yet he talked of politics and what not. Doesn't he know what he wants? I wondered.

I told him stories of the sea to give him courage. He listened to my yarns of the sailors and their ways with natives and all he said was: "Amazing! Terrible! You poor child, how awful that you should have seen such things!"

Can you imagine how impatient and discouraged I was with that man?

Finally, in desperation, I reverted to the directness of primitive life. It was a moonlight night on a road near the sea. I was at the wheel of his roadster, which he had taught me to drive. He was talking of beauty and the moonlight on the water—and man and woman and life and death—and I just lost patience.

You see, I was too young to realize he was about at page two hundred and eighteen working himself up to the grand climax of an honorable intention. I stopped the car and turned to him.

"Do you like me?" I demanded. It threw him right off his stride.

"I—why, yes, I do like you—you are so different," he replied.

The way he said it made me angry.

"Why didn't you tell me months ago you liked me?" I asked. "What do you mean wasting three thousand and forty-two hours getting around to telling me something I knew the first time you looked at me?"

He became very dignified. "You mean you think I fell in love with you the first time I saw you?"

"I know you did," I answered.

"Then you've been stalling me all the time?" he inquired in an injured way.

"I've been trying to make you honest enough to tell me what I know you feel, and save you a lot of time," I retorted. You've no idea how my honesty upset him.

"Oh, I suppose what you want is the primitive thing," he sneered—"the sailor and the native girl! You probably haven't soul enough to appreciate anything else. All right; I can show you that, too." (Landlubbers always bring the soul question into love when they are stuck for an alibi.)

And right then and there he tried to show me.

Can you imagine a middle-aged, sentimental novelist trying to play cave man with a girl used to standing her trick at the wheel of a big ship and pulling on ropes in a hurricane?

Had he been a real primitive man I shouldn't have minded so much because I should have understood him. But he wasn't. Instead he tried to be the primitive brute of the he-man story or the third act of the play.

And then I knew I didn't like him at all, because I hate a faker. So I just hit him in the nose, threw him out of his car and drove off. I left the car in front of his house in town and took the trolley to my home.

A few months later I read in one of the magazines his thrilling story of how a civilized he-man tamed a wild girl. It's easy to tame them—in a story.

So, judging from my experiences on land and sea, I'd say—landlubbers, take a tip from the savages! You think, feel and desire as they do, yet civilization makes you disguise your emotions, bury them so deep that you waste half your life expressing them.

A native girl and man see strength, beauty, love—desire it, take it, regret or cherish it all in the short time of a first meeting. It is their honesty that makes them prompt in achieving their purpose. They are too uncivilized to hide honest emotions.

Why don't you men wake up to the fact that the women you know and the savages beyond the rim of the Southern Seas are sisters? Think how much time you could save if you would come to the point with a woman you love at once—instead of stalling and handing out propaganda about yourself, when perhaps all the time the savage honesty deep inside her is wondering why you are such a poor stupid boob—albeit a lovable boob—while she is patiently waiting for you to make her a gift of yourself!

I have lived ashore now for six years and in that time I've met but two men with the simple instinct of the savage. The first was an oilman in California. I had gone to Hollywood to revolutionize the pictures. The revolutionizing had not been successful. I was dieting! Lots of girls in Hollywood diet when they can't buy food.

As usual when depressed, I had gone down to the Santa Monica beach to tell my troubles to the sea. I was lying on the sand there, when I heard a shout for help. Looking up, I saw a man about a hundred feet out in the surf. He waved one arm, shouted again for help, and then went back to his desperate plowing at the water. He was swimming as hard as he could and not moving an inch.

To one who knew the California coast his trouble was evident. He had been caught in the treacherous rip tide. Rip tides are bad medicine if you fight them, but comparatively easy for a good swimmer with a cool head.

The man out there was trying to beat the ocean and it can't be done. I swam out to him, told him in ship's language what a fool he was and he had the sense to listen. In fifteen minutes we were back on the beach, tired but alive.

Gratitude made him take me to luncheon and later to dinner. After dinner we went to his house. About eleven o'clock, after listening to the story of his life, I rose to start for home.

"Wait a minute, kid," he said. He went down into his pocket and brought out a bunch of bills, counted off ten of them and pushed them across the table toward me. "There's a thousand dollars," he said. "I like you, kid—you saved my life. Take this thousand and stick with me till we get tired of each other."

"Is the thousand for saving your life or to stay here?" I asked.

He looked genuinely hurt. "To stay here, of course," he blurted. "Why, I wouldn't insult you by offering you money for saving my life."

I explained to him that according to the code of the sea there are some things that aren't for trade.

"But you're a fool," he argued. "Where are you going to eat tomorrow?"

"You know the restaurant where we ate tonight and the proprietor glad-handed you?" He nodded. "You're going to get me a job there as waitress. I like their grub."

He laughed until the tears rolled down his face. "You win," he said. And the next day at luncheon when I waited on him he gave me a hundred-dollar tip.

The other savage I met also in Hollywood. I had gone to his office looking for a job. After a long time I got in. He let me stand beside his desk for several minutes before he even looked up. At last I got impatient.

"See here, mister," I said, "I've got several places to go for a job and you're wasting my time."

Then he leaned back in his chair, looked at me for a minute and laughed. I laughed back at him.

"I like you," he said.

"I like you, too," I replied.

"How long were you waiting in the outer office?"

"About an hour."

"The devil," he said. "I've certainly wasted time *this* morning."

And getting up from his chair he came around the desk and kissed me.

The minute he kissed me I knew I was going to marry him, but he didn't know it. Later he knew!

And Druggists Have Troubles, Too

(*Continued from page 82*)

felt that he was beginning to be cornered.

"Let me get you another cup of coffee," he suggested.

"H'afterwards," Beltz said, "but it ain't going to do me no harm that I should tell you the whole thing in a nutshell, ain't it? Them things don't take long to happen, and even less to tell.

"My daughter comes into the store and gives one look at Plotzker, and this is already the commencement from the end. She begs and begs I should invite him up to the house, and naturally I wouldn't do no such thing, because where is the discipline if you begin inviting shipping clerks to the house?—bookkeepers also. The results is that they run away and got married, and for four years they live together. Three sons they've got, and the court give her custody of the children."

"They're divorced?" Rofkin asked.

"A question!" Beltz exclaimed. "A stenographer busts up their home." He sighed heavily. "My overall business I turned over to him as a dowry, and he done well with it too," he said, "but even so, would he pay for the support of the children or his alimony? *Oser!* He's back already six months in the alimony and four months for the children, and when I went to see him just now, he has the *chutzpah* to tell me he's still in love with my daughter and she should come home with the children where she belongs."

"Well, why don't she?" Boris asked.

"I would sooner see them all four stretched at my feet," Beltz declared. "I told him that same thing just a few minutes ago. They shall never go back to him—never."

Rofkin laid a finger on Beltz' pulse. It was becoming rapid again. "Do you live far from here?" Rofkin asked.

"I live with my daughter," Beltz said, "and if that feller Plotzker ever tries to show up there, I'll make him arrested so sure as my name is Harris Beltz."

"Did I ask you who you are going to arrest?" the druggist demanded. "All I want to know is where you live, and you and me are going up there in a taxi."

"What do you mean, a taxi?" Beltz exclaimed. "Do you think I am going to take a taxi to Ammerman Avenue, Far Rockaway? Ring up my daughter she should come and fetch me by the Long Island Railroad. The number is 6952-Q Valley Stream and I'll stay right here in this chair till she comes."

ROFKIN looked around him distractedly. For a brief interval, he contemplated ringing for an ambulance; and then he shuddered at the prospect of the police, the crowd of people around his door. With a profound sigh, he relinquished the idea. "What did you say the number was?" he asked Beltz.

"I made a memorandum of it," Miss Spivak said, holding up a piece of paper.

"Miss Spivak," Rofkin remarked. "Do me the favor. Don't snoop,"

Miss Spivak took this admonition quite calmly. She merely removed the receiver from the telephone on her desk and said: "Valley Stream 6952 party Q."

Rofkin sighed again. Further and further, as he felt, he was being projected into Mr. Beltz' private affairs.

"Here's your number, Mr. Rofkin," Miss Spivak announced a moment later.

"What do you mean—*my* number?" he said. "*You* talk to her."

Miss Spivak surveyed her employer with her snapping black eyes in a manner which said plainly: "You certainly make me *tired*." She then addressed herself to the telephone.

"This is Mrs. Plotzker, ain't it? Well, Mrs. Plotzker, there ain't no call to get excited nor nothing because your father's all right," she began and then turned to Rofkin. "She sounds upset," she announced.

"Well, what else *would* she be?" Rofkin asked impatiently, and once more Miss Spivak addressed the telephone.

"Now, it ain't nothing like that, Mrs. Plotzker," she said. "He wants you to come and take him home. He's in Rofkin's Drug Store on Seventh Avenue between Twenty-ninth and——"

The conversation ceased abruptly and Miss Spivak returned the telephone receiver to its hook.

"She rung off," Miss Spivak declared. "I guess she's coming right over."

Rofkin groaned aloud. "That's a business—the drug-store business!" he exclaimed. "It's like a ball and chain around your ankles. Any other business, I could tell someone he should look after the store, and that woman could come here and take her father away, and I'd never lay eyes on her at all."

Here Miss Spivak ventured a remark, "Why *shouldn't* you lay eyes on her?" and Rofkin merely shrugged.

It had never before occurred to Boris Rofkin that Miss Spivak was a human being with whom one could conduct an intelligent conversation. He had noticed only the accuracy of her figures and not the plumpness of her figure. He had also failed completely to take account of an oval face, a clear complexion, a straight if rather long nose, two large black eyes and bobbed hair of most becoming waviness.

All these qualities in Miss Spivak had up to that moment remained merged in the background of her cashier's desk and they seemed now to jump out at Boris, so that his pale face colored slightly.

"I've got somehow a feeling, Miss Spivak," he said, "that I don't *want* to lay eyes on that woman."

Miss Spivak here exhibited most unusual courage. "I guess you don't want to lay eyes on *any* woman," she said, and then began to make figures furiously on an envelope. She didn't even dare to look up, or she would have discovered that Rofkin's face was quite red.

Joe the soda clerk discovered it, however, and even committed the indiscretion of a smile, which was a liberty that Boris was far from permitting a soda clerk.

"What's that layer cake doing on that plate there?" he demanded of Joe. "Didn't I told it you distinctively that the layer cake should be in the ice box by three o'clock at the latest?"

To be sure, it was only a single slice of layer cake, but it wasn't the quantity of the cake. It was the principle of the thing, combined with the wounded dignity of a Harkov University Ph.D., standing five feet three inches in his stocking feet, and what stockings! The laundry which washed them advertised "free darning," and this practically took all the profit out of laundering Rofkin's socks, which were normally in such condition that the laundry ought to have washed them free and charged him an enormous sum for the large amount of darning they received.

"Put that cake right away in the ice box," he commanded, and Joe gurgled something in reply.

"Listen!" Boris said. "You've got already sixteen counts on your Regents Certificate and that ain't bad for such an ignoramus like you, but if you ever expect that you're going to be a pharmacist, Joe, you've got to talk like a human being and not a peanut whistle."

"He said," Miss Spivak interpreted calmly, "that it's *my* piece of layer cake."

Boris looked reproachfully at her.

"Say!" she exclaimed. "You don't think I didn't pay for it, do you? I rung it up, ten cents, and here's the check."

"Did I say you didn't?" Boris retorted. "And anyhow, do you think that I would begrudge you a piece of cake if it *was* cake?"

"Well, I didn't know," Miss Spivak murmured.

"Sure you don't know," Boris said. "Otherwise you would let the *customers* eat that so-called cake and leave it go at that."

"Then you shouldn't ought to *buy* rotten cake like that," Miss Spivak said, and strangely enough, neither she nor Boris seemed to notice the impertinence of such a remark from a twenty-dollar-a-week cashier to her employer.

"My aunt Mrs. Chayah Fischlowitz has a bakery in east New York and she bakes layer cakes for neighborhood luncheonette drug stores," Miss Spivak continued, "but she wouldn't even use eggs which are rotten in spots, she's that honest."

THIS seemed hardly the type of conversation which might appeal to a doctor of philosophy, particularly one who had majored in Greek as had Boris Rofkin, but he showed no inclination to retreat from it. In fact he had nowhere to go. Harris Beltz was sound asleep in the padded chair behind the prescription counter. Joe the soda clerk, having cleaned up his department, was now immersed in Allen and Greenough's Latin Grammar, and Boris himself was beginning to find that there was a certain pleasing quality in Miss Spivak's contralto voice. He therefore encouraged her to continue.

"But why didn't you tell me about this cake of your aunt's?" he said. "I am in favor that I should give the customers good cake if I could get it."

"Sure I know," Miss Spivak assured him, "and I thought I would talk about it to you, but she can't get her overhead down low enough to compete with them big cake companies. She sells at pretty near cost, and at that, she has to charge from five to ten percent more than the big bakeries."

Boris looked once more at Miss Spivak's black eyes and wavy hair.

"Five to ten percent more on the amount of cake we use here ain't going to make or break me, Miss Spivak," he said. "So you should tell your aunt to send me a sample cake."

Miss Spivak shook her head. "I wouldn't do that, Mr. Rofkin," she advised, "because if she knew she was making a sample, she's liable to make it extra good. Maybe it would be better if you sent someone over like Joe, that he should buy a cake out of stock."

"You mean your aunt would try to stick me?" Boris exclaimed.

"Of course she wouldn't try to stick you. It's only that she takes a big pride in her cooking. She cooked for a wedding last month and she got pretty near sick because she claimed the soup wasn't up to her usual soup. As if anybody cares how the soup is at a wedding."

"I don't know," Boris said. "I never went to a wedding."

And, he might have added, he never expected to go to one either, at least not if *he* could help it. Moreover, he

had some slight intention of expressing this determination, in a more or less jocular manner, when Harris Beltz awoke with a yawn that probably was a better imitation of a performing sea lion than any performing sea lion could give.

"Ain't my daughter here yet?" he inquired.

"You haven't been asleep but half an hour," Rofkin replied, and Beltz nodded and remained silent for some minutes.

"You'll like my daughter," he said suddenly, and Rofkin with difficulty restrained himself from saying: "I hope not."

"She's the spitting image of her poor mother *olav hasholom*," Beltz continued, "as she was at the same age, I mean."

"Age makes a difference at that," Rofkin suggested.

"Not with my wife it didn't," Beltz said. "She was seventy-four when she passed away and three days before the end, the way she bawled out the nurses, Mr. Rofkin, you wouldn't believe at all."

Rofkin murmured something which might have been: "You don't tell me!"

As the time approached for the arrival of Mrs. Sarah Plotzker, he was becoming nearly as incoherent as Joe the soda clerk. Nor was he reassured by Mr. Beltz' statement that she was the living image of her mother who at seventy-four, while *in extremis*, as it were, had bawled out at least two trained nurses. And while he was speculating on what sort of offspring could have blessed the union of two such forceful characters as Mr. and Mrs. Beltz, the store door opened and the offspring herself entered.

"Popper!" she cried, and at once Boris Rofkin's worst fears were realized.

The lady was at least eight sizes too large for the store, or so she appeared to be, and moreover her hair was bleached. She wore thick frameless eyeglasses, anchored by a gold chain to her gold hair, and her ears bore two of the largest artificial pearls procurable in any bargain basement, although they were quite dwarfed by the size of the ear lobes which displayed them, for everything about Mrs. Plotzker was on a heroic scale.

And yet, in the palmy days of the New York theater, when Burlesque was Burlesque and not, as it is today, a slightly less nude edition of Broadway's last-year's revues, Mrs. Plotzker would have passed for an exceedingly handsome woman. That is to say, she was six feet three inches in height, tipped the scales at two hundred and sixty pounds and possessed a few highly polished gold teeth. Nor were her features unhandsome. Her mouth and nose, while large, were well shaped and her chin was firm and round. In fact she had every appearance of a woman not to be put off with excuses of any sort.

"Where *is* he?" she demanded, so forcefully that Harris Beltz, who had again fallen into a slumber, awoke with a start.

"Koosh!" he bellowed. "Where do you think you are? At home?"

"Say!" Mrs. Sarah Plotzker retorted. "I thought you was sick."

"Do I *look* sick?" Beltz asked. "Which I admit, I felt a little upset, but this gentleman soon fixed me up. He's been very kind to me, Sarah, and I *moost* say, I took a big liking to him."

Boris had retreated to the cashier's desk, where Miss Spivak sat pretending to sort out cash-register checks. He somehow felt the need of maternal protection, and although there was nothing maternal about the appraising glances which Miss Spivak occasionally cast at Mrs. Plotzker, Boris instinctively knew that if anybody could protect him from a large blond divorcée with a forceful father, Miss Spivak could, and if necessary *would*, and unconsciously, he didn't like *that* aspect of the situation either.

"So I want you to meet my daughter, Mrs. Plotzker," Harris Beltz continued, addressing Rofkin.

"And I'm sure I'm very grateful to you for what you done for him," Mrs. Plotzker said, seizing Rofkin's right hand and cuddling it in her own. In fact she exerted a pressure of such warmth that Rofkin turned positively crimson. He tried to say: "Don't mention it," but succeeded only in making sounds more incoherent than the vocalizations of Joe the soda clerk.

"You should *ought* to be grateful for what he done," Harris Beltz declared. "A son could have done no more."

As he said this, Harris Beltz beamed upon Mrs. Plotzker and Rofkin in a manner which proclaimed almost as unequivocally as the words themselves, "Bless you, my children," and if Boris Rofkin could have managed to get his hat and coat, the chances are that he would have abandoned his pharmacy to the landlord and his creditors, and would have taken the first long-distance train from the Pennsylvania Station near by.

It was therefore a kindly intervention of the Providence which looks after pharmacists that a man with a bilious headache entered, and asked for a glass of Bromo-Kissingen.

"Is that good for a headache?" Mrs. Plotzker asked Rofkin. "Because if so, I'll take some too. That telephone message give me an awful turn. My head has been throbbing ever since."

"It's all right if you take the dose marked on the bottle," Rofkin said, and quickly went behind the counter. In fact he hoped to keep the soda counter between himself and Mrs. Plotzker, but after he had mixed her a modest dose of Bromo-Kissingen, his plans were upset by the entrance of Eddie Winkler.

"Excuse me," Eddie said, "I thought you'd be alone at this time of day."

He looked admiringly at Mrs. Plotzker, for Eddie had been married twenty-five years to a lady weighing only one hundred and ten pounds, who had been always a homebody, whereas Eddie himself had been quite a burlesque fan at one time.

"That's all right," Mr. Beltz said, acting, as it were, as host for Boris in Boris' own pharmacy. "You're the gentleman which was in here when I wasn't feeling so good a while back this afternoon."

Eddie looked hard at Beltz. "Say!" he exclaimed. "I think I seen you somewheres before that too. Wasn't you once a member of De Witt Clinton Lodge 64 I.O.M.A.?"

"I was recording secretary of that lodge for twenty-six years, and never missed a meeting in all that time," Harris Beltz declared.

"Well, there ain't no reason why you shouldn't be in on this as well as Rofkin," Eddie Winkler said, and Rofkin suddenly flared up.

"Do me the favor, Winkler," he said, "and be a salesman tomorrow or the day after. This gentleman ain't been feeling so good and he's got to go home."

"The Long Island Railroad runs trains to Far Rockaway practically all night, Mr. Rofkin," Beltz retorted. "So go ahead, Mister—er——"

"Winkler," Eddie said. "Eddie Winkler. You must remember me. I was a delegate to the Grand Lodge once, or anyhow an alternate, the time there was the big fight for Julius J. Gratzfelder for National Grand Master."

"Why, certainly," Beltz said. "Sit down in that easy chair there, Sarah. I want to hear about this."

Boris Rofkin directed his eyes to heaven first and to Miss Spivak afterward. He found little consolation in either direction, for Miss Spivak thought she saw that Eddie Winkler had some important business proposition to make and she felt quite properly that she was much better fitted than Boris to deal with this situation. If only she could have stepped from behind her desk and entered into the discussion, she would have found out just what there was to Eddie's proposition. Instead she merely returned Rofkin's appealing glance with a cold look, and resigned him to his fate.

"Well, it's like this, Rofkin: I was in Reimer's this afternoon arranging about that Bromo-Kissingen——" he began and then paused, which made it appear as if Rofkin's order had been for a carload instead of for a bottle. "And what do you suppose I heard?" Eddie continued. He paused again.

"You heard that Reimer's raised the price, ain't it?" Rofkin interrupted.

"They *could* raise the price, if they wanted to," Eddie said. "Because Bromo-Vichy sells for *twenty-five* percent more and Bromo-Carlsbad sells for *fifty* percent more, but as a matter of fact, Rofkin, Reimer's has got their whole Bromo-Kissingen product on the market for sale."

He looked squarely at Beltz this time. "They're offering the Bromo-Kissingen plant, the trade mark, the formula, and several million bottles and caps for practically a song," he announced. "Old Man Reimer made up his mind he's going to stick to strictly pharmaceutical products, and he says to me that considering I worked for the concern twenty-five years and everything, he will give me a sixty-day option on the whole thing for fifty thousand dollars."

Rofkin glared at Eddie. "You call yourself a business man and you come to me looking for fifty thousand dollars?"

"I can swing it with twenty-five thousand dollars," Eddie said. "I can raise the other twenty-five among relations."

"So you're offering him a half interest for twenty-five thousand dollars?" Beltz inquired, and Rofkin threw up his hands.

"Make an end!" he cried. "I haven't got twenty-five thousand cents outside of my stock and fixtures, or anyhow just about that much, so what's the use talking nonsense?"

He came from behind the soda fountain and walked to the cashier's desk.

"This young lady knows what I have in the bank," he said. "Tell 'em."

It was now Miss Spivak's turn to throw her eyes heavenward in the despair she felt of ever making Rofkin sufficiently solvent to justify a raise in wages, if not higher aspirations. She started to turn the pages of his check book, but Beltz raised his right hand in the Fascist salute which in New York serves to stop north- and south-bound traffic.

"What do I care if you ain't got a cent in the bank?" he said. "I can swing the other twenty-five thousand for you—I *think*."

He turned to look at his daughter, but she had eyes only for Rofkin. She had in fact been gazing at him ever since she entered the store, for Mrs. Plotzker thought that she saw in Rofkin a kind, submissive little man.

"Say!" Mrs. Plotzker said. "What's the use your tiring yourself out like this, Popper? Take Mr. Rofkin to dinner at the big hotel up the street. My headache is all gone, and I'm hungry like anything."

"I'm willing," Eddie Winkler said.

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"*You* we will let you know the results tomorrow morning," Mrs. Plotzker told Winkler coldly. "We want to talk this over with Mr. Rofkin first."

"But I haven't got anyone to leave here," Rofkin said.

"The boy and the girl can stay here," Beltz retorted. "And if someone needs you, we'll be in the grill at the table near the entrance."

"But how can you discuss this matter without *me?*" Eddie Winkler protested. "I know all the details."

"Your *own* details you know. *Those* we will talk over tomorrow," Beltz announced. "But *our* details is private, and Mr. Rofkin, my daughter and myself will talk 'em over first."

He turned to Rofkin, who now felt worse than a rabbit about to be consumed by a boa constrictor. "Come along, Mr. Rofkin," he said.

Rofkin cast one piteous glance at Miss Spivak, but her inherited business ability saw in Beltz' invitation only an opportunity for Rofkin to enter into a business deal which might prove profitable enough to give her a good position as a bookkeeper at a much higher salary. After that, who could tell what might happen?

She therefore encouraged him to go, by saying: "Joe and me will look after the place, Mr. Rofkin, and if anything happens, we'll send for you."

Nothing did happen in the store, but what happened in the hotel was of such a nature that the following day Eddie Winkler, Beltz and Rofkin had a long business conference at the office of Beltz' lawyer, Henry D. Feldman. As a result of this conference, Rofkin felt justified in hiring temporarily as an assistant a graduate in pharmacy, one who was competent to take entire charge of the store during the evenings when Rofkin was in Far Rockaway or had other social engagements.

For nearly six weeks, the negotiations for the purchase of Reimer and Company's sovereign remedy, Bromo-Kissingen, continued, and these negotiations were interspersed with eight dinners for Rofkin down at Far Rockaway, six visits to the theater by Rofkin and Mrs. Plotzker, and as a concession to Rofkin's superior taste, one Philharmonic concert and a chamber-music recital.

Nor must it be supposed that Mrs. Plotzker paid for the tickets, since at the end of six weeks Miss Spivak, starting to make up the monthly bank statement and to compare the return vouchers with her stubs, was amazed to discover that Rofkin, although a Ph.D. and a man who was able, or at least had been able, to read the Odyssey in the original Greek, had failed to enter six checks on the stub of his check book.

"Mr. Rofkin," Miss Spivak exclaimed, as Rofkin entered the store on the morning of the day when Mr. Beltz was to supply him with the twenty-five thousand dollars necessary to close the Bromo-Kissingen deal. "You ain't got but sixteen dollars and fifty cents in the bank."

"Did I say I had any more?"

"But we owe the Acme Baking Corporation for cake alone, sixty-two dollars," Miss Spivak said. "They just rung us up and won't leave no more cake after tomorrow."

"Couldn't we put up a sign that we're closed for alterations or something like that?" Rofkin suggested.

"My aunt Mrs. Chayah Fischlowitz would let us have cake and bread till we raised the money to pay them Acme people," Miss Spivak remarked. "You remember I spoke to you about it some time since. It's awful good cake, and she'd give you credit if I said so."

Rofkin looked wanly at his cashier. He was five feet three inches tall but just at that moment he felt three feet five inches tall, for he knew that if he accepted Mr. Beltz' backing in the Bromo-Kissingen matter, he would have to announce his engagement to marry Mrs. Sarah Plotzker, and from Mrs. Plotzker's remarks about Miss Spivak, he also knew that he would have to hire a new cashier.

"Well, I'll tell you, Miss Spivak——" he began, but he was spared further embarrassing explanation by the entrance of a customer, or at any rate neither Miss Spivak nor Rofkin knew that the visitor was not a customer.

To be sure, there is nothing to prevent a freak in a circus side show from being a customer of a pharmacy, and most assuredly had the late P. T. Barnum but seen this customer's height and bulk, he would have immediately engaged him at an enormous salary. He was at least six feet eight inches tall and his shoulders were so broad that he could barely get through the door. Moreover, he appeared to be in a highly excited condition. His lips trembled as he spoke.

"I want to see the proprietor," he said.

"I am the proprietor," Rofkin replied.

"*You!*" the visitor exclaimed. "You are this here Rofkin?"

"Say, listen!" Rofkin interrupted. "Are you *shikker* or something?"

But the visitor never heard the question. "Don't you do it!" he shouted. "Don't you dast even *think* of it. A herring like you I could kill with one finger already."

The visitor's great chest heaved with emotion. He was almost hysterical.

"This woman I done everything for," he said brokenly. "She can't cook or she *won't* cook, I don't know which, and she's too mean to hire a cook. Day after day, I fried my own eggs for breakfast and I done it because I loved her, and I still do." Here he wept openly.

"'Plotzker,' my friends says, 'you are a darn fool,' they says, so I cooked up this affair with this stenographer to bring her to her senses, and she divorced me like a dog," he sobbed, "and they took away my home and my children, and now you are going to marry her."

Rofkin remained more than calm. "Joe," he said, "give this gentleman a teaspoonful of aromatic in a glass of soda." He himself handed up the glass to the weeping giant. "Private affairs you should ought to discuss in private, not in public," he said. "So come behind the prescription counter. I would like to speak to you a few words something."

He led the way to his padded chair, and they conversed in such low tones that neither Joe nor Miss Spivak was able to hear what was being said, until Rofkin exclaimed aloud: "Not in here I wouldn't call her up, but if you'll come with me to the hotel up the street, I will."

They came from behind the prescription counter together. "I'm going out with this gentleman for a few minutes," Rofkin said to Miss Spivak, "and if Mr. Beltz comes in, tell him I'll be right back."

Miss Spivak nodded miserably. Not until now had she realized that her feelings toward Rofkin were more than those of a devoted cashier toward an employer who was rather helpless in business affairs. She was therefore sunk in profound melancholy when Mr. Beltz entered, a few moments later, but her melancholy was hardly as profound as that of Mr. Beltz.

He had just come uptown from a visit to the office of Mr. Henry D. Feldman, his attorney, who had informed him that if his daughter remarried, her former husband would undoubtedly apply to the court for a reduction of the alimony and of the amount paid for the support of her three children. In fact, Mr. Beltz was so melancholy that it had given him a headache.

"Mr. Rofkin will be back directly," Miss Spivak told him, and he nodded gloomily.

"I guess I'll have a glass of that Bromo-Kissingen," he said. "I've got a terrible headache."

Joe took a large glass, and turning the screw of the measuring device just once, as directed by Rofkin, he released a dose of the saline headache cure. He then filled another glass with soda water and was about to pour it onto the Bromo-Kissingen, when Mr. Beltz protested.

"Say!" he exclaimed. "I've been going over the figures of that Bromo-Kissingen company for a month now, and if you turn that screw once, there's a three-hundred-percent profit in it."

"Well, what *of* it?" Joe said.

"There's *this* of it," Beltz declared. "*I'm* paying for that Bromo-Kissingen, so give it a couple more turns."

Joe shrugged his shoulders and emptied an over-generous dose of the salt into the glass, and the next moment Beltz had downed it and had seated himself in Rofkin's padded chair.

Fifteen minutes passed and then Rofkin reentered the store.

"Did Mr. Beltz come?" he asked the cashier.

"He's in your chair behind the prescription counter," she said, and Rofkin went behind the prescription screen. The next moment he came flying out, his eyes starting from his head.

"Miss Spivak," he cried. "Quick! Call an ambulance!"

He dashed wildly back to his padded chair, where Harris Beltz reclined with his head lolling to one side, and seized the old man's wrist. There was a mere undulation beneath Rofkin's fingers. Once more he used a new but unboiled hypodermic syringe, but up to the time the ambulance arrived, there had been no change in Beltz' condition.

"I'll take him to the hospital if you like," the surgeon said, "but I'm afraid it's no use."

Rofkin looked distractedly at the crowd around the door of the store, the police and the ambulance driver, and turned pleadingly to the surgeon. "Do me the favor," he said. "Take him anyway."

"All right, Pete," the surgeon said to the driver. "Get the stretcher."

Fifteen minutes later, Rofkin's Pharmacy was being besieged by the lunch-hour crowd of stenographers and minor employees of the cheap uptown fur district, and neither Rofkin nor Miss Spivak had time for conversation until almost three o'clock.

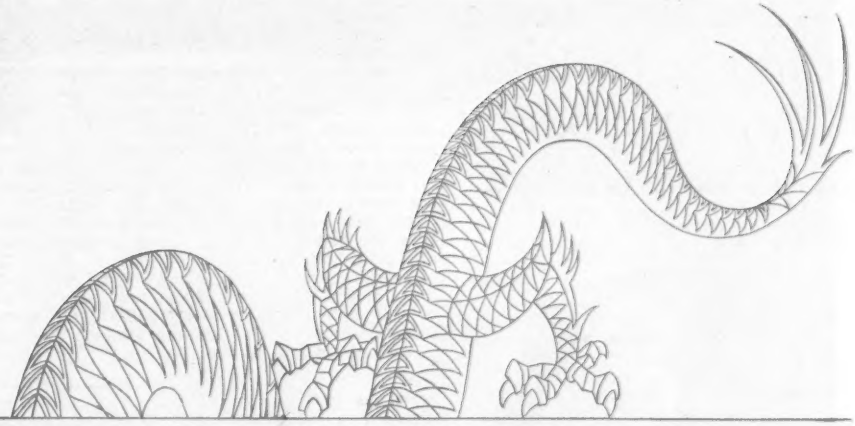
"Ain't you going to ring up the hospital to find out how he is?" Miss Spivak asked at last.

"To tell you the truth, Miss Spivak, I'm afraid to," Rofkin said.

Miss Spivak clasped her hands involuntarily. "Oh, Mr. Rofkin!" she exclaimed. "If he dies, you'll never get that Bromo-Kissingen business."

Rofkin shrugged. "I never would of got it *anyway*," he said. "When that poor big feller came in here this morning, we went over to the hotel up to the street, and we rung up Mrs. Plotzker, and I told her she should ought to be ashamed of herself. I said I wouldn't marry her not if she was to present me with a chain of drug stores from coast to coast, and that she should take her children and go back to her husband where she belonged."

He grinned broadly. "It's a great invention, the telephone," he said. "I would



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sooner get shot than tell her that stuff face to face."

"Maybe I'd better ring up the hospital," Miss Spivak said.

"Ring up first your aunt Mrs. Fischlowitz and tell her to send round that cake and bread the day after tomorrow," Rofkin said. "I'll need it since I'm not going into the Bromo-Kissingen business."

Miss Spivak laid her small white hand on Rofkin's arm. "You've got a wonderful heart, Mr. Rofkin," she told him. "You gave up a fortune just because that big giant of a baby comes in here and cries this morning."

Rofkin clasped Miss Spivak's hand in his. "If you think I did that for the sake of this here Plotzker, Miss Spivak," he said fervently, "you're kidding yourself."

And he meant it too, for six weeks later, when Plotzker entered the pharmacy and asked for Rofkin, Miss Spivak, or rather the late Miss Spivak, said: "My husband's not in."

"Your husband!" Plotzker cried.

"We were married the day before yesterday," the former Miss Spivak replied.

Plotzker's heavy face broke into a smile. "Well, all I can say is that I hope you'll be very, very happy—as happy as I am now," he announced. "Because me and my wife are remarried, and the three children and her are living at home again; also the old man."

"The old man!" Mrs. Rofkin exclaimed. "Did he get better?"

"Certainly he got better," Plotzker answered. "The heart disease ain't been invented yet that can kill a tough old bird like that."

Red Likker *by Irvin S. Cobb* (*Continued from page 97*)

glowing black ink-blots in the dead white of her face. Her face was strained and twisted, and there was a kind of terrible, stiff, dead composure upon it, but it was not swollen. It was plain that this day she had shed no tears. Perhaps on this dread day she had had none left to shed.

Quickly, without wavering, she walked down the creaking steps and quickly she advanced until she stood by Colonel Bird's horse. Her figure still was virginal in its slimness. Her head was bare, the slanting sunlight bringing out the sheen in her coal-black hair. Her head was erect, too, not drooping or abashed.

"Colonel Bird, I was listening—I heard you," she said to him, and saying it, looked steadfastly at him. "I loved him. I still love him. He was the only one I ever loved—I gave him all I had. He took it but I gave it. Now this—this is for me to decide, not for my father and mother. If you want me to—and he wants me to—I'll marry him—if there's time."

"There's time, my child," he told her, very gently. "God in His mercy will not deny us that. But we must hurry. Minutes may be precious things to us. Will you ride with me?"

"I'll ride with you," she said.

"Gabe," ordered the colonel, "kindly lift my daughter—for, child, you are my daughter now and forever—will you kindly lift my daughter up here behind me on this horse? Put your arm around me, child," he said when she had been swung up, "and hold tight."

With no backward glance from either of them, they instantly were off and away, with Gabe Scarr coming on behind them.

It was late when they got to Bird's Nest, driving in a borrowed buggy—the colonel and the colonel's son's widow. It was after midnight, and a full moon, the harvest moon, was beginning to climb down the wall of the sky.

They drove up the long straight driveway until the old house loomed beyond in its chaste simple dignity. It had the look on it of a house of grief. Upon the porch figures were clumped, many of them. In the hallway there were other figures passing and repassing.

All at once the girl in the nearing buggy began to shiver violently. Until this moment she had maintained unbroken the unnatural frozen calm which had upborne her for so many hours.

"Oh, colonel," she said, "oh, colonel, I've gone through so much. Must I go through this, too?"

"It's best, child," he said, "best for us all that we should get it over and done with. It'll be just one more hard ordeal—perhaps the hardest ordeal of all—but I know you'll face it like a little soldier. You've been a little soldier tonight and I'm proud of you. When this is over you shall rest. Your room is ready for you. Your mother should be there waiting for you—if you want her. I sent Scarr back for her while we were in town. You'll do what I want you to do, won't you, honey?" She nodded. "That's fine," he told her.

At the wheezing of their buggy's wheels, one form had detached itself from the group about the porch steps and come toward them. It was the black man David.

"Ker'nel," he asked falteringly, "ker'nel, de young boss—is—is——?"

"He's gone, David," said Colonel Bird. "Less than an hour ago he went. They'll be bringing him home soon. We came on ahead. Have things made ready."

David began to sob and sniffle, but his sorrow was more for his master than for the slain one.

"Hush, please, David," said the colonel. "You must go and make things ready, but first I want you to go inside with us and hear what I have to say. Afterwards you will carry the word to all my servants and all my work-people."

"Yassuh, ker'nel," answered David.

The colonel descended from the buggy, gave his hand to the girl, and when she was on the earth, gave her his arm. They passed indoors between lines of men who made way for them, standing with bared heads—employees of Bird and Son, small farmers of the vicinity. "renters," "croppers-on-shares," hired hands. Negroes, both men and women, were visible at the corners of the house, and from some of them now came a subdued, half-crooned, half-wailed fusing of wordless lamentations.

And so the tall straight man and the trembling girl, having entered the hallway, with David following just behind them, stopped in the parlor door and faced a semicircle of men and women who at sight of these two arose from their chairs, their expectant eyes focused upon the pair at the threshold.

"My friends," said the colonel, lifting his voice, "my son is dead. This"—he disengaged his arm from hers and put it about her waist—"this is my son's wife. From this hour henceforward, this house is her house, this home is to be her home. Her wishes will be obeyed by all beneath my roof. My people will be her people.

"Now, listen further, please, and give heed to what I have to say, for what I say to you I likewise would say, through you, to everyone of whatsoever station in life: If there is among you one single woman who feels that she cannot give to this lady the fullest measure of respect, the fullest measure of kindness which is

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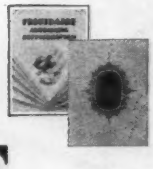

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due an honored and beloved member of this household, I ask that woman to leave these premises now and never again to darken my doors. If there is one man anywhere who ever dares to slight her, to flout her in private or in public, that man shall answer personally to me for it. Is that plain to you all?"

From them came a startled murmuring as of assent.

"I am very grateful to you for your sympathy," said the colonel, bowing to them. "I shall be still more grateful for the consideration and the affection which in future you bestow upon my son's widow. You will please excuse us; we are going now to my wife."

Still with his arm about her, he turned her away and together the two of them slowly mounted the stairs and disappeared from the sight of those below. A moment later, these spellbound ones heard a door-latch click, heard a door open and close, and then their lips were freed and a restrained but eager buzz-buzz of their voices ensued.

What took place behind that closed bedroom door upstairs was to be known only in part. The distributor of these supplementary reports was old Mrs. Hovercure, a lady whose tongue, as the saying went, was hung in the middle and wagged both ways.

Mrs. Hovercure was given to thanking the saints in heaven that she was not unduly curious; and—be it said for her—there was no denying that a neighborly desire to offer comfort and to perform such ministrations as might fall her way, had prompted her to hurry to this stricken household. But it somehow did happen that she chanced to be tiptoeing through the upper hallway at the time when the colonel and the young widow entered the senior Mrs. Bird's chamber, and she lingered there long enough to hear certain things.

She gathered, from murmurings and other sounds, that the colonel asked those with his wife to withdraw temporarily, and that they complied. Then there seemed to be a brief period of silence, or at least Mrs. Hovercure could catch no words; then from the invalid came a wail of agony and then, a little later, the broken voice of the girl crying out:

"Oh, don't turn away from me! It was all my fault, I take all the blame—but forgive me for it and don't turn your face away from me!"

And then, immediately on this, the colonel's lady, saying very clearly:

"Poor child, you mustn't say that. You loved him; so you loved what was a part—the dearest part—of me. There, child, kiss me and let me kiss you—there! And don't ask me to forgive you. It is we—my husband and I—who should beg for him your forgiveness. I bless you with my kisses. But, child"—this very wearily—"if I turn my head to the wall now, it is because my heart is broken, and because I want to shut my eyes and keep them shut until I can go to him . . . Now, Attila, take her to her own mother."

Mrs. Hovercure certainly did circulate to and fro during the next few days and was a welcomed guest wherever she went.

It was getting along toward daylight. Down one panel of the half-opened front door a black crape streamer hung. David, having served those who, in accordance with the custom, "sat up with the body," came out upon the porch bearing coffee and whisky on a silver tray.

On the porch were two men—the colonel, sitting on a top step with his face in his hands, and behind and above him, in a sort of protecting posture, Gabriel Scarr, leaning against a pillar. Colonel Bird shook his head when David came to him and after lingering a minute in an indecisive way, David turned to Scarr, who took a tumbler of the stinging raw liquor. Slowly David went indoors.

Time passed, and the colonel, without taking his hands down, spoke. Since the first bringing of the news no witness had seen him cry. But now tears began to trickle through his fingers.

"Gabe," he said, choking a little on his words, "I've been sitting here trying to see him as he used to be. I've been trying to recreate the picture of him as he was when he was a baby playing around this yard. I can't do it, Gabe; the picture's gone, it's broken, it's gone forever. Somehow I know that. And then I tried to see him again as he looked only this morning when he rode down this drive and turned in the saddle—turned and waved his hand at me.

"He didn't always do that but this morning he did. He was waving goodby to me, Gabe. I can't make that picture come back either—it's gone, too. Gabe, I only can see him as he was at the last—lying there in Twyman's office with his eyes looking up at me as though begging me to help him, and his poor riddled body wrapped in those bandages—those bloody bandages, Gabe.

"That's how I see him—slipping away from me, going, going, and afraid to go. That's how I see him. That's how I always shall see him, I know that. And that's to be my punishment—for my share in this day's work."

Mr. Scarr stooped awkwardly down and put his arm around the colonel's slumped shape and squeezed him hard.

"Ker'nel," he said, "please don't be sayin' that. You had no sheer in this day's work exceptin' the sheer of a true Kintucky gentleman."

"No, Gabe, you're wrong. I had my share in it; a long time ago I began to have my share in it. And that—that thing—is to be my punishment." His tears flowed faster.

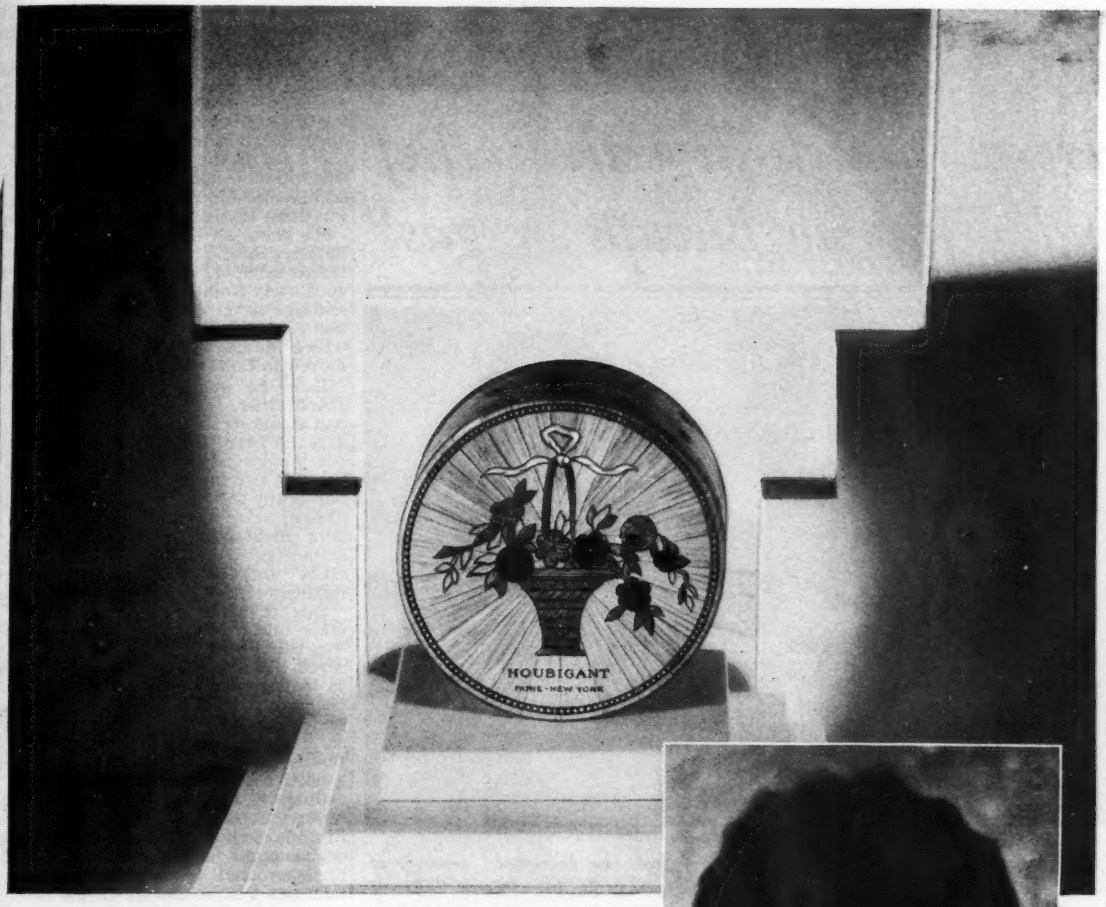
Most of the time, until the end of all mortal things came for her, the colonel's wife did keep her face turned to the wall. With the going of Isham, the will to go on living passed out of her.

You might say that with those same impetuous quick shots of his, young Dick Sales had killed not one but two of the Birds. His second victim died in five months from that night and about a month before her grandson was escorted into this disordered world.

Less than four years more, and Bird's Nest began to have the look about it of a womanless place. The servants did their duties by the kitchen and the pantries and the bedrooms and the rest of it, but did them after the fashion of servants who work with no watchful chatelaine to supervise what goes on. The ragamuffin aspect of the flower-beds, the little swirls of dust in back corners, the very hang of the curtains at the windows advertised that this was a house which lacked a competent mistress.

Passing there on a pleasant afternoon, you might see, somewhere back among the trees, an angular white-haired gentleman and, keeping him company, a staid-faced, sober-acting small boy. Or perhaps a little further along in the 'nineties, you might meet them out riding together; or run across them down along the creek or at the distillery. But always this pair would seem quite content to be together, although there were frequent occasions when Mr. Gabriel Scarr made a welcomed third member of their party.

Even when he was very small, the boy apparently did not crave playmates of his own years provided he could be with



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"When indigestion bothered me, for years I took the household remedy of 'bi-carb'," writes Mr. Robert Lowing of 26 East 74th St., New York, "but one day a doctor friend saw my distress from hiccups and raising of gas after taking a dose of soda, and told me to try Gastrogen Tablets. He did me a great favor. For I find that Gastrogen Tablets always give me quick digestive relief and never bring the hiccups or gas that were so embarrassing and annoying."

Perhaps you, too, are in the habit of taking soda bicarbonate or some preparation containing it for indigestion, acid stomach or that "leaden" feeling after meals. And perhaps, too, you have been annoyed with the presence of gas that for many people seems to be the unavoidable aftermath of a dose of soda bi-carb.

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Notice the quantity of carbon dioxide set free, then compare it with this equation, which pictures the action of Gastrogen Tablets:

$$HCl+\tfrac{1}{2}CaCO_3=\tfrac{1}{2}CaCl_2+\tfrac{1}{2}CO_2+\tfrac{1}{2}H_2O$$

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his grandfather, and as for the grandfather, he just naturally hated to have the little fellow out of his sight. At a period when the average boy is consorting with other boys at games or mischief, this boy would be gravely hearkening while his grandfather talked to him about the business or about the state of the state or the state of the nation. In this peculiar association he grew older and seemed older than he was. His name was John Morgan Bird—Morgan for short.

He knew he had a mother, or rather he knew he had had one, but of her he remembered nothing at all. She had gone away from him when he was a baby and she never came back. He knew he had had a complete set of grandparents whose name was Sales, but they had moved to Colorado before he was born.

Later he would hear that his official grandfather, who was "Daddy" to him, had financed their moving, had provided also the funds to give them a fresh start out yonder in the West. It seemed he had had two uncles, also, and both named Sales, but to him in his childhood these uncles were merely vague names, seldom mentioned; they were not even memories. He called Mr. Scarr "Uncle Gabe" and accepted him as such, which mightily tickled that elderly romanticist.

One of those real uncles of his, the elder one, committed suicide before he was thirty and before little Morgan was seven. Dick Sales had not been the sort to take human life and then get over it. He might hold that the blood on his hands had been justifiably shed, but even so, remorse cankered within him and finally drove him to turn on the gas in a hotel room in Denver.

Since it was inevitable that he must learn the part Dick Sales played in his life, his grandfather told him one memorable night on the eve of his fifteenth birthday. Of his remaining uncle, all ken was lost so far as Bird's Nest was concerned. He vanished out of the boy's recollection just as the boy's mother long since had vanished. And the true facts about her vanishment were known to Colonel Bird alone.

The truth of the matter was that this Mrs. Dolly Sales Bird, having given so much of her love to the man who was her sweetheart for a few months and her husband for less than an hour, seemed to have no great store of love left in her for bestowal upon the offspring of that melodramatic mating. Or possibly it was because of shocks succeeding shocks with such devastating rapidity, that some proper womanly element in her was destroyed.

Within the span of a year, she had been sweetheart and bride, widow and mother, and all these, too, under distorted conditions that had no parallel in this locality. In any event, a sort of fixed and static frigidity enveloped her.

Thus it followed she cared but little for the baby that was ushered into life in her room at Bird's Nest one bitter, snowstormy February night. She wanted to forget many things, if she could; and the sight of him made her remember them. She put the situation practically in those words on the day she told her father-in-law she wanted to be freed of this obligation so that she might go away.

That, though, was when the child was about three years old. In the meanwhile she had nursed him and tended him faithfully; no fault to be found with her there. She rarely left the place; the neighbors called her a recluse.

She went about the house and the grounds a silent, isolated figure, with eyes like deep black stars and a face blank and expressionless, like an ice-bound pool, rendering to the colonel a

chilled respect, neglecting no motherly office, slighting no housekeeping responsibility reposed in her; but seeing no old friends, nor making any new ones; giving no confidences and inviting none. Young and comely and somber she was in her plain black dress, with the lustrous black hair coifed snugly about her head like a casque of burnished iron.

When on that day she sought out Colonel Bird and told him she desired to go away, he neither agreed with her nor argued with her against the decision she had made. He gave her an allowance—a much larger allowance than she wished to take—and told her he would write her regularly regarding the boy and hoped she would write to him regularly; and sure enough, within a week or two she was gone, and a trained nurse had been brought on from the East and installed in the nursery to supervise the rearing of little Morgan.

Dolly Bird elected to go West. She passed through Colorado, where her parents were established, but she did not stop to see them. It was as though she desired to break every skein that bound her to her spoiled and ravished girlhood.

She presently wrote back to the colonel to say she was living in California; had enrolled as a student at a normal college maintained by the state; was going to take up teaching in order that she might become self-supporting. At intervals she wrote him more letters which he dutifully answered, telling her of the growth and progress of her son.

This went on for upwards of four years. Then she sent on a letter that was unlike its predecessors. For one thing, it contained some real news:

I am getting married (so she wrote). I am still young and in spite of all that has gone before, I begin to feel now that it may be possible for me to gather up the broken pieces of my life and make something out of them. The man I am marrying is a Mr. Swenson, a ranchman of Scandinavian descent. He is a kind man, steady and straight and dependable. He is already well-off; I think some day he will be wealthy.

He knows all there is to know about me. When he proposed to me I told him everything. Whatever else I may have been, I have tried to be honest—if not with myself at least with others. In spite of what I told him, he still wanted to marry me. So before this reaches you I will be Mrs. Oscar Swenson, post-office address as before. My husband is willing for me to send for my son——

The colonel's heart missed a beat and the lines blurred before his eyes.

——and is willing, he says, to adopt him legally, as his own son. But I do not want this. I know you need the child's company—and I do not. As I feel now, I think I never want to see him any more. To some people this might sound heartless but you, who always have shown me such consideration—you, I am sure, will understand even if no one else does. Except of course my husband, who is the understanding kind, too.

You have reared Morgan. I know how dearly you love him—how much he means to you. So I want you to have him for your own. He already is that, of course, but if papers are required in order that he may be absolutely yours by law as by every other tie he already is, I am asking you to send the necessary documents to my husband's firm of lawyers. Their card is enclosed.

Nor do I intend from now on to

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accept the allowance which you so generously have kept on sending me. Please do not send me any more checks; I shall only have to return them to you, which would hurt both of us. And whatever rights or claims, if any, I have on your estate I hereby relinquish. Please give whatever you have to give to Morgan. I don't think I shall ever write to you again, so a thousand thanks for all you have done for me—and mine.

Very painstakingly Colonel Bird refolded the letter along its original creases, replaced it in its envelope and put it in a drawer of his desk which held a sheaf of envelopes addressed to him in the same handwriting. Having filed the letter, he carefully pigeonholed the card which had come with it, making mental note to get in touch with Felix O'Shea and have O'Shea in turn communicate with these California lawyers.

Then he loudly called for David, and when David, who was growing a bit tottery on his underpinning and exceedingly deaf, entered from the dining-room, the colonel said: "Where's Morgan?"

"W'ich, ker'nel?" asked David, cupping a black hand behind his better ear.

"Morgan!" repeated the colonel, raising his voice. "Where's Morgan?"

"Whoo-ee!" David wheezed appreciatively. "Mout 'a' knowed he'd be de one you wants—he always is de one. Jes' now seed him out on de back po'ch."

"Send him here to me, please."

"Know 'nuff to do 'at very same thing widout you tellin' me," said David, and wheezed again.

The seven-year-old came and stood by his grandfather, his small hands resting on the grandfather's knee.

"Morgan," said the colonel, "what have I always told you about your mother?"

The child replied in the tone of one who repeats a lesson well memorized:

"Told me my mama was a good lady and sweet and pretty. Told me I must always think that about my mama and when I grew up if anybody says she's not, I've got to fight him."

"That's right, boy," agreed the colonel. "What else have I told you about your mother?"

"Told me that maybe some of these days she'd be coming back home to see me again or else maybe I'd be going 'way off on the steam cars to see her."

"That's it, too. I did tell you that, and I didn't mean to be telling you any stories, either. But Morgan, your mother's not coming back—never, any more. From now on, I don't want you to ask where she is or wonder why she doesn't come. But just the same, I want you to go on thinking that your mother is a pretty lady and good and sweet. Understand?"

"Yes, suh," said Morgan, and gravely nodded his tawny head.

"Now, there's one other thing I want to tell you and you mustn't forget this, either. From now on, you're my boy—the only boy I've got, the only boy I'm ever going to have or ever want to have."

"But Daddy," and Morgan lifted a puzzled face, "haven't I always been your boy?"

"You bet you have!" assented the colonel. "But now, Morgan, you're more my boy than you've ever been before. You're going to stay here with me always."

"Just you and me," said Morgan.

"That's it, that's it," agreed his grandfather. "Now run and get your cap. I want you to go with me while I show you something."

"Something pretty, Daddy?"

"Well, it's always been the prettiest sight in the world to me," stated the colonel. "I'm hoping that when you grow up it'll be just as pretty to you."

The little boy retrieved his cap from the back porch and, holding his grandfather's hand, trotted alongside as they left the house and came, after a short walk, to the main distillery building.

They stopped, and Colonel Bird pointed. "Do you see that sign over the door," he asked—"that big black plank with all those gold letters on it?"

"Yes, suh."

"Well, on that plank it says: 'Bird and Son.' Do you know what that means?"

"Means you and me, I 'spect," hazarded the child.

"Hurrah for you!" exclaimed his grandfather delightedly. "You got it right the very first guess. It means more than that, though. It means that from now on, we two—just we two—are the bosses of that house and all the other houses around it and behind it. I'm the big boss and you're the little boss. Everything over there belongs to us. And as I get older, you'll help me run it."

"Don't get older, Daddy. Please just stay the way you are now. I like you awful much the way you are now."

"Well, I'll try not to get older any faster than I can help. Still, I'll probably get old after a while—there doesn't appear to be any way of stopping it. And when I do get old and tired and want to quit and rest up, why, then, you'll boss it for both of us. And when I die——"

"Don't die, Daddy. You mustn't die."

"I don't aim to, anyhow not for quite a spell. I've got too much to go on living for. But when I do die—why, then, everything on this whole place will be yours, and you're to go on running it just exactly the way your daddy has run it. You see, it means—that big sign yonder and this talk we're having, and all—it means that we're partners."

"Uncle Gabe, he's all the time calling me his little partner," said Morgan. "Is that the same as this?"

"Well, yes and no. You're his little partner everywhere else except right here. But here at the distillery you're my partner and I'm your partner and there isn't anybody else in it but us. 'Bird,' that's for me, and 'Son,' that's for you, just as the sign says."

"I like that," said the child. "I like to be 'Son.'"

From that hour thenceforward, Colonel Bird scarcely ever called his grandson "Morgan." He called him "Son," and eventually began to think of him as his son. To him, in time, it was almost as though he had never had any other son.

Even after he had entered his sixties, there was a lot of resiliency to the colonel's temperament. He was, as we'd put it, great on the rebound. You see, he had that sustaining buoyant sense of humor in him.

Now, on the other hand, this grandson of his, young Morgan, had no great sense of humor. However, for this lack he had compensations in his nature—steadfastness, for example, and honesty and singleness of purpose.

It was as though he had been endowed with gravity and solidity, things which caused grown people to speak of him as "one of those old-fashioned children." Unchanged in these regards, he sprouted out of childhood into sapling boyhood—a reserved, serious, dignified boy.

And, this, too, was true of him: What he heard he remembered, what he remembered he profited by, and what he put his hand to, that he finished.

It was perhaps as well for him that he had been so constituted, for while he still was in his early teens, his grandfather confided in him and trusted in him as he did in none other; and what his grandfather told him, young Morgan filed away in his tidy and indexed mind for future reference. For all the difference in their ages, they made a good pair of yokefellows—the one so volatile and explosive, the other so steady and deliberate.

When time came to think about packing Morgan off to college somewhere, the boy said, positively, that he didn't want to go; he wanted to stay on right where he was, he said, and grow up in the business. The colonel was of two ways of thinking about that proposition: he desired that Morgan should be handsomely schooled, and he craved with a most tremendous craving for the continuance of the companionship between them.

In the end, the youngster had his way, whereat the colonel was privately not displeased. He was beginning to realize that he needed a prop now.

People have called that first decade of the twentieth century the Golden Age of this earth and notably of this republic. Not so much while it was passing as afterwards, and looking backwards, they have called it that. Maybe-so it was and maybe-so it wasn't, but certainly it proved to be a decade unprecedented for material advancement and, as many have claimed, for spiritual progress, moral growth, betterment in living conditions, social conditions, industrial conditions.

Trains ran faster than they ever had run before—or since, either, for that matter. Steamships larger and more powerful, and infinitely more luxurious than the seas ever before had cradled, plied those seas. They who once derisively had cried out: "Git a horse!" at the first of the automobiles, began to wonder whether it would be possible after a while, what with things going the way they seemed to be going, to git a horse.

The need for change, the yearning and the pressure for change, had for long been in the air. Men had sensed it. Wiser men had trimmed their sails to catch these strong young winds a-blowing. The changes came, many of them revolutionary and upsetting to tradition. They came even into the conservative and slow-moving and previously self-satisfied commonwealth of Kentucky.

That most eminent of American skeptics who long before and for a joke had announced that when Kentucky went Republican he seriously would consider joining the church, died just before the world rounded the last milestone of the passing century but, even so, lived long enough to have it said of him that he, being a man of his word, was now under the painful necessity of joining not one church but two. The split over populism had made the first fissures in the political terrain. The split over free silver widened the cracks of party solidarity.

Then along came this man Goebel, this son of a Pennsylvania German and hence by birth a "Yankee"; he came along with his machine and his shrewdly manufactured revolt against the "Railroad Ring" and precipitated the yet greater earthquake that rifted to pieces the ancient office-holding oligarchy. And out of that travail and the rending-apart of old coalitions, there arose divers strange and motley figures—"poor whites" from the Knobs, lanky malcontents out of the long-slighted mountains, ambitious self-anointed disciples of a new era from the "Barrens" and the "Beargrass," the "Pennyrile" and the "Purchase"; men inspired with a common design to assault the confounded Blue Grass plutocrats in their last tottering strongholds.

Among these impious iconoclasts was

one who bobbed up in the colonel's own county—in that saw-fretted stretch of it overlooking the river—and the name of this one was B. Gill Simcox, and he an apostle of the doctrine of expediency.

And there was a second man, one Buckingham Braydon. And the same was an uncouth but a wily man and a manager of destinies and a born picker of winners; and at the first, being—at that particular time—a strict party man, he opposed the aims of the said B. Gill Simcox, the latter being—at any time—a chronic fusionist, who presently ran for the congressional nomination on one unorthodox ticket and got beaten and then was running on another hybridized ticket for something else only to be beaten again, and then, still undaunted, formed fresh alliances and laid his plans to run in due season for something else again.

Of this pair, Colonel Bird was moved to speak spicy words. Of the Honorable Braydon he said here was just a plain hopeless corrupt scoundrel, and of the Honorable Simcox he said there was a person who'd change sides quicker than a cat could jump. What he did not say was that the last-named was a distant kinsman. The colonel was not particularly proud of the connection.

The Burley growers felt, and by their altered fronts acknowledged, the dawning of a newer day; they formed a small combine of their own to fight a greater and infinitely more powerful combine. The race-horse breeders ceased to be the race-horse breeders of yore; alien figures began to crowd out old-timers.

For every well-known stock farm that came on the market, there appeared to be a buyer in the person of some rich amateur fancier from up North somewhere. Fine upstanding generous fellows, these mainly were, and full of enterprise, but vastly different from the oldsters whose niches they had usurped.

Out of this transformed coterie there was evolved the Pari-Mutuel Club, a compact and shrewdly devised and shrewdly run organization, built on the wreckage of the defunct eighty-year-old Jockey Club and having a more than passive interest in legislation and judicial decisions affecting the welfare of the sport of kings as carried on in the state and incidentally the country at large. The just-now-mentioned Mr. Braydon had a finger in this pie. For verily he was one who could combine his private activities with his concern for the public weal in so deft and subtle a manner that it was difficult to detect where, with him, business left off and politics began, or vice versa. If you wanted to keep his finger out of your pie you had to hide the pie.

So what with horse-raising on an improved basis and with a new alignment, and tobacco-raising converted out of its former status, there was left unimpaired, and as before, but one of that historic and honorable triumvirate of outstanding Blue Grass industries, to wit: the distilling of Bourbon whisky—the good old, potent old red-eye.

There, safely entrenched in power and influence and in the public estimation as locally expressed, still sat the distillers, like so many kings on so many thrones, and, with the capacity for self-cajolery which frequently has characterized kings on thrones, they feared no foe. In a way, they were monopolists.

But for all that, they were being ringed in with enemies. Their empire had become an island set in a battering ocean. But perversely they would look no farther than the ends of their own noses.

For a typical example of their common attitude, take our old colonel, now launched into his seventies but hale and hearty and still full of spunk. He had.

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When brushed, Colgate's breaks into an active, sparkling foam. This foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to get deep down into every minute pit and fissure. There it softens and dislodges the impurities, sweeping them away in a detergent wave.

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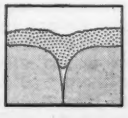
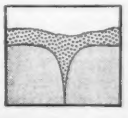
Think what this means to you . . . By using Colgate's you can clean your teeth thoroughly, scientifically, exactly as your dentist would have you clean them . . . restoring the natural loveliness of teeth and gums.

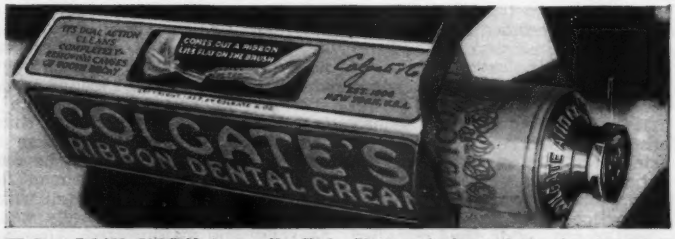
Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where causes of decay lurk.



How Colgate's cleans where the toothbrush cannot reach



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.



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as they had, only contempt, vituperative contempt, for certain groups of opposition within the trade—the "Whisky Trust crowd" as he called them, up yonder in Illinois, the "Dutch crowd" in Cincinnati, the "Rectifying crowd" in Louisville.

For the "Irish crowd" at Owensboro and the "Jew crowd" down at Paducah, and the "Tennessee crowd" below the state line, he had tolerance and a tempering of good will. This likewise was the view entertained with respect to the "Rye crowds" in Maryland and Pennsylvania and even in Canada.

All others than these, though, were to be scorned as unworthy traffickers in fabricated and bogus wares. Importers from foreign parts did not count, since what they imported did not resemble the genuine Bourbon. And wholesalers were an unscrupulous lot, addicted to sharp practices which brought down disrepute upon the whole traffic.

That, in short, was the way Colonel Bird felt about it. That was the way his brethren here in the Blue Grass, practically without exception, felt about it.

The recognized and admitted trouble was that people generally did not understand the ins and outs of this business; what the people at large needed was better information touching on the merits of good whisky and the demerits of bad whisky and spurious whisky. Colonel Bird went abroad saying as much.

Of course now there never would be a time in this country when the Federal power seriously would interfere with the authentic manufacturers. Restrictions? Yes, perhaps. More stringent regulations? Undoubtedly. But meddlesome sumptuary legislation? Never.

The very thought was incredible and inconceivable. What counties did, what states did, was another matter. "I believe in self-government, in the principle of state sovereignty, having fought nearly four years in defense of that principle," the colonel would add magnanimously.

But what the states, many of them, were doing offered a concrete illustration of an increasingly and alarmingly prevalent phase of the public mind; that was what he claimed. But since he failed to enlist any of his compatriots in a campaign of education of the masses, the colonel dug down in his own resources for funds to print and circulate a pamphlet which he himself wrote and signed.

His first mistake was that he did write it, which is another way of saying that with fireworksy denunciations and poetic quotations and Scriptural references, he sought to engage the fluctuating attentions of a generation which, did you come begging for its ear, desired to have it rendered down good and snappy.

The colonel's second mistake was that, being swept away by vainglory of authorship and pride as an originator, he spent entirely too much money on that cherished tract of his. Even he realized that, and the realization of it carried him to a point where he concealed from Morgan how deeply this vain crusading had cut into the firm's working capital.

Morgan was a long-legged gangling six-footer now and would be a voter, come that next November, and, as his grandfather often bragged, knew Bourbon-making from the sprouting of the corn to the pasting of Uncle Sam's bottled-in-bond stamp over the cork.

In their outlook upon the adverse domestic sentiments and the curtailed domestic markets in such-and-such localities, Colonel Bird's resident confreres were inclined to a bland complacency. In answer to his concerned queries, they had their stock counter-arguments.

What of it, though so many western and mid-western states had by popular vote gone hell-bent for local option? What of it even that state after state of the Old Solid South likewise had gone or was giving unmistakable signs of going down the same arid road until soon only two—Kentucky and Louisiana—would be left? What of it—and here they brought the issue to their own hearthstones—what of it that of Kentucky's counties only one in six still was a "wet" county, all the rest being "dry"?

Summed up, it merely meant—now didn't it?—that the demand for the goods had concentrated, with no noticeable shrinking in volume. And now that the buying public was gradually being schooled to an understanding of the basic distinction between true liquor that was properly aged and the doctored-up fake stuff—the fight before Congress for the amending of the Pure Food Law had helped illuminatingly there—why, it stood to reason that pretty soon discriminating purchasers would be calling for more and more of the real whisky.

And how about this? How about the national Prohibition strength as expressed in ballots at the last Presidential elections? Had it notably increased? Not a bit of it, suh. There was a sane way to look at these passing annoyances. Then why not look at them in a sane way and pay no attention to bugaboos?

After a while the wave would recede. After a while, when the spasm had abated, the current would start running the other way. People would find out that you can't legislate a man's natural and proper appetite out of him, that you can't cut in between him and his personal desires and his personal liberty without bringing on a backwash of revolt which swings everybody again to the old reliable moorings.

Thus and so they put it, until Colonel Bird's futile single note of trepidation was swallowed up and lost beneath a chorus of confident voices. After a year or two he quit piping his cry and convinced himself that perhaps after all he had been making mountains out of molehills.

Hence, and also because it is human nature to try to ignore that which is potentially disagreeable, he and his fellows ignored the rising of a cloud against the fair horizon of their most thriving industry. It was a cloud—this agitation for an eighteenth amendment—which at the beginning was no larger, as you might say, than a man's hand.

It spread, though. Lordy, how it did expand and swell! But as we look back on our recent times, it seems strange that the run of the human flock should have been so oblivious of it. Well, no doubt if the truth were known, history in the making always has been like that.

An epochal event, a great transition, is something which afterwards we reflect upon and marvel at, but while it is happening we take it as a matter of course. Or else we say: "This thing which is promised, can't happen. It's a sheer moral impossibility that it should happen. Let's forget it." And some of us keep on saying that, in a diminishing chorus, even after it actually has happened to us.

Besides, in this instance, there presently arose some great black thundercaps which, thanks to the wisdom of the devisers and proponents of the original proposition, served as a screen for its movements—a screen behind which it most shrewdly and effectively was maneuvered and manipulated. Under cover of a war you sometimes may prosecute and accomplish matters that are in no wise related to the carrying on of war.

Young Morgan Bird was one among the sundry millions who on the call of their country went to camp to learn how to fight. He stayed in camp until he went overseas, and while he was away his grandfather missed him sorely.

In the business, because of war-time regulations, there now were new problems, unforeseen complications. He contended with the swarm of them, asking no help or advice from outsiders; nor did he inflict the tally of his troubles upon Morgan in his letters. But at times he made errors, costly ones, as it turned out. For, consulting no one but himself, he ventured into investments—speculations, really—which did not turn out well.

Probably at his age he should have stuck to the trade he knew. Still, that trade temporarily was being turned upside down. The whole world was being turned upside down.

Whatever may have occurred later, there certainly was detectable no weakening in the colonel's ripened faculties as he talked with Morgan on that spring day in '17 when Morgan came to him to say that the President had called for volunteers and that next morning he would be putting his name down.

It seemed to the younger man that never had his grandfather shown to better advantage.

He did not begin, that occasion, by congratulating Morgan upon his decision. Under that head all he said was:

"Well, son, it's always been the rule among the Birds that if their country went to war, the able-bodied Birds went along with their country. I didn't figure you'd be the exception to the rule."

"Boy," put in Mr. Scarr, "don't you let 'em go stickin' you into no brash Yankee outfit. Yankees air all right in their way, and they'll fight you, too—I found that out many's the year before you was born—but they ain't organized the way we are down here in God's country.

"You pick you out a gang of your own people. I only wish't I was young enough and spry enough to go 'long with you and put you onto the ropes."

"Me too, Gabe," said Colonel Bird, wistfully and ungrammatically. "I'd like to hit one good hard lick for the flag before my time comes—as hard a lick as some of those our boys hit against it when we were off soldiering together."

"I'm afraid, Uncle Gabe, I won't be able to pick and choose to suit myself," said Morgan, hiding a slow smile. "I guess I'll have to go where I'm sent."

"You jest tell 'em who your grandpaw is and I reckin there won't be no trouble about that part of it," counseled Mr. Scarr. "And fur the Lord's sake git into the cavalry where a gentleman belongs."

"Wherever he's put he'll be in good company," said the colonel. "That's one thing we don't have to worry about . . . Let's see, now, son. Going into this big war, you're just about the same age that I was coming out of that other big one. I started off as a captain; you're enlisting as a private. Maybe you'll stay a private—you never can tell."

"Not a chanc't," proclaimed Mr. Scarr. "Not when they find out whut kind of stock he's got in him. Not ef he does like whut I'm advisin' him to do."

"Private or not, it doesn't matter," said Colonel Bird. "I'd a heap rather see you stepping into the ranks the way you're doing than to have you trying to exert influence and get yourself a commission and maybe an easy berth.

"You go ahead and get you some discipline, learn how to take orders and how to carry them out. Then, if promotion should come, you'll be qualified to give orders intelligently and to know whether they're being properly executed.

"Your job is to grab a gun and get into the mess and that's what you're fixing

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to do; and, with my palavering, I'm only holding you back from things I reckin you're anxious to get cleaned up and off your mind before you pull out.

"Run along now, son, about your business. It'll be America's business from now on. I'll probably be hanging around somewhere in the morning to see you off—if I don't forget it."

His tone was casual but his pride straightened his spine and expanded his chest as he turned under pretense of having duties to perform and, somewhat stiffly, moved away. His fellow-veteran tarried behind him a moment.

"Boy," said Mr. Scarr, "whutever else you do after you git j'ined-up, don't let 'em stick you off somewheres in one of them mired-up trenches of theirs, same ez ef you was a ground-mole or a mush-rat. That ain't no way to be treatin' a boy that he's got one of Morgan's ker'nels fur a granddaddy and John Morgan hisself fur a namesake.

"You git 'straddle of a good hoss and you take a loaded six-shooter in each one of your hands, and you jest sock your spurs into that there hoss and give the old Rebel yell and charge your men right spang over them Dutchmen and ride 'em down and they'll quit, see ef they don't."

"I'll try not to forget your advice," said Morgan, maintaining due gravity. "What's worrying me now is, I'm going away just when it looks as though Dad'll be needing me most—things so unsettled in this line and liable to be unsettled still more. If it weren't for Dad, I could go shouting happy."

"Don't you fret none about that," said Mr. Scarr, consolingly. "I'll be right back of him, ever' move he makes. These here crazy teetotalers make a heap of fuss but they ain't never goin' to shove us plum' out of business—not *us*. You jest pike along to that there war and do like I'm tellin' you and you'll come back wearin' a gin'el's shoulder straps, shore."

In Irvin S. Cobb's Final Installment—Next Month—*Bird and Son's Old Block-house distillery ends its existence in a blaze of glory worthy of its honorable history*

When Good Fellows Got Together *by Chester Crowell* (Cont. from page 79)

constructive examination of the liquor problem as an answer to the question: "Why do successful, useful, active, healthy men with heavy responsibilities drink?"

These are the men whose point of view must be taken into account because they, and not jailbirds, are accountable for the fact that Prohibition is a joke. The assertion reiterated by Prohibitionists that drinking necessarily and inevitably leads to bad company is not true—these men drink with each other. It seems to me that this fact might be accepted as an indication that they are getting something out of it besides a headache. I am going to try to tell you what their point of view is.

First of all, a few drinks are a tremendous aid in the highly important business of getting acquainted. During the ten years when I was an executive I never hired a man until I had heard him laugh. The nature of a man's sense of humor, what he laughs at, what he offers as funny, the very sound of his laughter, tell me vitally important facts about his mind, habits, character, capacity for teamwork, and outlook on life.

Nevertheless, I couldn't command a man to submit, along with his application, two snickers and three guffaws. The laughter had to come of its own accord. When men have a drink together clumsy self-consciousness vanishes and they are almost certain to laugh about something. Moreover, a man's ego is stouter after a drink and he recommends himself as easily and naturally as a schoolboy tells you that he can throw a curve. What he says is important; after ten drinks it might not be, but after one it is. And it's the man with his best foot forward and his ego hitting on all eight that I want to see because that's what I'm hiring.

By the time two men have come together to do business they probably know all the essentials that you can type in a card index but that isn't enough. Back of every imposing mahogany desk in this country there is a small boy, and until you meet him you don't know very much about the middle-aged fellow labeled "executive director," "general manager" or "president."

I want to know whether that small boy is optimistic, gloomy, truculent, friendly, vain, modest, stingy, generous, sporting or likely to cheat. Given adequate time, we can find out all those things on bread and water but we haven't always even three days' grace, not to mention a year.

When two men come together for the transaction of important business with only statistical information about each other, the impending interview will have more bearing on the outcome of the business in hand than any other factor, and yet these two men cannot possibly arrange matters so that positively nothing else will be on their minds. They have other business requiring attention and are more or less preoccupied.

In such a situation a dash of alcohol can be depended upon to perform a very simple and useful miracle: it blots out the preoccupation and moves the present moment right into the center of the universe. Instantly they begin to get a better close-up of each other.

Have you ever noticed that a funny story is vastly funnier after you have had a drink? The explanation is that you pay more attention to it. When you are cold sober the joke has to sift through a jumble of confused thoughts. A drink banishes all that confusion of thoughts and you concentrate on what is being said and on the man who is saying it. You begin to sense his mind and soul, to catch the overtones that disclose his personality. In short, you begin to speak each other's language and finally a gulf is bridged. You are acquainted.

I don't know why so many thousands of otherwise intelligent people insist that the worst comes out of a man when he drinks—I have always seen exactly the opposite. I have found not only that I get acquainted with him but that invariably he shows me his best.

Perhaps the rule is that the dominant traits rather than invariably the best are what come out. If that is the rule, then I wish to remark that my observations around the flowing bowl certainly constitute a gloriously complimentary report on the human race. I'm glad to be a member of it.

When men gathered to have two or three drinks and get acquainted, I have sometimes known the party to last much longer than anyone intended. Indeed I have known members of the party to totter forth pickled. Sometimes these impromptu events inspire caustic criticism on the part of persons who cannot understand why sensible men forget other appointments, especially dinner.

These critics always assume that the drinks were the lure. Well, they are mistaken.

The lure was not intoxication but the great joy of getting really acquainted and dropping the burden of the masks men have to carry around.

Women never have understood what this means to men and they never will, no matter whether they drink or not, because a woman is at her best with all her war paint on and her plumes waving, while a man is at his best when he kicks off the camouflage.

Women quite naturally choose rôles and enact them; men have rôles thrust upon them. A man's happiest moments are lived when he is not posing; a woman's, when she is discharging her chosen rôle superlatively.

There is another reason why women cannot understand what dropping the mask means to men: it is that they see men drop the mask in their company, probably every day, without the aid of a drink. For women to assume that the drinks are not necessary is therefore natural and logical. But men have almost no trouble at all unmasking when with women. That's one reason why they adore women. But the women should remember that their love centers around the small boy in the man; that's about all there is in him that's lovable; and for precisely that reason it is what men love in each other. To bridge the gulf and really get acquainted with a sparkling mind in a wholesome character is one of the greatest joys life affords. Because drinking contributes to this happiness men cling to it stubbornly.

All my life I have been told that alcoholic beverages weaken or even destroy the memory. I first encountered that dire warning in my school textbook on physiology—and all my life I have found precisely the opposite to be true.

I emphasize this matter of memory because I have found that it has an important bearing upon the endurance of a friendship when the parties to it no longer see each other frequently. If I thought that what I am about to relate was true of me alone I shouldn't bother to record it, but I have found it to be the common experience of mankind.

It was my good fortune when I went to work as a cub reporter in San Antonio, Texas, in the year 1905, to find myself associated with a remarkable group of young men. Every one of those fellows made good. Moreover, while we worked together we were real friends. We admired and bragged about each other. We didn't even have temporary squabbles or jealousies. As the years rolled on and separated us we made efforts to keep in touch with each other and as we landed in executive positions we also hired each other, but in spite of all our efforts some of us got lost from the gang.

About two-thirds of us drank and about one-third didn't. After twenty years I can tell you where nearly every member of the drinking crowd is and what he's doing—the only ones I completely lost track of were the teetotalers; but the teetotalers lost track of each other very promptly. When I find one I ask him about the others and he rarely knows the address of more than one.

Of the original group there is still a little clan who are never out of touch

with each other—by mail. We're almost as close in spirit today as we were in 1905. All the members of that group have been joyously—and as we understand such matters—decently soused together. Is it any wonder that I don't consider drinking an unqualified evil?

If some malignant magician could perform the disservice for me of going back over my life and removing from my memory forever every sensation, either pleasant or otherwise, that is directly associated with the glow of alcohol, I'd be willing to make him a present of what was left and pretend that I never had been here at all—that it must have been a couple of other fellows.

Healthy, active men, with no latent tendencies toward homicidal mania, find that there is a wide and very amusing area between sobriety and intoxication. When I use such expressions as "soused" or "pickled" I am referring to this happy playground.

To be really intoxicated is a most unpleasant sensation and the vast majority of men can depend upon their instinct to protect them against it. Whenever it doesn't the most probable explanation is that the man is running away from something: intoxication is his means of escape.

NO MAN ever ought to drink to drown his troubles because it can't be done. He'll find that he only irrigates them. Drinking brings into the foreground and spotlight whatever business is in hand; if misery happens to be the business, the only escape from it that alcohol offers is complete intoxication and stupefaction.

I have known of several men who were pleasantly illuminated nearly every day for twenty or more years and who enjoyed good health at ages beyond sixty. I don't recommend their way of life but I think I understand why they stood it: they drank for happiness. I have also known healthy young men who drank themselves into their graves within six months. They simply committed suicide. Booze happened to be the weapon used. When a man drinks he ought to do one or all of the following things:

Dance; sing; talk with great enthusiasm, preferably bragging; listen with tremendous enjoyment; eat extravagantly; laugh a great deal; walk, run, swim or perform some feat of physical strength that releases energy. And in doing so he ought to be "showing off" boyishly.

If drink doesn't inspire him to do any of those things he'd better mount his bicycle and run as though the devil were after him, because it is more than likely that he has a subconscious desire to commit suicide.

Most of the successful men I have known worked very hard: in fact, most of them worked too hard. Unfortunately for the brain-worker, he doesn't receive the same reliable reports of fatigue that come to a stevedore or cotton-picker. What he usually experiences is depression, sudden lack of faith in himself or his latest work, or both.

There are authentic records of many great pieces of work being destroyed by their authors during these periods of fatigue depression. But if all the evidence could be gathered, I venture to say that we should all be amazed to learn how many treasured artistic creations, inventions, engineering works and other creditable products of genius were saved for us because the tired creator took a few drinks at exactly the right time and either refrained from destroying something or got the courage to finish it.

That old devil alcohol stepped right into the middle of the picture and said: "Listen to me, kid! You are doing a great piece of work. In fact, you are one of the greatest men of all time. Now what you want to do is order a dinner that would make Lucullus feel that he had been on a strict diet all his life. Then you must renew acquaintance with a happy world passionately devoted to dancing and singing."

For a depressed brain-worker I doubt that there is any better advice or ever has been or ever will be. If he takes it—and he will from alcohol but he wouldn't from his doctor—he'll sleep like a baby that night and find himself a brave new man tomorrow.

On the whole I have not found drinking an unqualified evil!

The peculiar fatigue which sneaks upon the creative worker like an assassin assails the busy executive in the form of hesitation when quick decisions are necessary. If he is all there and feeling fine his mind clicks out a decision as soon as all the facts are before him, but when he is tired he stands there staring at them, mentally palsied. Fortunately he can often put off the decision until some other day. But not always.

Suppose he happens to be the managing editor of a newspaper and a flash comes over the wire—a good story but still not the World War. His news editor says: "Shall we get out an extra?" He ought to decide within one minute at most. That's what he's there for.

He knows what he ought to do but fatigue has robbed him of his usual buoyant confidence. The answer isn't registering with sufficient force. I have known and still know men who keep whisky in their desks for just this sort of emergency. Drinking is for them a mechanical operation like shaking a clock to make it start ticking.

All of us have read of drunken sea captains who lost their ships, but not often do we read of the tired, battered, drenched, frozen, worried, middle-aged man on the bridge of a foundering vessel taking a stiff hooker to restore his voice as well as his confidence just in time to yell: "Port your helm, blast you!" and bring the ship through the storm. If you want that story you have to get it from the ship captains. And they don't talk a great deal.

Ever since I can remember I have heard stories to the effect that John Doe never would have shot Mr. Roe if he hadn't been drunk. And there may be some truth in the assertion. In fact, I think there is a great deal of truth in it. But it isn't the whole story. What happened was that Mr. Doe had been wanting to kill Mr. Roe for a long time and one day he lashed his desire to resolution and went forth to do homicide.

There are millions of people in this country who disagree about the alcohol's causing the murder and place the blame, under such circumstances, on the pistol. They feel sure that if Mr. Doe hadn't been able to get a pistol he wouldn't have killed Mr. Roe.

As for myself, I stake my all on the assertion that neither the alcohol nor the pistol ever would have assaulted Mr. Roe of its own accord. Until it is proved to me that the employees of sporting-goods houses habitually engage in murdering each other simply because there are guns about, or that virtually every drinking man in the course of his lifetime takes a few pot shots at the neighbors, I shall continue to insist that inanimate objects cannot be blamed for the willful acts of men.

Every drinking man knows that drinks spur his resolution to action, but not many of us are harboring in our bosoms the cancerous yearning to snuff out human life. By the proportion of millions of safe and sane citizens to one murderer, we have contracts to sign, lands to buy, jobs to quit and other jobs to seek—in short, we have momentous and hazardous decisions to make. Common sense coupled with ambition says: "Do it." Fear, inertia and all the millstones chant their ancient slogan: "Let well enough alone."

Several times in my life I have quit a good job to take a better one and every time there seemed to be cogent reasons for vegetating instead of climbing. Every time I was treated to a fog of bad advice. And every time I had to come out of that fog laboriously.

One of my decisions took me to Mexico, and here is the nature of the advice on that occasion: "What if you should get sick down there? What if you should get into trouble in a strange land? What if you should lose your job? It's a long way back. You will leave all your friends behind you." I submit to a candid world that anyone who dumps such advice on a kid in his early twenties ought to be required by law to furnish a case of champagne to save his victim from galloping melancholia. Mexico was at that time a peaceful, prosperous country and had been so for twenty years.

I took a drink or two and answered those gloomy questions accurately: "I never have been sick and there is no reason why I should get sick in Mexico. I never have been in trouble; why should I get into trouble in Mexico? There is no more reason why I should lose my job there than here. It's a long way back, to be sure, but I am not broke. The fact that I have made friends here augurs well for the future. Friends surely grow in more than one place."

If a man doesn't feel that way about life and himself he isn't likely to get anywhere. Most of us are reasonably optimistic most of the time but when we wrestle with a momentous decision too long we get tired and lose our nerve.

I am quite convinced that a drink or two will touch off a bad decision as well as a good one but society can't serve as a nurse to every individual. The liberty to realize the best you have in you is the same liberty that gives you the opportunity to destroy yourself. We have to proceed upon the assumption that wholesomeness is the dominant trait of the human race, because if, by any chance, it isn't, we're a net loss anyway.

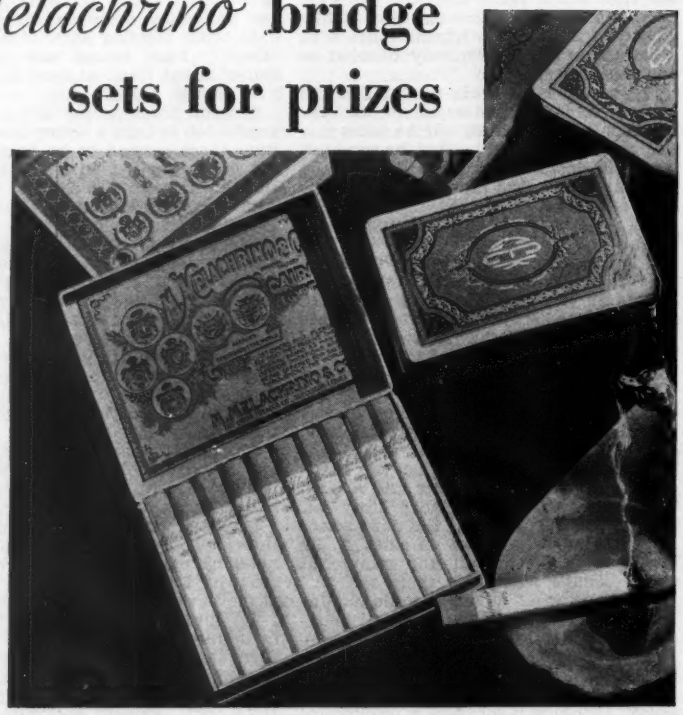
A man can't get started, much less accomplish anything, until his courage and optimism are high. I readily admit that they ought to be so all the time but they aren't.

I NEVER attempt to write after taking a drink. Men ought never to drink while immersed in the details of their work. Especially they ought not to take a drink and then try to operate any sort of machinery. I was amazed to discover some years ago that I could not type as rapidly after taking one small glass of three-percent beer as I could before. This was more than adequate proof for me that no one ought to drive a car after drinking.

But there is no argument between drinking men and non-drinking men on that point. What I find is that the stimulation alcohol affords the imagination often drags an important sequence of thoughts out of my subconscious mind, thus making it available for use.

For example, someone tells me of an interesting occurrence. I listen with enjoyment—but nothing comes of it. In fact I forget it—or think I do. The old subconscious goes mulling and grinding

Bridge Clubs are using these *Melachrino* bridge sets for prizes



NOTHING restores spent energy and brings you back to alert concentration like a few minutes' relaxation with a cigarette. Melachrinos' cool, slow-burning Turkish tobacco—the choicest and most costly of all cigarette tobaccos—is an invaluable aid to relaxation during the keen contest of minds at bridge.

Bridge clubs, and smart hostesses, too, have found that the Melachrino Introductory Offer makes a popular, out-of-the-ordinary bridge prize. The offer consists of 60 Melachrino Cigarettes—Cork tips, Straw tips and Plain ends—a score-pad with the latest rules of contract bridge, and two packs of beautiful cards on which we will imprint your own monogram. This offer is really an unusual value—$4.75 ordinarily—but by using the coupon you need pay only $2.50.

The cards are the famous gilt-edge Congress Cards and have no advertising of any kind on them. Monograms will be imprinted quicker than usual. Just fill out the coupon, printing your initials plainly. Your first package will convince you that MELACHRINO IS THE QUALITY CIGARETTE.

MELACHRINO *Cigarettes*

MILD AND COOL

The Union Tobacco Company
511 Fifth Avenue, New York City S. 6-29

Gentlemen:

Please send me your introductory offer of 60 Melachrino Cigarettes, the score-pad with the latest rules of contract bridge, and the two packs of the famous Congress Cards, bearing my monogram, for which I enclose $2.50.

*Initials*_____

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

away, however, and the thing begins to assume some hazy sort of shape. Weeks—or even years—later, out it bounces, brilliant as a military parade preceded by a brass band, and I know that I am going to write that within three days. Far more than half the time the idea emerges after I have had a drink.

This, I find, is the usual experience of men who drink. The theory that drinking atrophies the mind seems to me bunk. It is precisely the most important mental operations that it seems to affect wholesomely. I do not for a moment maintain that it would help a plumber fit his pipes together; quite the opposite. But if he were mulling over the invention of a new tool for plumbers it might galvanize him into starting work on his blue prints and model.

You have perhaps heard of the wicked traveling salesmen, formerly called drummers, who leave rows of empty bottles in the hotel sample rooms. If you don't know these gentry you may be under the impression that selling goods is one continuous debauch. It isn't. The sole explanation of those empty bottles is that there are uncounted thousands of men who find it very hard to put their names on the dotted line.

This is a most important moment in the life of a merchant. It isn't a daily experience; he needs courage to face it. When he signs that order he has bet a large sum of money that he is going to have a good year. That business will hold up. Under those conditions he knows what he ought to buy and if those are not the conditions he is in trouble anyway. If he surrenders abjectly to fear he will land in the ditch. He needs his optimism. The drinking is simply a springboard to bridge that awful approach to the dotted line.

Since these are the common experiences of mankind I regret that the force of public opinion makes it advisable for most men to deny, evade and suppress. But those who do, follow the dictates of sound diplomacy and safety; I blame no one for refusing to tell the truth to people who will be infuriated by it.

The obligation imposed by honesty rests first upon the audience. They ought to be willing to hear the truth without surrendering to emotion. They ought to face the fact that drinking now contributes and always has contributed much happiness to millions of the most productive, inventive and civilized peoples of the earth.

No doubt all the pleasures of life are available for other millions of people without stimulation. That is entirely agreeable to those of us who drink.

Some day we have got to face the fact that the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act did not settle the liquor problem, and never will. When that time comes we must take into consideration the millions of useful, honest, patriotic men and women who will never accept absolute Prohibition as the only road to temperance. Our present law did not consider these people and it failed.

A law that fails works backward and that is what the Volstead Act is now doing. We had on our statute books before 1919 the fruits of fifty years of experience in regulating the sale of liquor; much of that legislation had become part of our national thought.

For example, twenty years ago a bartender who sold whisky to high-school boys and girls would have been lynched by a convention of bartenders. But not by present-day bootleggers. We threw away fifty years of experience for one experiment. Its failure is a horrible disaster.

Let this tooth paste take you and the kids to a party

Take the youngsters to the movies on what you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. The average saving is $3 per year per person, assuming each person uses about a tube per month. Spend it as you please.

Remember this, you young mothers, who are keeping a budget

IT is good news to most young people starting out in married life that a dentifrice of such outstanding merit as Listerine Tooth Paste can be bought for 25¢.

That saving of $3 per year per person (see top of page) is appreciated when there are so many old and new expenses to be met.

When we decided to produce a tooth paste we were determined that only the finest ingredients should compose it. We wanted it to be worthy of the Listerine name. And we determined to sell it at 25¢ because that is the price intelligent people think is a fair one for a dentifrice. Its reception was enthusiastic. Now millions use it, discarding older and costlier favorites.

We urge you to try Listerine Tooth Paste one month. Note how brilliant and white it leaves your teeth. How it tones up your gums. And note particularly that delightful after effect which you associate with Listerine itself. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

The Scenes of My Childhood *by Calvin Coolidge* (Continued from page 31)

Hiram Dunlap Moor, she was Scotch with a mixture of Welsh and English. Her mother, Abagail (Franklin) Moor, was chiefly of the old New England stock. She bore the name of two Empresses, Victoria Josephine. She was of a very light and fair complexion with a rich growth of brown hair that had a glint of gold in it. Her hands and features were regular and finely modeled. The older people always told me how beautiful she was in her youth.

She was practically an invalid ever after I could remember her, but used what strength she had in lavish care upon me and my sister, who was three years younger. There was a touch of mysticism and poetry in her nature which made her love to gaze at the purple sunsets and watch the evening stars.

Whatever was grand and beautiful in form and color attracted her. It seemed as though the rich green tints of the foliage and the blossoms of the flowers came for her in the springtime, and in the autumn it was for her that the mountain sides were struck with crimson and with gold.

When she knew that her end was near she called us children to her bedside, where we knelt down to receive her final parting blessing.

In an hour she was gone. It was her 39th birthday. I was 12 years old. We laid her away in the blustering snows of March. The greatest grief that can come to a boy came to me. Life was never to seem the same again.

Five years and 41 years later almost to a day my sister and my father followed her. It always seemed to me that the boy I lost was her image. They all rest together on the sheltered hillside among five generations of the Coolidge family.

My grandfather, Calvin Galusha Coolidge, died when I was six years old. He was a spare man over six feet tall, of a nature which caused people to confide in him, and of a character which made him a constant choice for public office. His mother and her family showed a marked trace of Indian blood. I never saw her, but he took me one time to see her sister, his very aged aunt, whom we found sitting in the chimney corner smoking a clay pipe.

This was so uncommon that I always remembered it. I thought tobacco was only for men, though I had seen old ladies outside our neighborhood buy snuff at the store.

He was an expert horseman and loved to raise colts and puppies. He kept peacocks and other gay-colored fowl and had a yard and garden filled with scarlet flowers. But he never cared to hunt or fish. He found great amusement in practical jokes and could entice a man into a nest of bees and make him think he went there of his own accord.

He and my grandmother brought up as their own children the boy and girl of his only sister, whose parents died when they were less than two years old. He made them no charge, but managed their inheritance and turned it all over to them with the income, besides giving the boy $800 of his own money when he was 18 years old, the same as he did my father. He was fond of riding horseback and taught me to ride standing up behind him. Some of the horses he bred and sold became famous. In his mind, the only real respectable way to get a living was from tilling the soil. He therefore did not exactly approve having his son go into trade.

In order to tie me to the land, in his last sickness he executed a deed to me for life of 40 acres, called the Lime Kiln lot, on the west part of his farm, with the remainder to my lineal descendants, thinking that as I could not sell it, and my creditors could not get it, it would be necessary for me to cultivate it. He also gave me a mare colt and a heifer calf, which came of stock that had belonged to his grandfather.

Two days before I was two months old, my father was elected to the state legislature. By a curious coincidence, when my son was the same age I was elected to the same office in Massachusetts. He was reelected twice, the term being two years, and while he was serving my grandfather took my mother and me to visit him at Montpelier.

I think I was three years and four months old, but I always remembered the experience. Grandfather carried me to the State House and sat me in the Governor's chair, which did not impress me so much as a stuffed catamount that was in the capitol museum. That was the first of the great many journeys which I have since made to legislative halls.

During his last illness he would have me read to him the first chapter of the Gospel of John, which he had read to his grandfather. I could do very well until I came to the word "comprehended", with which I always had difficulty. On taking the oath as President in 1925, I placed my hand on that Book of the Bible in memory of my first reading it.

So far as I know, neither he nor any other members of my family ever entertained any ambitions in my behalf. He evidently wished me to stay on the land. My own wish was to keep store, as my father had done.

They all taught me to be faithful over a few things. If they had any idea that such a training might some day make me a ruler over many things, it was not disclosed to me. It was my father in later years who wished me to enter the law, but when I finally left home for that purpose the parting was very hard for him to bear.

MR. COOLIDGE'S story of his boyhood will be continued next month—in the July issue, on sale June 7th.

We are crowding our presses to capacity each month in an effort to insure that all may get Cosmopolitan and follow this human document, but the demand grows so fast that we cannot meet it.

About all we can say is that unless you are a regular subscriber the only safe plan is to place your order for the July issue with your newsdealer today or send in the coupon on page 218.

Then we can guarantee that you will get a copy, otherwise not.

The neighborhood around The Notch was made up of people of exemplary habits. Their speech was clean and their lives were above reproach. They had no mortgages on their farms. If any debts were contracted they were promptly paid. Credit was good and there was money in the savings bank.

The break of day saw them stirring. Their industry continued until twilight. They kept up no church organization and as there was little regular preaching the outward manifestation of religion through public profession had little opportunity, but they were without exception a people of faith and charity and of good works. They cherished the teachings of the Bible and sought to live in accordance with its precepts.

The conduct of the young people was modest and respectful. For most of the time during my boyhood regular Sunday school classes were held in the church which my grandmother Coolidge superintended until in her advanced years she was superseded by my father. She was a constant reader of the Bible and a devoted member of the church, who daily sought for divine guidance in prayer.

I stayed with her at the farm much of the time and she had much to do with shaping the thought of my early years. She had a benign influence over all who came in contact with her. The Puritan severity of her convictions was tempered by the sweetness of a womanly charity. There were none whom she ever knew that had not in some way benefited by her kindness.

Her maiden name was Sarah Almeda Brewer. When she married my grandfather she was 20 and he was 28 years old. She was accustomed to tell me that from his experience and observations he had come to have great faith in good blood, and that he chose her for his wife not only because he loved her, but because her family, which he had seen for three generations, were people of ability and character.

While he would have looked upon rank as only pretense, he looked upon merit with great respect. His judgment was vindicated by the fact that more of her kin folks than he could have realized had been and were to become people of merited distinction.

The prevailing dress in our neighborhood was that of the countryside. While my father wore a business suit with a white shirt, collar and cuffs, which he always kept clean, the men generally had colored shirts and outer garments of brown or blue drilling. But they all had good clothes for any important occasions.

I was clad in a gingham shirt with overalls in the summer, when I liked to go barefooted. In the winter these were changed for heavy wool garments and thick cowhide boots, which lasted a year.

My grandmother Coolidge spun woolen yarn, from which she knitted us stockings and mittens. I have seen her weave cloth, and when I was about 10 years old I had a frock which came from her loom. We had linen sheets and table cloths and woolen bed blankets, which she had spun and woven in earlier days. I have some of them now. My grandfather Coolidge wore a blue woolen frock much of the time, which is a most convenient garment for that region. It is cut like a shirt, going on over the head, with flaps that reach to the knees.

"...Home, the spot of earth
supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot
than all the rest"

The CASTLE of CONTENTMENT in the PRINCIPALITY of LOVE!

The sweet visions of this happy Wedding Day hold the dearest dream of all... the age-old dream of youth and love!...The dream of Home!... trysting place of hearts and hopes united... that Castle of Contentment which a man protects... that Principality of Love in which a woman rules... but even married couples must be practical... winter months follow the Wedding March... home must be made secure against the rigors of storm and cold... cheeks that glowed with health in June must not languish for warmth in January... suffering must not dim those eyes that now sparkle with love... give your home, however simple or however fine, the blessings of radiator heating... American Radiator Heating is the supreme Wedding Gift of Perpetual Summer!

You can own the home of your dreams. Consult your local Building and Loan Association; let them show you how. There is no obligation of any kind whatever.

If you will sign your name below and send this to the American Radiator Company, 40 West 40th St., New York, we will send you particulars of our convenient plan by which you may have your home heated at a uniform temperature of 70° by an American Radiator Heating Unit at less than $75 a room!

My name is_____ My address is_____

My Wedding Day is_____

SUCH A DELICIOUS WAY TO KEEP PEPPY

VIGOR for work! Pep for play! And pleasure in eating when breakfast brings a big bowl of Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes.

The more you eat the more you'll agree that they are better bran flakes. So much crisper. And they have a better flavor—the famous flavor of PEP. Rich in the nourishing elements of the wheat. Just enough bran to be mildly laxative.

These better bran flakes are good for children. And how they love them! Serve them with milk or cream.

Sold in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's PEP BRAN FLAKES

IMPORTANT—*Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are mildly laxative.* ALL-BRAN—*another Kellogg product—is 100% bran and guaranteed to relieve constipation.*

When I went to visit the old home in later years I liked to wear the one he left, with some fine calfskin boots about two sizes too large for me, which were made for him when he went to the Vermont legislature about 1858. When news pictures began to be taken of me there, I found that among the public this was generally supposed to be a makeup costume, which it was not, so I have since been obliged to forego the comfort of wearing it. In public life it is sometimes necessary in order to appear really natural to be actually artificial.

Perhaps some glimpse of these pictures may have caused an English writer to refer to me as a Vermont backwoodsman. I wonder if he describes his King as a Scotchman when he sees him in kilts.

To those of his country who remember that Burgoyne sent home a dispatch saying that the Green Mountains were the abode of the most warlike race on the continent, who hung like a thunder cloud on his left, which was fully borne out by what they helped to do to him at Bennington and Saratoga, I presume the term of Vermont backwoodsman still carries the implication of reproach. But in this country it is an appellation which from General Ethan Allen to Admiral George Dewey has not been without some distinction.

In the July *issue,* Mr. Coolidge *continues this story in the same splendid spirit. He tells, among many other interesting facts, of the principles of economy in government which as a lad he absorbed from his father and later, as President, applied to the reduction of* your *taxes*

He Made His Mark

(*Continued from page 63*)

sayin' I've done my duty in that state of life in which it 'as pleased a merciful Providence to place me, and if I *could* learn now I don't know as I'd want to."

"In that case, Foreman, I'm afraid you must go."

"Yes, sir, I quite understand. I shall be 'appy to 'and in my resignation."

But when Albert Edward with his usual politeness had closed the church door behind the vicar and the two churchwardens, he could not sustain the air of unruffled dignity with which he had borne the blow inflicted upon him.

He walked slowly back to the vestry and hung up on its proper peg his verger's gown. He sighed as he locked the church door behind him.

He strolled across the square but, deep in his sad thoughts, he did not take the street that led him home; he took the wrong turning. He walked slowly along. His heart was heavy. He did not know what he should do with himself. He did not fancy the notion of going back to domestic service, after being his own master for so many years.

He had saved a tidy sum, but not enough to live on without doing something, and life seemed to cost more every year. He had never thought to be troubled with such questions. The vergers of St. Peter's, like the popes of Rome, were there for life.

He sighed deeply. It occurred to him that a cigaret would comfort him, and since he did not carry them he looked for a shop where he could buy a package. He did not at once see one, and walked on a little. It was a long street, with all sorts of shops in it, but there was not a single one where you could buy cigarets.

"That's strange," said Albert Edward.

He looked reflectively up and down. "I can't be the only man as walks along this street and wants a fag," he said. "I shouldn't wonder but what a fellow might do very well with a little shop 'ere. Tobacco and sweets, you know." He gave a sudden start. "That's an idea," he said. "Strange 'ow things come to you when you least expect it."

He turned, walked home and had his tea. "You're very silent this afternoon, Albert," his wife remarked.

"I'm thinkin'," he said.

He considered the matter from every point of view, and next day he went along the street and by good luck found a little shop to let. Twenty-four hours later he had taken it and when, a month after that, he left forever St. Peter's, Neville Square, he set up in business as a tobacconist and news-agent.

Albert Edward did very well. He did so well that in a year or so it struck him that he might take another shop and put a manager in. He looked for another long street that hadn't a tobacconist in it, and when he found it, took a shop and stocked it.

This was a success too; then it occurred to him that if he could run two he could run half a dozen. In the course of ten years he had acquired no fewer than ten shops and he was making money hand over fist. He went to all of them himself every Monday, collected the week's takings and took them to the bank.

One morning, the cashier told him that the manager would like to see him. He was shown into an office and the manager shook hands with him.

"Mr. Foreman, I wanted to have a talk with you about the money you've got on deposit with us. D'you know exactly how much it is?"

"Not within a pound or two, sir; but I've got a rough idea."

"Apart from what you paid in this morning, it's a little over thirty thousand pounds. That's a very large sum to have on deposit and I should have thought you'd do better to invest it."

"I wouldn't want to take no risk, sir. I know it's safe in the bank."

"You needn't have the least anxiety. We'll make you out a list of absolutely gilt-edged securities."

A troubled look settled on Mr. Foreman's distinguished face. "I've never 'ad anything to do with stocks and shares and I'd 'ave to leave it all in your 'ands," he said.

The manager smiled. "We'll do everything. All you'll have to do next time you come in is just to sign the transfers."

"I could do that all right," said Albert uncertainly. "But 'ow should I know what I was signin'?"

"I suppose you can read," said the manager a trifle sharply.

Mr. Foreman gave him a disarming smile. "Well, sir, that's just it. I can't. I know it sounds funny-like, but there it is, I can't read or write, on'y me name, and I on'y learnt to do that when I went into business."

The manager was surprised. "That's most extraordinary."

"You see, it's like this, sir. I never 'ad the opportunity until it was too late and then somehow I wouldn't. I got obstinate-like."

The manager stared at him as if he were a prehistoric monster.

"And do you mean to say that you've built up this important business and amassed a fortune of thirty thousand pounds without being able to read or write? Good Lord, man, what would you be now if you had been able to?"

"I can tell you that, sir," said Mr. Foreman, with a smile. "I'd be verger of St. Peter's, Neville Square."

what a whale of a difference just a few buttons make

YES
and what a whale of a difference just a few cents *make*

A definite extra price
for a definite extra
tobacco-goodness

fatima
CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

There Was a Prince *by Sinclair Lewis* (*Continued from page 45*)

agreeable and smiling. Always he was a smiling man. But he grew soberer by the minute. At first, in the luxury of having vintage Burgundy and Napoleon brandy after twenty-four months of willow-leaf tea, in the ecstasy of being amid his own kind, he had drunk the toasts deep and shouted to them in that golden lofty room.

But he discovered that these table-side warriors were not his own kind! No, none of them, from the starred Grand Duke Gregory to the youngest captain.

Most of them had fought bravely enough in the war—as bravely as they had drunk. But few of them had ever sat at a desk in the Ministry of Finance, fewer of them had worked in the hayfields beside a Vanka. Wasters—yes, and fools!

Fat chance of Britain or Japan or Italy devoting its citizenry to reconquering Russia on behalf of a few thousand exiles! He hated the Bolsheviki, but at least the Bolos were buying tractors, teaching the peasants, reorganizing factories, building military planes, and not sitting in banquet halls admiring themselves and their political cunning through mists of cognac-colored self-pity.

These spoiled lads fight the Soviets? It was like trying to put out a volcano with atomizers!

That night, in the bedchamber with buhl cabinets and wall-panels of yellow damask to which Gregory had assigned him, Kostja undressed drearily, and wistfully determined to give up the luxury which he had just regained.

"I am no more a prince because I once had the title than I am a soldier because I once wore the uniform," he sighed. "I am a poor man with no job! I am a plain human being. And what better? Vanka was a plain human being! Better to be a street-cleaner than a beggar honeying up to a grand duke for bed and board!"

Within two weeks, he had a position as clerk in the Paris branch of the great Vigilance Trust Company, of New York, at a hundred dollars a month. He also had—despite Duke Gregory's bearded and alcoholic protests—a small clean room on the Rue Jacob, which looked out on a cobbled court, nineteen clothes-lines, a retired beer keg and cat-haunted roofs.

From his first week's salary, he bought eighteen French and English novels and a book on American corporation law, which he set out on a wooden shelf in his room above his quivery and emotional cot-bed, and at which he looked admiringly.

It was perhaps a little self-dramatizing and ridiculous, conceivably as childish as the belief of the mob about Grand Duke Gregory that they still counted, but Prince Kostja had as much fun out of being a Plain Workman as—as a workman would out of suddenly becoming a Prince. He took pleasure and accumulated self-respect in going to cheap restaurants and not overtipping one sou, in walking to work, in giving his name at shops not as Prince anything but as plain Mr. C. Kievsky.

If sometimes he overdid his independence, he avoided the humiliations of the refugees who sold their company for free dinners, who endured being pawed over by parvenus in return for stock-market tips, who lived in Etoile apartments and did their own washing secretly in the bathroom, and tried to "borrow" the rent money from American millionaires.

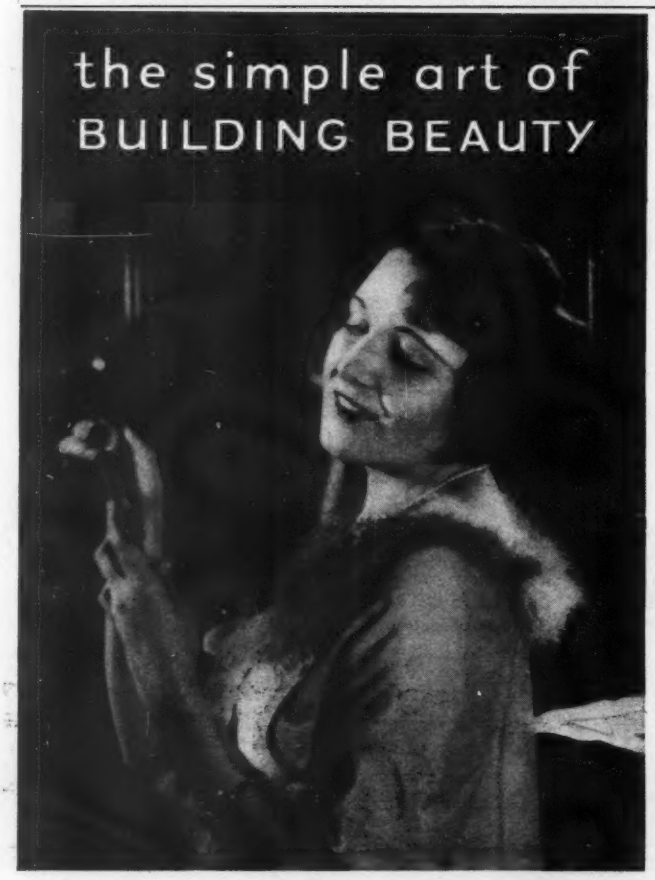
If the genuine Russian refugee colony annoyed Kostja, the fake one maddened him.

Of course everyone knows that, in Paris, all taxi drivers with beards are Russian princes, all cabaret doormen have been colonels in the Russian Royal Guard, and all waitresses who speak no known language are Russian princesses in disguise. Kostja thought they were a little too much in disguise, and he was slightly sick when he heard tourists yearning over the nobility of some flat-footed waitress who was obviously the daughter of a Saratov fur dealer. He was glad, then, that he had become an honest mister.

But in the bank he had to go on being a prince.

For rich American women with glossy daughters, on their first trip to Europe, there was no greater attraction than a certified prince caged behind a bank counter where they could get at him. Kostja, as soon as he learned the ways of the bank, was advanced from the hidden bookkeeping room to the exposed letter-of-credit counter; from a hundred dollars a month to two hundred, then three. His superiors apologized for wishing the wives of railroads and oil fields and motor factories off on him, but assured him that they would show appreciation.

He didn't like it. The good ladies called him "prince" once a minute, and he cynically realized that it was not to do him honor in his humble exile but to have the satisfaction of saying that magic word. They simpered at him, bridled at him, and invited him to dine



BUILDING beauty is an art—but one that is often misdirected.

For beauty is not so much outward as inward. It springs from an inner well-being—bringing vitality, charm and brilliance.

And while cosmetics may enhance, little wise precautions are the basic sources of beauty. Healthy blood means sparkling eyes. Wise dieting insures a smooth complexion. Careful mouth hygiene brings pearly teeth and coral gums—and a brilliant, flashing smile.

That is why women who have learned the secret of preserving charm pay such strict attention to guarding The Danger Line — why Squibb's Dental Cream is the choice of so many leaders of fashion and society. For Squibb's is made with more than 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. It brings protection against the dangerous acids that cause decay and tooth irritation and thereby threaten your health.

Each time you use Squibb's, tiny particles of the Milk of Magnesia are forced into all the

at the Ritz, lunch at the Ambassadeurs, motor with them to Chartres on Sunday. He felt like a trout during an Anglers' Annual Outing.

But with his increased salary, and the approval of his bosses assured, he became less interested in being plain Mr. Kievsky, rented a smart little flat on the Rue Nicolo, and had Grand Duke Gregory and an assortment of generals in for dinner . . . It was a good dinner, because Kostja cooked it himself, before bustling into evening clothes.

He admitted, a little sadly, that his days of pride in poverty were over; he even admitted that since so many people have, without much striving, attained to a high degree of poverty, perhaps it was nothing much to boast of. What then?

He had to advance, and apparently there was nothing for him in the Paris branch of the Vigilance save to perfect himself as a private cabaret performer for rich customers. He would not sell his title in marriage—Vanka's hovering ghost forbade it. Suppose he could get to America and use his considerable knowledge of foreign bonds?

Then the great Alvin S. Chuffee, president of the Vigilance Trust, came to Paris for his first visit, and Kostja was told off to guide him, because he knew Paris better than anyone else in the bank, and just possibly because he was a prince. Of course Mr. Chuffee was a great democrat, and titles don't mean anything to an American, but still——

Mr. Chuffee was a bachelor. He had sixteen million dollars, and a fondness for golf and first editions of Conrad; his bristly sandy mustache looked stupid, and his bright small eyes were like electric sparks. When Kostja had for an hour strained at trying to show him why Notre Dame and the Sainte-Chapelle were beautiful, old Alvin S.—as every banker in America called him—looked clean through him with those searchlight eyes, and drawled:

"Prince, don't work at it. I don't care if I don't see one single thing that I ought to. Folks are always saying, 'Well, I just wanted to be able to say I'd seen it.' Humph! I don't have to see a place to be able to *say* I've seen it! What I'd like to do is what you'd do yourself if you wanted to take a few days off and loaf around Paris. I'd like to set!"

They sat.

Kostja smiled at Alvin S. and led him to a café on the Left Bank where, from their table on a terrace, they looked on the Luxembourg Gardens and the procession of nursemaids, children, gendarmes, students. Alvin S. liked it and daily demanded that they return.

On their last afternoon together there, Kostja felt intimate enough to blurt:

"Mr. Chuffee, I want a real job! I'm not content to be a social ornament in the Paris branch, and my superiors there are so good that I'll never get their positions. I know a little something about international finance. I was assistant minister of finance in Russia——"

"Yes. Your father was minister. You handled the Norwegian loan."

"Well, then, I'd like a job, dealing with foreign bonds, in the home office. I'll go for twenty dollars a week—or whatever a chap can live on in New York."

"Prince—son—if you're aiming to be a millionaire, you've made two mistakes. First, you ought to've blown your own horn a little more, not loud, but just kind of delicately, so I'd've known more about your job in Petrograd, or Leningrad or whatever the darn place calls itself, without having to snoop around and ask questions, as I've been doing.

"Then you ought to've asked ten thousand a year, at least—if you're not worth that in the job you want, you aren't worth anything. I'll take you on at ten thousand, and raise you or fire you in six months. Well, let's finish my packing, and go see the Louvre."

One year later, Kostja was assistant manager of the foreign bond department of the Vigilance Trust Company in the New York office; and as it was on his advice that they had taken an allotment in the lucrative issue of Portuguese East Indies 8's, he was raised to twenty-five thousand a year, whereupon he took an imitation-Jacobean apartment, with fake hand-carved beams, on Fifty-seventh Street, and ceased entirely to work at being Plain and Poor Mr. Kievsky.

Shrugging, he admitted that the Americans would not let him give up being a prince. They wanted to snare him for dinner; he could not avoid them. Yet he did not—after Vanka and the hayfields he could not—feel superior to the real Plain and Poor, and always he was vanishing, of a Saturday afternoon or a Sunday, into crowds of the Plain and Poor, and finding them saltier, racier, than any Grand Duke Gregory.

He loved, when he landed, the bustle of America, the buildings in which, for the first time in history, business sought to express itself in splendor instead of hiding away in warehouses and back alleys. He went to Coney Island and picked up two giggling garment-worker girls and dined agreeably with them on hot dogs, soft-shell crabs, corn on cob and near beer—which queer foreign food he regarded exactly as a Cincinnati tourist would regard couscous in Algiers.

He flirted with the lovely daughters of American millions, and once almost became engaged; he played golf at Piping Rock and pool in a black-and-tan joint in Harlem. Then he realized that

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he had become stark lonely. Among the hundreds of people he had met and chattered with, he had neither friend nor sweetheart. The first exhilaration of this foreign land had passed into a routine of familiar drudgery, and he was a lonely bank clerk, no more the adventurer who had risked death beside Vanka in the snows of Russia.

KOSTJA had avoided other Russians in New York. They would, he told himself, be either fake-aristocratic refugees or pro-Bolsheviki, and he hated them, he told himself, equally.

But on a November evening when he had been in America for a year and a half, passing a hall in the Fifties which was placarded with announcements of a meeting "to demand the recognition of Russia," he had a homesick whiff of sheepskins and the salty Neva, and stalked into the hall.

The meeting was almost over. He stood at the back, by turns proud as the speakers hymned the greatness of Russia, and irritated as they praised the Communist government. He noted that an attractive Russian Jewish girl, also standing, was watching him. She was a shapely and merry young woman, with an amusing bunny face—big eyes, comic short nose, lovely mouth and funny little hands that it would be nice to pat.

As the meeting ended and he turned away, the girl edged toward him and murmured, in English, with a peppery flavor of Russian accent, "So we have been privileged to convert his Highness, Prince Kievsky!"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Oh, I am sorry, Tovarish. I did not mean to be rude. I heard you lecture once at the University of Leningrad—it was Petersburg, then, and I was a brat of twelve, and you could not have been twenty-five, yourself. Swiss taxation you lectured on. My father was Professor Goldvogel."

"But he was a Social Democrat! The Bolos killed him! And you a Tovarish?"

"I know. It was bad. But the Social Democrats would have killed the Bolsheviki if they could, and your people would have killed both of us. And there is no other government. Who loves Russia must be a Bolshevik. Yes, I am a good Tovarish—I t'ink so!"

She had such a warm, funny little glow about her. She was to the exile, Kostja, all the talk and experiments that had been Russia; she was all the salons of the "intellectuals" to which he had escaped from the presence of tall and pale and horribly prejudiced Great Ladies. He wanted to keep her—to keep his Holy Russia—and dozens of the comrades were brushing past them, shouting at her, "Hello, Genka," and, "Come to the Gypsy Caravansary with us, Miss Goldvogel."

"Look here," urged Kostja. (It is impossible to indicate when they spoke in English, when in Russian; they slid from one to the other without reason, and threw in enough French and German to have dizzied an honest American.) "Look here. Come and have—— If you have sat under my inspired teaching, you must treat me with reverence. Come and have a cup of coffee with me. Or a cognac!"

"No. I am not a democrat. I cannot afford to be seen with a prince!"

"Rats!" Heaven had inspired him with the proper argument in "Rats!" Had he tried anything more elaborate, Eugenia Goldvogel—Genka—would have tied him up in sailor knots. He tucked her arm under his and, a little astonished, she went with him out of the hall.

"But just the same—if you must be an old-fashioned cave man," said Genka, "let us not go to some horrible bourgeois restaurant. Let us go to my apartment."

She had, in a dirty and lively block on Hester Street, a two-room apartment containing a small cot, a stove the size of a milk pail, and two thousand books. But the important thing was that she had a samovar. Now any Russian above the grade of muzhik, and many below, needs only two things: a samovar which provides tea twenty-four hours a day, and talk about the soul and syndicalism which continues rather longer.

Till two of the morning, Kostja and Genka Goldvogel sat making love by the proper Russian method of quarreling over all known subjects. Each called the other a "bourgeois" every five minutes, and every ten was exasperated into breaking off the argument in a howl of pure rage.

The American hostesses who, as they saw Prince Kievsky sitting upright in a straight chair and purring to a dancing partner, whispered, "What charming reserved manners his Highness has!" would have goggled to behold his Highness flinging himself on the couch in despair, leaping up in fury, roaring with amusement, shaking his fist at the small defenseless girl, sitting on the floor, demanding where the deuce the cigarets had got to, and all the while guzzling the sickish-sweet tea.

Genka infuriated him, that infuriation which is cousin to ecstasy. Her job was respectable enough—secretary of the Tenement Reform Association—but in the evening she was not merely Communistic but an amateur organizer for the left-wing needleworkers' union. But when he took leave, he combined White and Red by calling her "Tovarish" and then kissing her hand.

"You dine with me at my little place, tomorrow? I will have this biologist you talk about, Harrington, for you."

"Very vell, comrade," she said.

He told himself that Genka was the first really learned person whom he had met these months, and incidentally that she was a gay and valiant and charming girl—and that of course he had no interest in the orphan waif save kindness toward a fellow exile.

He had the friend and the sweetheart for whom he had been lonely, and they were combined in little Genka. They spent a winter week-end at a rackety radical boarding house in Connecticut, where he was denounced by her Bolsheviki; and at his flat she met the younger bankers and was amiably denounced by them.

He was altogether happy for the first time since 1914. His happiness was made complete by receiving from Paris a letter with the somewhat curious address:

A son altes M. lu, Prince Kievsky
oh swan de M. lu Duc Gregory
Reedebac Pary Frence.

And that letter, addressed in a strange hand, mailed in Shanghai, contained a penciled note from Kostja's savior, Vanka!

He had been picked up by the border guard, tacked together in the hospital and sent to prison in Siberia. The note was to be smuggled out by a released anarchist, "who will write the address beautifully in French."

Vanka hoped that his Highness was well, and begged to be permitted to send his devotions and the news that he had talked to a fellow prisoner who had a cousin who knew a Soviet commander who said that the Czar was not dead, "and though your Highness has always laughed at me, you will some day find that old Vanka is right, and that his Imperial Majesty is a prisoner in a certain part of Turkestan which I dare not confide to paper."

Kostja yelped with happiness, and telephoned to Genka Goldvogel, expecting, with the most beautiful naïveté, to have that ferocious young Bolshevik sympathize with him—and she did!

With Genka he relived Petersburg—the smoking river, the bleak palaces, the nip of December air as the droshkies galloped out of the city between the gold and plaster villas of the newly rich, with crazy windows in every shape from keyholes to apoplectic shields. But this was nothing compared with that quality over which every writer has yearned and none explained—that "It" which made him like to be with her, made her tawny little paw pleasanter to touch than any pale and manicured delicacy.

Kostja was not so perfect a hero that he was above worrying a little as to what Mr. Alvin S. Chuffee would think of her. He fretted, and got it over by inviting them together. She talked to Alvin S. about the Lena gold-fields concession.

When she was gone, Kostja braced himself. He would be fired, of course, for he certainly was not going to be bullied into giving up the right to know any woman, or any man he chose.

"She's a Bolo, I guess," said old Alvin S. "Not a bad thing to know these Reds and get their slant. We may all have to work for 'em some day. Cute little girl. Now, as I started telling you before she came: As soon as we were anchored, I cast, and I got a strike right off. Well, sir, I figured it couldn't be less than a three-pounder——"

Being no more consistent than most of us, Kostja was disappointed that there was no more opposition to Genka. "Hang it, I was an adventurer, once! Now I am only a prince and a banker!"

JULY in New York, and a pretty imitation of hell.

Under the electric fans in his office, high up in the lofty new Vigilance Trust Building, Kostja's shoulders ached. When he crept to the window to look down, the tin roofs winked like hostile heliographs, and people crawled wearily.

Cole Whitney, the bond man, whom he had met at Meadowbrook, telephoned, "I'm going to skip off to Maine in my yacht. Come along."

"Like to, but I'm stuck here—negotiations about an Austrian water-power bond issue."

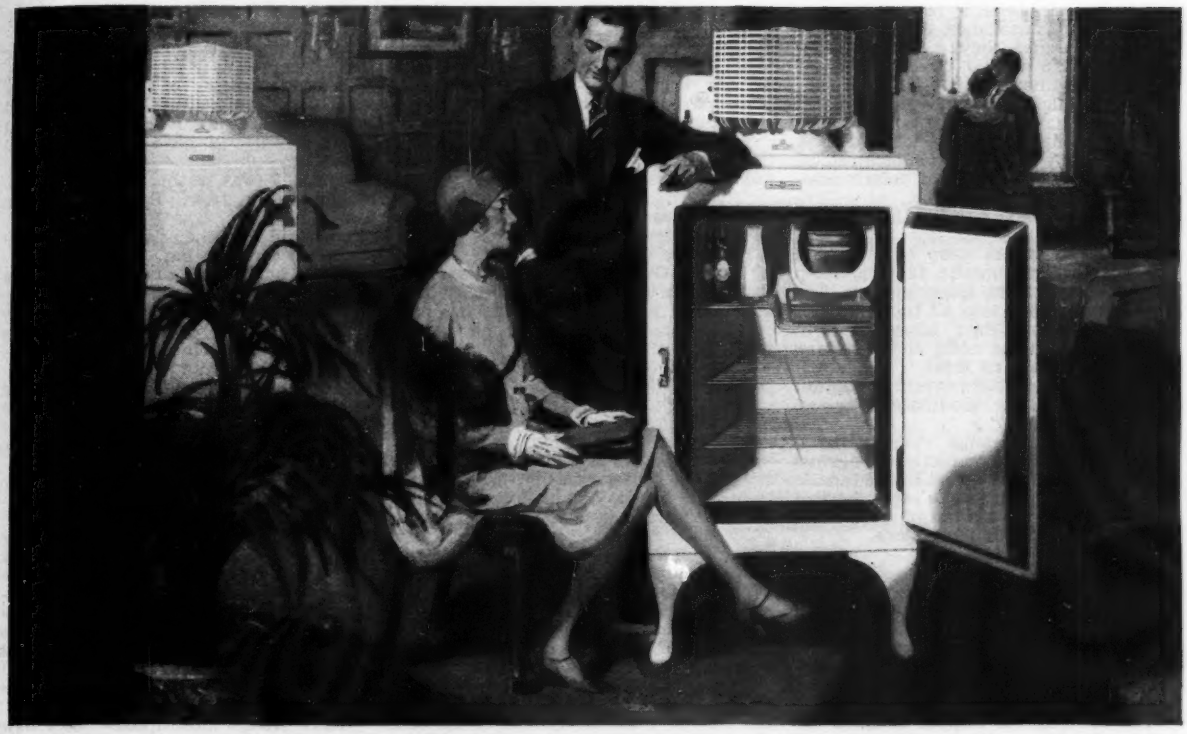
At four he telephoned to Genka. They dined at eight in the back yard of an Italian restaurant in Greenwich Village, on the theory that it would be cooler. It wasn't. Kostja's collar turned to a ring of hot and prickly mustard. Little drops gathered on Genka's olive-hued neck, and her normally sleek hair was disordered.

"Do I look as frowzy as I feel?" Genka demanded. "Don't you hate me? You must! You like women to be cool and *bien soignée*."

He answered with a sigh of hotness, and a slow, "I am happier with you, and more myself, than with anybody since many years. Perhaps just because you are so inconsistent as to forget you are a wild Red, and care how you look!"

"Kostja! It's so hot that we're closing the office next week, and I'm going off to the Catskills. Come along! Oh, you'll hate it! The place will be full of Reds like me—Jewish girls in knickers, laughing, talking, singing by the camp fire."

"Why do you go with people like that?"



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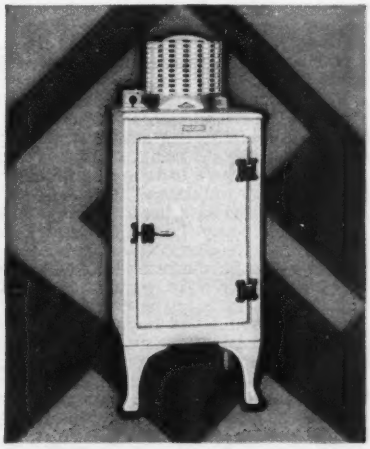

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"Merely because they're the keenest-witted, most honest, most eager people in America; because they're going to show up people like Alvin J. Chaffee and——"

"Alvin S. Chuffee, hang it!"

"——his Highness, Prince Kievsky, who have sold their souls for a dollar."

"Oh, no, my dear; for a lot of dollars, with which we support the nice radical magazines and the tenement reform associations."

They were off. A little thing like a city imitating the steam room of a Turkish bath could not keep two Russian intellectuals of opposite factions from pounding the table, shaking their fists and going lightly into all the details of economics from Karl Marx to Will Rogers. But in the midst of their ideas, Kostja really had an idea:

"Come! I will show you a mountain top—a millionaire's mountain top—just forty blocks away!"

She protested against their taking a taxicab. She always protested against it. But then, as she wasn't such a fanatic as to refuse to ride in one after she had done the proper amount of protesting, there was no serious harm done.

THEY dismounted at the Vigilance Building, and he led her into the lobby, tall and cool as a cathedral, lined with marble columns. One elevator was running; Kostja was recognized as an official; and they were taken to the mountain peak which was the top of the building, fifty stories above the street.

The building was stepped back, in the new mode of skyscraper architecture, and the top was not spacious. It was a tiny plateau, covered with narrow wooden slats, surrounded by a low parapet and broken only by a water tank and the penthouse at the top of the elevator shaft.

There was a breeze, but even without it they would have forgotten the heat in that volcanic glory. The hundred million lights of the city cast upward on the sultry clouds above them the red splendor of an eruption, and as they stood at the edge of the roof, North River with its quiver of lights seemed to boil with the heat, and a searchlight on a towering hotel was like a stab of fevered pain.

"Oh, Lord," he said, "this city is too much for me! These Americans—so brisk, so hard! I'm a farmer from the steppes—a Vologda farmer. I want to crawl inside your foolish, fantastic, sweet European mind and rest and be cool!"

From the river, the irritable howl of a liner to sail at midnight.

"Listen! Genka! The old lady is going! She's impatient. She's calling us. In a week we could be in the Alps, or Baden-Baden. Europe! And you are Europe! When you marry me, we shall go back, *nicht wahr?*"

"No. I shall marry some earnest young American uplifter with no sense of humor, and he and I will go around spreading Communism, and then when we are fifty, we will find ourselves considered old-fashioned by the new batch of Serious Thinkers, and we will retire to a horrible shack in Connecticut and hate everybody.

"And you—it is fate, we cannot escape! —you will marry a lovely American girl and a million along with her, and you will be one of the beauties of the beach at the Lido—almost as interesting as a sand crab—and you will tell her about your grubby little Genka and laugh at her and her radicalism—and at yourself, the night you stood on a mountain top and were a little childish and mad with the heat!"

He cut through her arguments with a kiss, and the two lost Russian children, prince and pauper, banker and Communist, crouched side by side, their backs against the low wall, their heat-wearied legs thrust out awkwardly, humble and dispirited as servants on a park bench, in that strange little upland of slatted wood fifty stories above the world.

"Genka! You've got to give it up, this Communist nonsense. Think! They killed your father!"

"That's why I can't give it up! That sacrifice mustn't have been vain. Why don't you give up your worn-out aristocracy and be one of us?"

"Never! Give up the loyalty, the faith, the honor of my father, my grandfather, my friends that the Bolos killed or drove out to shameful exile? I'll never give up their faith!"

"Vell, child, I suppose I would despise you if you did!"

"But Genka, my little soul of unhappy Russia, I adore you!"

Her hands, hot little hungry paws, told him that however she hated Prince Kievsky, she loved Kostja Pavlovitch, and they were silent, as the breeze fainted and round them crept the torment of the stilly air.

She sprang up, to wail, "But what are we going to do? You are Prince Charming, I am Cinderella. And I like you too well, you know. We talk—talk—how every Russian talks!—but what are we going to *do?* Listen! I am not one of your cold Yankees! I am afraid to be with you. I shall never see you again!"

They talked furiously, leaning on the low wall fifty stories up, but to the end she persisted, "No, never again." When she begged, "Please! Be kind to me! Let me be wise before I completely make a fool of myself," he said abruptly, "Yes. Perhaps. Kiss me, and—I won't see you again."

He abruptly left her at the entrance to the tenement house on Hester Street, with a grim, "Good luck, my child."

And, as he was never to see her again, he did not telephone to her till after eleven, next morning, and he went with her to the buzzing, bouncing camp of East Side radicals (which he hated) for only two days.

Old Alvin S. called Kostja in, to grumble, "Son, I think that, along with a few other little countinghouses, we're going to lend the Bolos a billion or so to spend on American tractors and machinery. Balechefsky, the assistant director of the Soviet State Bank, will be here in two weeks. You're to take charge of our part of the negotiations. But you better search Balechefsky's beard to make sure there aren't any bombs concealed in it!"

Kostja was uncomfortable about meeting Balechefsky. He wanted to resign, and then assassinate the excellent director. How would the hound treat him? Would he insist on being rude? Would he call him "Tovarish" or "Mister"?

No, what he'd do would be to call him "Prince," with ironic quotation marks in his voice. And he'd wear ostentatiously shabby clothes and a black soft shirt, and make nasty references to capitalism.

But when Kostja dutifully put on morning clothes and top hat and called on Balechefsky at the Ritz, he found a small, compact, quiet-eyed, quiet-voiced man whose only whiskeriness for the concealment of bombs was a mustache as small and guardsmanlike as Kostja's own. He wore a braided black jacket and striped trousers which shrieked of London, and his boots were varnished.

He shook Kostja's hand casually, and easily he said, "Monsieur, do you mind my saying that it is a great pleasure to have you among the people with whom I hope to confer? I know so well your writings about city-bonding."

And when Balechefsky came to the formal dinner at Kostja's flat, he said, with just a shading of pleasant apology in his voice, "Monsieur, I have ventured to bring you a few Russian cigarets. I doubt if you will have had many real ones since—uh—since——"

"Since I was rather abruptly summoned away from Russia! Thanks awf'ly!"

Thus did Balechefsky become an intimate of Kostja's flat.

Kostja and Genka and he talked in a homesick way of Russia—and kept away from the controversial things which they most wanted to discuss. Increasingly Genka was like their hostess; she was the wall which prevented the friendly enemies from getting at each other; and what was more important, it was she who went out to the ice box to mix their cocktails. There is no sign of intimacy, no clasping of hands, no exchange of understanding glances, which means so much as the right of unchaperoned access to the beloved's refrigerator.

Kostja could not decide whether he the more hated Balechefsky as a Bolshevik or loved him as a Russian. And Balechefsky said to Genka one evening, "Tovarish, if Monsieur Kievsky won't be offended at my saying so, I don't care so much now whether I take any credits back to the U. S. S. R., because anyway I shall take the benign recipe for these cocktails."

"Hm!" Kostja interrupted. "So I have but to wait, and the Soviets will come to my standpoint about——"

"Have you seen 'Strange Interlude,' Tovarish Balechefsky?" said Genka hastily, and for the hundredth time kept her men from saying what they really thought and otherwise misbehaving.

BALECHEFSKY was in Washington. Kostja, in slippers and a by-no-means princely old dressing-gown, was reading a detective story which could have given him almost no information about debentures and reparations. He lolled in his beamed and overcarved living room, in a deep chair, his feet out on another, this cool October evening, and was at peace.

He kept no servant of his own; he depended on the house servants; and it was the elevator man who rang at his door with a worried, "Say, prince, there's a fuzzy-looking old bozo downstairs that don't talk English real good—somepun fierce—and he says he's got to see you."

"One of Genka's confounded Red friends," considered Kostja, and, irritably, "Bring him up, but wait."

He remained at the outer door, and so it was that he saw, emerging from the elevator, red beard jutting and tangled, eyes wild, his savior-guardian-servant, the living dead man—Vanka.

And so weary he was—for he had escaped from Siberia, wandered overland through China, made his way to San Francisco in the stokehold of a tramp steamer, been smuggled quite illegally into the United States, worked in a not particularly pleasant garbage-rendering plant while awaiting word from Paris, and tramped his way to New York—so sick and dispirited was Vanka that (to the joy of the elevator man) he kissed Kostja's cheeks only eighteen or nineteen times, then wept and howled for one half-hour in the kitchen, and afterward brightened up to assure Kostja that he had proof that the Czar was not dead, as these ill-informed and stubborn people insisted on believing.

Kostja had liked getting rid of the

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bother of private servants. Now he had a very private servant. Vanka took charge of everything.

Kostja began to long for the independence of his little furnished room in Paris as Vanka, with a weak and quavering voice but undiminished belief that Kostja was still a child who had to be managed, decreed what he was to eat and wear, when he was to retire and awaken, and whom he might entertain.

On the evening after Vanka's appearance, Balechefsky came to dinner to tell what had happened in Washington. Kostja had begged Vanka to rest but he had insisted on serving dinner.

Kostja had told him that Balechefsky was an Excellency, and Vanka was graciously willing to let him come. But before Vanka had cocked his large red ear over the tray of *hors d'œuvres* for two minutes, he knew that this was an infernal Bolshevik, and instantly he prepared to save his master again. He spilled a portion of Balechefsky's soup on his arm, snatched his fish away before he had finished, failed to fill his wineglass and stood over by the buffet, behind Kostja's back, glaring.

"Your servant does not like me. I am sorry if I have offended him," said Balechefsky, over coffee in the living room.

Kostja explained.

"I know, perhaps, how he feels," meditated Balechefsky. "My brother was hanged as a revolutionist when I was sixteen. I was in prison. I escaped to Switzerland. It is hard not to hate. It is hard not to confuse flags with human hearts. It would perhaps be better now if we met at restaurants. Let us go down now to my suite for cognac, eh?"

Afterward—Vanka sat up till one in the morning for him—Kostja raged, "What do you mean by being rude to my guest, eh, eh?"

Vanka waved his arms as though he were stopping a train. "Kostja Pavlovitch, who taught you to shoot, to ride, to swim? Who carried you on his back? Who saved your life at the Polish border? It seems now that I must save your honor! That a Kievsky should permit a sanguinary rebel in his house! His Highness your revered father would have said to me, 'Vanka, if you see my son so far disgracing the noble blood of the Kievskys, of the cousins of his Imperial Majesty——' "

In fact, Kostja apologized three or four times; and the week after he had to go out and look up half a dozen spotty Russian refugees of title and invite them to dinner, solely to please Vanka.

As for Genka—Kostja had telephoned to her about the return of the Prodigal Father, and she flocked in to greet him: "Welcome, Tovarish Vanka!"

The dictator glowered at her, he said stiffly the Russian equivalent of "Good evening, miss!" he took her coat and announced at the living-room door, "A woman demands to see your Highness."

Then, Kostja really was going to discharge him—or quietly take him out and shoot him, which would have been easier.

Genka protested, "No, idiot! Where in the world will you find such loyalty? I will convert your Vanka to Communism."

"And then you two will sneak radical tracts into my bath towels! What a life I shall lead, either way!"

And it was all very good.

The thing that had kept these childish romantics from any intimacy closer than a restless friendship was the fact that there had been no opposition—Alvin S. Chuffee had not objected to Genka; Comrade Balechefsky had not denounced Kostja. They were both free, a most undramatic state for lovers.

Now the stern father Vanka made their affection something not merely to die for but actually to take a little trouble for. They met on street corners, in subway stations; they had the anxious sweetness of half-hours together in her little flat, after which he would hurry back to Vanka and report that he had been out with Colonel Count Minsikoff.

The one time when he dared to take her to the theater, and afterward tried to act like a prince and refuse to tell Vanka where he had been, the old man began to wail, "Did I not save your life?" and Kostja surrendered.

When he met Genka for dinner, Kostja felt guilty. He was sure that he was spied upon by one of the swarm of titled refugees who, now that he had let them in to please Vanka, had descended upon him to borrow his money, to drink his Scotch. He superstitiously felt that if any of them saw him with a female known to be a Bolshevik, they would tattle to Vanka, and his evenings at home would become a torment of being forgiven and of having his life saved all over again.

Hiding in a booth at an absurd and smelly Chinese restaurant, along with furtive and evil children of the night, his Highness Prince Kievsky and the efficient secretary of the Tenement Reform Association held hands like a runaway couple of sixteen and, in the terrible shadow of that single-minded old man, they were able to forget a minor thing like the Russian revolution, an abstract and bloodless thing like the world-struggle between the brotherhood of breeding and the brotherhood of work.

"What do we care!" Kostja cried. "We are not Russians now, you and I; we are both Americans . . . I must dash out and telephone to Vanka, or he will sit up and suffer at me again tonight!"

Yes, they were as American as icons or caviar. But they believed it; they were happy in believing that they had become Main Street lovers—for keeps.

Then Vanka was struck down in the 'flu epidemic. In a week it was pneumonia. Kostja neglected conferences with Balechefsky—he even neglected dining with Genka—to sit beside the old man in the hospital. Before he crept into death, Vanka suddenly seemed strong, his thin voice that of the Vanka who had once hallooed to the hounds:

"Little Kostja! I did save your life, did I not? And here, I did show you what beastly people were these, that Red Commissar and that sneaking Goldvogel woman?"

"Yes, yes!" Kostja held his huge withered hand.

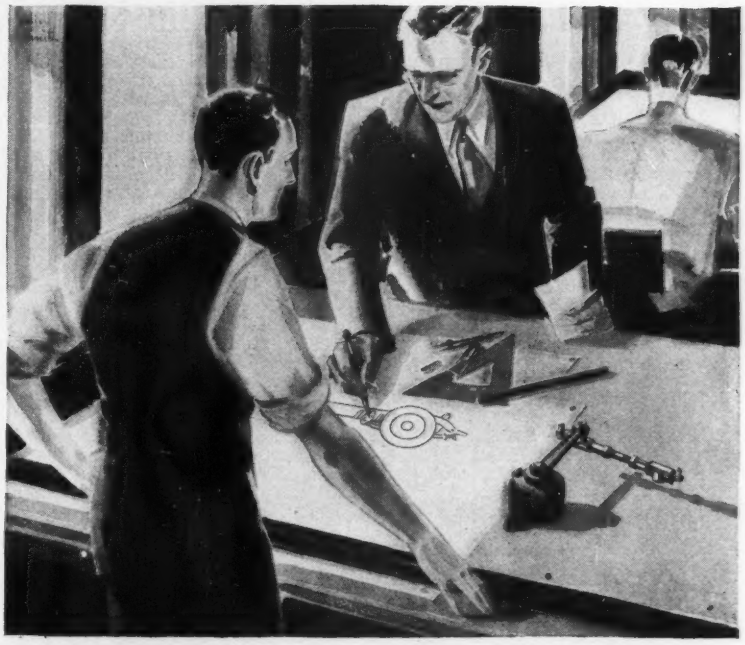
"I promised your father—— But always your Highness laughs at me, but I know! I am a man of sense! I am no rustic! I have been places! I have talked with many, in Siberia and China! And I tell you for a serious fact that his Imperial Majesty the Czar still lives, and if I were not afraid the newspapers would learn it, I would let you know the place. It is certainly in Siberia, though some say in Astrakhan . . ."

His raised head dropped on the pillow. He was unconscious to the end.

Kostja sighed and looked up with the bewildered blink of a man who has been staring at the sun. He tiptoed wearily away, and from a hospital reception room he telephoned to Genka.

"He is dead, Genka. How terrible are the virtuous meek! Now Vanka will be with me forever. Forever I shall be trying to please him, unless—— There is one thing that will save me from dwelling in his shadow!"

"I will save you, little Kostja!" she said.



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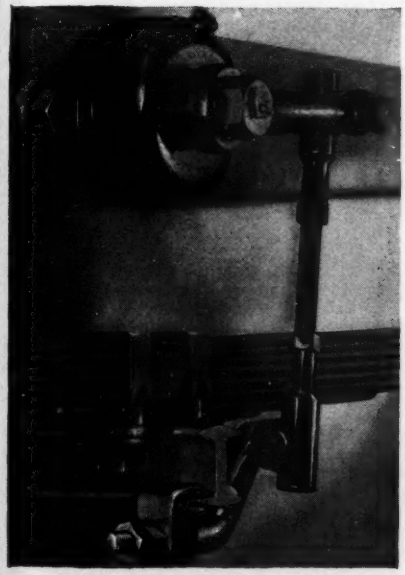

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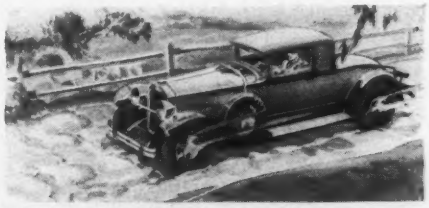

The Smoothest Ride over the Roughest Roads to Anywhere

That Affair in the Latin Quarter (*Continued from page 91*)

fetishes of automobile of Hyacinthe are ripping."

"It is true?" called Clélie.

"I assure thee. Us, we are artists, Hyacinthe and me, all the two, but never jealous the one of the other. Veritably of the grand friends. It is moving, is it not? It is rare . . . Art thou ready, loved?"

"I come to terminate," said Clélie, stepping out, dressed.

Both Hyacinthe and Auguste stared at her, Hyacinthe with a pang of regret in his heart. In her kimono he had observed only her spiritual face. But now she was attired in a sport costume with a closely fitting sweater, and the sculptor realized that she possessed the willowy physique he had been trying ineffectually to imagine for his dancer.

AT ONCE Hyacinthe decided to put up graciously with this invader. Perhaps, if he were amiable, Théophile would lend Clélie to him later on.

"How is it arrived that thou art here, Clélie?" he asked.

"It is better for Théophile to explain," answered the girl.

"Clélie was other times a manikin for a dressmaker," Théophile narrated the simple annal, "but always has she let herself to go into some transports of tenderness for the art. In effect, she has had envy to become an artist herself.

"Well"—Théophile preened himself—"she has encountered me. See there! It is all! Clélie has quitted the bourgeoisie and joined herself to the liberal companionship of the veritably intelligent. Happily, she does not love the silver."

"Thou deceivest thyself, little rabbit," Clélie corrected him. "Me, I love strongly the silver. In the end it was to gain silver that I have commenced the art."

"It is difficult to gain very much," Théophile cautioned her.

"I have heard that Marie Laurençin touches thirty thousand francs for each one of her paintings," argued Clélie.

"But cherished, there are several other artists. The most part of us others are lucky to sell that which it may be for it imports not what."

"Me, I am going to bring thee luck," said Clélie confidently.

"It appears that she has commenced to do that already," observed Hyacinthe, who had been studying Théophile's painting.

"In what?" asked Théophile.

"Thy chief of work here, my dear," said Hyacinthe. "Already that marches better, the technique, eh?"

"And how!" agreed Théophile enthusiastically. "One had searched the impossible, without a model. If that canvas accepts itself at the Salon, it will be thanks to thee, Clélie."

"*Hé!* When is one going to eat?"

"In this moment, glutton," Théophile roared back at him. "Let's go there. There is in the treasury how much? Fourteen francs? It is well sufficient. At least, Auguste, one can survive."

The Three Musketeers of the Rue Vercingétorix, joined now by this feminine d'Artagnan, marched abreast, arms interlocking arms, to the Rue de la Gaîté. But Théophile kept Clélie out on the end, next to himself.

"*Hélas!*" lamented Auguste on the other end, looking across at the girl. "If poets only had need of models!"

By the end of two weeks Clélie had fitted into the ménage of the three artists as snugly as if she had always belonged there, and, aside from the trifling circumstance that Clélie's cookery proved to be indifferent, the two friends of Théophile could find no fault in her.

Indeed, it seemed that Clélie might be fitting too snugly there—as if already the liberal fellowship of the intellectual might be losing its charm for her.

"Is it that all artists dwell like this?" she asked Hyacinthe one morning, as she was putting her studio in order. "Always hungry."

"Well, it is not a regulation of the prefect, thou comprehendest, my dear; but the state of hunger is not rare."

"The artist of my ideal," observed Clélie, "is that one who gains enough on which to live."

"One always hopes," sighed Hyacinthe.

"That is true," acknowledged Clélie contritely. "And me, I am assured that my Théophile is going to have of the grand success with his nude."

Hyacinthe had an uneasy feeling that her confidence might be justified. There was no doubting the benefit that Théophile was receiving from his volunteer model. Hyacinthe was not jealous of Théophile, but—there on the stand stood always that dreadful tragedy in clay.

So while Clélie was finishing her work, Hyacinthe stepped over to Théophile's studio. He noted the canvas on the easel—the new assurance in treatment, the increased delicacy of line and form, the fidelity of color in that young body.

"Théo," he asked abruptly, "wilt thou lend me Clélie to pose for me?"

"Demand me my coat," answered Théophile dramatically; "demand me my brushes, my hands, even my eyes. But not Clélie. No, no, my old one. Question of honor. And thou art far too handsome."

After that there was a shade of coolness between Hyacinthe and Théophile. And Auguste, too. Together the two outcasts agreed that Théophile had become conceited, and—added Hyacinthe—avaricious, because he would not lend Clélie to be the model for the dancing girl.

"He had reason," approved Auguste. "You artists, why can you not imagine your personages, like a poet? It indicates a lack of talent. Always to have the model, nude—it is disgusting."

So here was another restraint come among the three friends. Auguste now devoted his afternoons to the fashioning of highly modern equivalents of sonnets to Clélie's penciled eyebrow, while day after day Hyacinthe brooded despondently before the clay dancer.

"Théo has not even tried, as he promised, to make some commerce in deadnatures," complained Clélie to Hyacinthe one morning. "Always he works upon the nude. Thanks to heaven, that will be over tomorrow."

"And then, Clélie," began Hyacinthe eagerly, taking a disloyal plunge, "wilt thou pose for me?"

"Thou wantest to say—all nude?"

"Well, for the dancer here."

"I could do that only for someone I loved," she said.

"Couldst thou learn to love me, Clélie?"

"Who knows?" she replied in a hard tone. "In this moment I could love whom it might be who could buy me a passable meal."

That night Hyacinthe greeted the other three in Théophile's studio with enthusiastic heartiness. He had been out and found a grand commission—under the great Bourdel upon the sculptures of the new cinema theater in the Champs-Elysées—and for very much of silver.

"Then one is going to eat again," rejoiced Auguste. "Mutton, for example; mutton boiled until the fat——"

"Yes, yes," Hyacinthe interrupted him. "One is familiar with the rest of that hymn. However, thou shalt have it all the first dinner."

And Hyacinthe was as good as his word when he brought home a pocketful of money a few nights later. Clélie, however, was something of a disappointment at the gas rings.

"Me, I love better the restaurant," she admitted frankly.

Afterwards, Hyacinthe, making pretense of helping her wash the dishes behind the screen, whispered long with Clélie; and next evening they went out together to a restaurant, leaving a note for the abandoned Théo. On the following evening Hyacinthe found only Auguste and Clélie in the painter's studio.

"Théo is furious with us," Clélie announced. "He would not encounter thee at the dinner I am making, but is gone to the café."

"So much the worse for him," commented Hyacinthe, unrepentantly.

Twenty-four hours later Clélie again joined Hyacinthe for dinner out; and this time, after they left the restaurant, the two culprits were brazen enough to return to Théophile's studio. The painter jumped to his feet, white with rage.

"If this proposes itself as a social visit, Monsieur," he said in a shaking voice, "one does not make that esteem of it."

"It is only to inform thee that thou art at last circumvented," Hyacinthe replied, no less inimically. "Clélie is going to pose for me in despite of thee."

"Clélie will never pose for you, Monsieur."

"She commences this evening," Hyacinthe announced imperturbably.

"If she goes, she can dispense herself of reentering here—ever!" cried Théophile. "Thou comprehendest, Mademoiselle?"

"One is well content," flared the girl. "At least the sculpture is as good an art for learning as the painting."

"Then for the love of heaven," burst out Théophile, "take your sacred effects and go!" He began tearing her flimsy dresses down from their hooks.

"Thanks, Monsieur," said Clélie, with bitter sarcasm. "You are well polite."

Hyacinthe stooped and helped her cram her things haphazardly into her suitcase. He picked up the valise, and she silently preceded him to the door.

"Attend!" shouted Théophile suddenly.

He went to the wall and snatched down an opened leather case, like a violin box. It contained against a velvet background two dueling rapiers—Hyacinthe's sole heritage and his sole contribution to the decoration of this room.

"Take your sacred family butchering tools," shrilled Théophile, thrusting the box into Hyacinthe's free arm.

Hyacinthe made as if to drop his burden. "I'll break thy beast's face for thee," he threatened imminently.

But Théophile had rushed at him like a goat. The impact catapulted Hyacinthe through the door, spilling him and his baggage on the gravel at Clélie's feet. He scrambled up; but the door banged shut, and the lock clicked.

"Open to me, coward!" roared Hyacinthe, kicking frantically at the panels.

There was no sound from within.

WINTER waned; northern afternoons raced to greater length; and then spring laid upon Paris a new mantle of penetrating green. The work had taken long since Hyacinthe's commission occupied his days and there remained only the short evenings for Clélie to hold the tiring pose and for Hyacinthe to model. But now it was over—a week before the

opening of the Salon. Hyacinthe studied the damp clay figure critically. He could find no fault with it. It was all that he had dreamed.

Where was Clélie? This was the evening they had planned to begin the casting of the dancer in the plaster of Paris. Clélie was the one slight annoyance to mar Hyacinthe's complete satisfaction. Clélie had made peace with the enemy. She had recently informed Hyacinthe that Théophile, too, had obtained a paying commission.

"Assisting some grand artist who makes portraits for the rich," she explained.

"Not Van Dongen?" said Hyacinthe.

"I do not recall. Something like that."

"Impossible!" scoffed Hyacinthe. "A painter of crusts to assist Van Dongen? No, no, cherished."

Where was Clélie, anyhow? In his impatient stalking around the studio, Hyacinthe caught sight of an envelope addressed to him. He opened it and read the enclosed note.

My Hyacinthe loved,
I am gone out with Auguste and Théo to dine. Attend me. Tender embraces,
Thy Clélie

Clélie had little difficulty in smoothing Hyacinthe's ruffled feelings when she returned that evening; but when on the next one she went out to dinner with Théophile alone, Hyacinthe expostulated.

"He had already invited me," she justified herself. "One could not tell thee yesterday in the evening—thou wert too cross. Théo has of silver now. It was a temptation for one time."

But it was impossible for Hyacinthe to remain angry about it long. The casting had come forth from its mold—delicate, white, beautiful upon its pediment—Hyacinthe had taken it in a taxicab to the Grand Palais, and then the triumph—a letter from the committee saying that "The Dancer" had been received into the sculpture section. Hyacinthe's great ambition was achieved at last.

When the proud artist returned from working on his commission next day, Clélie greeted him with a queer light in her eyes.

"That nude of Théophile's, cherished," she began, "it is accepted, too."

But Hyacinthe's own success had made him magnanimous. "It was not so bad, that crust," he said.

"But I——" Clélie paused at a tap on the door.

"Enter!" called Hyacinthe.

A SOBERLY coated gentleman came in.

"Monsieur Bonabeau?" he queried.

Hyacinthe nodded.

"Will you tell me something of yourself, master?" asked the stranger. "Your birthplace, your study, your——"

"But why, Monsieur?"

"I am from L'Illustration, master. Surely, when one carries off the silver medal of the Salon——"

"The—what?"

"There is a letter here for thee, Hyacinthe," said Clélie, "from the Salon."

Hyacinthe opened it with shaking fingers. "It is true," he announced finally in an awed voice. "I have taken the silver medal with 'The Dancer.'"

There was another tap at the door, and a second stranger entered. Then other taps, and more journalists, until the studio began to be full of them.

Hyacinthe expanded happily. He floated on air as he poeticized the romance of his career. And then, the universal question of journalists—his photograph. Well, he had never had one, but there was a photographer in the Rue Vercingétorix.

But it would be better for the master to patronize somebody used to dealing with the press—someone like Vandier, near the Arch of Triumph. And the master ought to go the next morning, in order to appear in their Saturday editions. Hyacinthe promised.

"Cherished, I had essayed to tell thee something when those gentlemen came in," said Clélie, when the last journalist had made his ceremonious exit. "Théophile also has carried off the silver medal—for the painting."

"What!" cried Hyacinthe. "With that chromo? What a destiny! To attain this supreme triumph only to find myself in the same bed with that ape. But at least," he consoled himself, "he will be too stupid to think of sending his photograph. I will receive the publicity."

Hyacinthe remained away from his commission that next Saturday to drain his cup of celebrity to the dregs. The woman who kept the news kiosk had been instructed to deliver the illustrated papers to him as fast as they appeared; and indeed Hyacinthe and Clélie were still sitting over their coffee when the messenger brought the first.

"It is well extraordinary," remarked Hyacinthe, examining this Salon edition and pausing at a page headed "The Medals of Silver," "that one has not edited my photograph in this place."

Clélie looked at the paper. True, there were two pictures in the midst of the page—photographs of men placed side by side. One was that of a young man of almost unreal beauty. A poetic face of a pulchritude that any screen idol might have envied.

The other depicted a lower type, decidedly lower. In fact, low. A brutal mustache straggled off in ropes toward his shoulders. Bushy brows rendered a porcine face still more heavy.

"What stupidity," exclaimed Hyacinthe, "to print such pictures here!"

"By contrary," observed Clélie calmly, "above these photographs is the title, 'The Gainers of This Year's Salon of Springtime.'"

Hyacinthe snatched the magazine from her. Then he uttered a sharp cry of anguish.

"Clélie," he wailed, "hast thou seen what I come to see?" He spread the page before her. "There!" he cried. "Under the photograph of that—that tavern-keeper—my name!"

"That is true," Clélie confirmed him judicially; "and under that other is the name of Théophile."

"Oh!" moaned Hyacinthe. "What an imbecile, that editor!"

"But," began Clélie, "if one covers that mustache and those eyebrows with the fingers like this, the rest does not resemble thee too badly."

"Not possible!" cried Hyacinthe.

"And that other," Clélie went on pitilessly, "it resembles itself to Théophile, too, though he is not so beautiful as that."

"It is all simply a gross blunder," Hyacinthe insisted. "I go at once to give that editor a stroke of the telephone."

But just then the newsboy staggered in with a whole load of journals.

"Eh, well," surrendered Hyacinthe to the temptation of this balm for his wounded vanity, "that editor can wait."

He picked up the top journal. There was no difficulty about finding the article on the medal winners. The picture of the ethereal young man labeled "Théophile Jacquier" identified it. Beside it, and above Hyacinthe's name, was the photograph of an individual one of whose eyes was distinctly out of parallel with the other.

"This idiot of an editor has picked out an *apache* to represent me!" he groaned.

And throughout the magazines a similar tale repeated itself. Hyacinthe saw himself depicted as bald, as having mutton-chop whiskers, as having widened nostrils and grossly thickened lips, with mismated ears, spectacled, tubercular. In fact, the illustrated press had broadcast as Hyacinthe Bonabeau a rogues' gallery of types.

And in inhuman contrast, juxtaposed to each of these caricatures shimmered always the dim, ecstatic countenance which an entire race of French editors insisted was that of the actually unprepossessing Théophile Jacquier.

"Thinkest thou," Hyacinthe moaned, "that one will submit to this without spirit? No, no, no. Each one of these editors is going to answer to me. But yes. In the tribunals.

"I will address verbal processes against them, attack them in defamation. I will amass myself millions. I consecrate my life to vengeance. But all the millions and all the pains and amends," he went on in a broken voice, "cannot dedamage me of my suffering now."

CLÉLIE, singularly unmoved, was looking at the magazines. Hyacinthe was struck by a sudden idea.

"One begins to understand," he exclaimed. "It was that villain photographer who has made the original crime. Ah, yes, he has distributed these bad photographs as mine. Well, those editors must attend my advocate; but as for that monster, I will regulate with him with my own hands, and right now."

Fifteen minutes later he burst in upon the photographer.

"Explicate that, Monsieur, if you can," he declaimed dramatically, spreading out the copy of L'Illustration. "Your signature is upon that picture, is it not? The name below it, is it not, is that of Hyacinthe Bonabeau? Well, Monsieur, I am Hyacinthe Bonabeau."

The photographer glanced at him, then at the illustration. "Evidently a default," he murmured. "Your quarrel, Monsieur, appears to be with the editor."

"And these others," asked Hyacinthe sarcastically, opening the magazines one by one, "are they all defaults too?"

"Extraordinary!" exclaimed the photographer, looking at them. "Such gentry—never in my salon; and this other—bizarre hazard, but it arrives, Monsieur, that I have an employee of that name."

He pointed to the picture of the beautiful young man.

"You employ Théophile Jacquier?" gasped Hyacinthe.

"Naturally, not the same," the photographer made haste to disclaim. "A certain resemblance, perhaps, but—the silver medal gained by a retoucher? No, no."

A light burst upon Hyacinthe. "A retoucher?" he repeated. "And by consequence one who could embellish one photograph and disfigure another?"

"Naturally a such thing is not done here, Monsieur."

"Show me that man," ordered Hyacinthe, breathing hard.

"Very well, Monsieur," yielded the photographer. "But no scandal!"

He led the way upstairs and into a small back room. There, bent over a slanted desk, sat Théophile.

"Enormous criminal!" roared Hyacinthe. "So this is your bandit's den where you assassinate the reputation!"

Théophile leaped to his feet and confronted him. "For your saying-itself reputation, thief, it was not assassination but legal execution," he charged back hotly. "The justice poetic for a conceited one willing to use his good mien to steal the friend of his friend. Well, see there my vengeance!"

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"What detestable crookery!" cried Hyacinthe. "Then, rascal, see there what one does to a crook!" He slapped Théophile violently upon both cheeks.

"Of the blood!" Théophile gasped inarticulately. "Honor! Honor! I call you in duel."

"Perfect!" agreed Hyacinthe, with a baleful smile. "What luck! And with my rapiers. It will give me the grand pleasure to kill such a perfidious. My second—Auguste—will arrange with the yours."

"Auguste is my friend," Théophile contradicted. "He will agitate himself of it for me. I will attain him first."

He made a dash for the door. Hyacinthe followed on his heels. They thundered down the stairs, neck and neck. A single taxi was cruising along the quiet street. Both sprinted in its direction, hurled themselves into it. Both shouted the address to the driver.

Together, they flung themselves into Auguste's apartment. Auguste and Clélie sprang apart with guilty looks which the antagonists were too excited to notice. The story came out piecemeal from their shoutings.

"I will serve neither of you," said Auguste coldly, when he could be heard. "Me, a gentleman, to agitate myself as second to a photographer's boy, or"—he looked at Hyacinthe—"a stonemason?"

"A stonemason!" exclaimed Théophile.

"That grand commission with Bourdel!" mocked Auguste. "Well, Clélie and I arrived to pass that new theater in the Champs-Elysées yesterday and saw there on a scaffold—Monsieur Hyacinthe in a workman's apron, chipping stones!"

"And almost have I soiled my hands on that type," cried Théophile in horror.

"Come, little rabbit," Auguste called to Clélie. "We will mock ourselves of these two impostors, as we had decided."

The girl went over to him.

"Thou leavest me, cherished?" half wailed Hyacinthe.

"With the only one who has not deceived me—Auguste."

"But my love," pleaded Théophile desperately, "with him thou wilt always have hunger. Rest with me, as thou hadst promised, and I swear that always thou shalt dine well."

"Torment thyself not of that," she advised him. "In effect, the papa of Auguste has softened himself. Auguste is even going to publish his poems of me. I will be famous. Of otherwise, I find that the art is not practical, since evidently one must work as a laborer to make his life. Me, I am going to learn the poesy."

They watched the slender graceful figure pass out beside the bulkier one of Auguste. The door closed. Hyacinthe's face was contorted with emotion.

"It is true," he said finally. "I was an impostor."

"Me also," answered Théophile.

There was a silence. Hyacinthe broke it. "One can be friends again, thinkest thou?"

"I believe that yes," said Théophile and came toward him. They clasped hands, gulping. Then Hyacinthe smiled.

"The silver medal, dear old one," he began, "that does not necessarily wish to say that one is going to gain of silver."

"That is true," agreed Théophile.

"In effect, one will be poor still. Me," said Hyacinthe animatedly, "I find that I love better the art pure with hunger than with dinners gained by tailoring stones and retouching photographs."

"We are of accord there, old one."

They both walked to the window and gazed down into the court.

"No more women," murmured Théophile, at length.

"Thou hast reason," Hyacinthe indorsed him. "And also, of poets not more."

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FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

This Madness

(Continued from page 87)

small parts during the past year, and along with all of his other work he looks up special properties and costumes for us, so as to make our settings accurate."

"Generous!" I commented, almost jealously, and thinking that perhaps, who could tell—was he not charming enough for any girl to be drawn to him? Then by reason of more questioning—most seriously done—it developed that this friendship between her and "Webb" was of considerably over a year's duration. But I could not prove that he was anything more than just a good, helpful friend.

Then one Sunday evening there was a party at young Collins' flat, where I met his wife and an interesting group of talented beginners.

Smart, sharp, liberal, even radical, were the arguments and conversations. Isms, plans, dreams were explained and advocated. Authorities quoted. Poetry recited and applauded. Songs sung.

And betimes, glances and emotions passed between the sexes, evoking what responses and passing into what intense actualities I might not guess.

But the youth and beauty of it all! Gone was New York, Aglaia, Elizabeth—the entire company I had known there.

For the time being I was convinced that I would stay on here indefinitely. Reason A: Sidonie. Reason B: a young, blossomlike blonde, the wife of a young editor, who bade fair to make me forget even Sidonie, for the night, at least.

I fancied I saw a curious, if not reproachful look in Sidonie's eyes as she watched us. But in the interim, as I also noted, certain intimate words and moods between her and Collins.

And finally, a decidedly jealous and trouble-intending inquiry on my part of the blond blossom concerning these two. Were they now, or had they ever been, interested in each other emotionally? Oh, had they! Were they! Why, there had been "a case" between them for nearly a year now. "And he and Selma" (Collins' wife) "are about to break up on account of her."

The devil! Confound it! Here I was dreaming a dream of complete innocence in Sidonie's case, afraid to speak, thinking to let her go unspoiled, her youthful bloom and innocence retained, sacrificed to another!

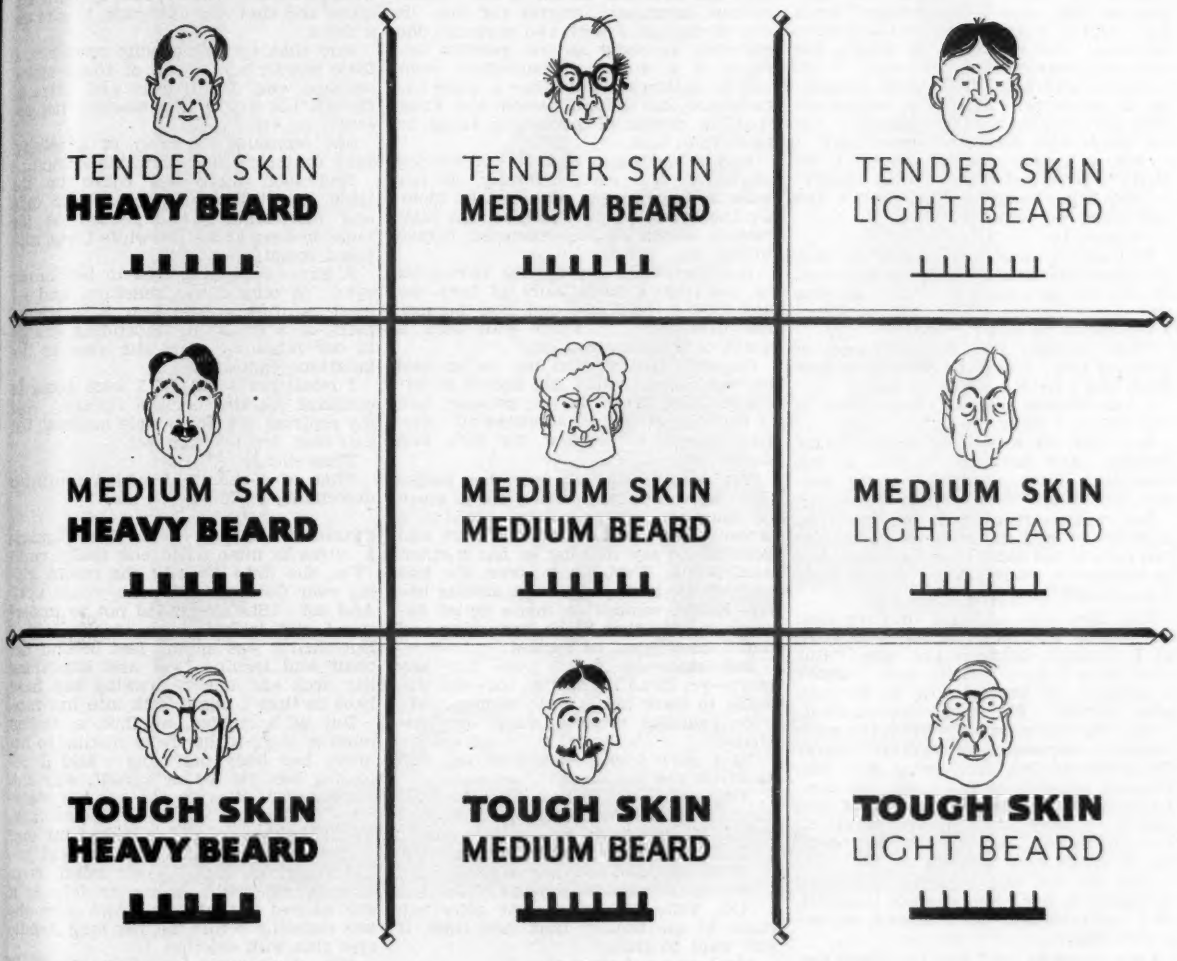
Well, so much for being a romantic ass! But let it go! Back in New York were others. And here was my work. I could complete that, and interestedly enough. Why not hold my peace? After all, a writer was I, and a writer would I remain, women or no women!

But all the same, on the way home, in a family car that had been sent for her and some of these young friends who lived in her same region, a decided chill within me. And then, the last friend stepping out, and just we two. And her voice: "You're coming home with me for a little while, aren't you? It isn't so terribly late."

"I'm afraid not. I have several things ahead of me. If you'll just take me to the nearest 'L' station."

"But—oh—oh, well, if you wish it that way!" A certain iciness and defiance and yet pout in her tone. And then, taking up the speaking tube: "To the Thirty-first Street Station, Wills, please." And after that, silence. Electronic agitation. And with ugly, and then sad, and then pleading, and then repulsing thoughts on my part.

But at last, and this within a block or



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two of the Thirty-first Street "L" Station, an "Oh, what is the matter?" from her. And in a truly emotional and moving tone. The yearning, the cooing, the mournful sweetness of her voice! I felt a sudden and most unexpected weakening in my favor. "What has happened? Why have you changed so suddenly? Are you angry with me about something?"

"Me? Angry? Why should I be angry? What right have I to be angry?"

"But this change? You weren't like this when we came out."

"Wasn't I?"

She turned away, and I could see that an emotional struggle was taking place. So she did care for me, strange as were the circumstances. How odd to effect a confession in this fashion!

"Well, anyhow, I'm leaving Chicago in a day or two. I have to go back to New York and I have a lot to do here."

I was jealous and still determined to end this if I could.

But now, of a sudden, tears, violent sobbing. And most moving, too—all but irresistible—that paralyzing desire, sorrow, that is the most moving of all.

Yet what sort of creature was this, anyhow? Could she really be caring for two men at the same time and expecting to bamboozle both? Fine! But at least I could quit.

And then even as I was thinking this, she adding, and half reluctantly at that, as I thought, between her sobs: "But what have I done? What have I done? I thought we were getting to be such good friends." She sobbed convulsively.

Will the day ever come when the male remains insensible to feminine tears? Certainly in this case, mine had not. Instead, all sorts of inflaming and confusing and contradictory thoughts and moods fluttered through my brain, all her girlish and for me genuine poetic charm shaking me woefully.

And yet but one thought uppermost in regard to her. She was not innocent, as I had imagined, but a shrewd, sly deceiver, really.

Only, since as yet I had not asked any favors of her, or expected any, why the great rage on my part? Was I really angry because I had been hoping to win her myself?

Obviously, there must have been some such thought or propulsion lurking in my system and now scratching me. But that possibility was over. Collins was in possession, or partially so at least. Let him have her!

None the less and in spite of me, unchanged were all of those physical and poetic qualities which previously had intrigued me. Even now, a single look at her face under a passing arc light, her hands to her eyes, her short, black, wavy hair tumbling disheveled about her head, her hat in her lap, and I said: "All right, but what about this Webb Collins and you? I thought you told me that he was just a friend, that you didn't care for him any more than that."

"I don't! I don't!" This without the slightest hesitation and when I expected at least a start or a pause. "It's just as I said. I like him, and that's all."

"Sidonie! How can you sit there and say that? And after what I heard tonight! Do you mean to say——?"

"I guess I know how it is. I do like him. I always will. But I don't love him."

"And you haven't been his sweetheart either, I suppose?"

"I didn't say that." (And this without a tremor, as though, after all, the charge was of no great import.)

Truly, this situation, and apart from my own lacerated vanity—and, I might add, the lacerated dream of her—had a curious secondary interest for me. It was as though I were two persons—one suffering intensely at the moment because of a dream of perfection completely shattered; the other a quite experienced and cynical person who knew that no dream of perfection could be more than that.

And so looking at Sidonie and smiling amusedly, and even cynically, at her wiles and not in any way hurt by them. On the contrary, quite at ease, this calm person seated by the tortured person within me.

But therewith, and for the remainder of the ride, a swift story of how she and Collins had met and how because she liked him . . . There had been a world of trouble about it.

Someone had written her father and he had called Collins and herself to account. And Webb, in her presence and at her suggestion, had admitted all. Also had agreed to divorce his wife and marry her.

Yet once it was all over, her father had forgiven them, insisting not so much on marriage but counseling each to a better line of conduct for the future and deciding to say nothing to her mother. And Selma, Webb's wife, once she had learned the truth—and via a similar letter—hadn't minded so much either because she felt that Webb was young and didn't know what he wanted.

But since he didn't love her any more—yet in all friendship, too—she was going to leave him. I sat as in a wake over youthful dreams, mine own included.

"But she's friend enough to you still to invite you out there?"

"Oh, yes; I like Selma, and she likes me, I think. We are all just as good friends as ever."

"But you still see Webb?" I commented.

"Well, no—not now any more."

"But since how long then?"

"Oh, well—well, since just after you came to the theater that first time, if you want to know."

"And why not since then?"

"Well, because I thought you might come to like me and I you, and if you wanted to know I would have to tell you and you wouldn't like it. I've always intended to tell you anyhow, if ever you asked me," she added.

I could not help smiling over the psychologic insouciance of it all. Perhaps it was true, as she had said, that she had not really cared deeply.

I confess I found myself disarmed and half allured by this brisk, if shifty, youthful psychology. Indeed, indeed, life was a disappointing thing at every turn. But then, as I also said to myself at this juncture, who was I to complain, since I was worse rather than as good?

And then too, at the same time, there was the unregenerate lure in the thought that now, assuming that she cared as much for me as her present demonstration seemed to indicate, there was no bar to—well, think it out for yourself.

But in the meantime here she was, reclining beside me, her eyes tear-damp. And drawing near and asking, supposing she had nothing more to do with Collins, would I stay? And I saying yes, that I would. (But with a certain definite thought in mind which she herself sensed, I felt sure.)

And worse, a curiously revived ebullience in her manner at this point which troubled me, because it seemed to dismiss all her previous depression in no time at all. What could that bode?

And so to her door, after one in the morning, and into the large silent house. And Sidonie boldly switching on lights and running up to tell her father or mother, or both, that I had brought her home and that she was going to give me a drink.

And then returning quite refreshed, a little powder and a dab of rouge aiding perhaps, and flitting here and there as though not an ill had assailed her recently or ever.

She reminded me truly of a velvety, gaily fluttering, silver and black moth.

And soon there was coffee on the table, and bread and cheese and cake and marmalade. And herself at the table, looking at me the while I was supposed to eat.

A gay, questioning look in her brown eyes. At once I was sensitive, and almost painfully so—so near is delight to pain—of a crisis, an impending change in our relations. And she also, as her breathing indicated.

I recall her asking if I were going to continue working at the library. And my replying yes, for a time anyhow, but that that depended on her.

Then silence.

Then of a sudden, troubled confusion descending on her as on me.

Presently I took one of her exquisite arms in mine. Did she really care? (Yes, she did.) Would she resent giving over Collins? (No, she would not.) And us? (She pretended not to understand and looked down at the table.) But then I was on my feet behind her chair and leaning over and smoothing her neck and cheek, drawing her head back so that I might look into her face.

But of a sudden, at that, a violent burst of sobbing, her head sinking to her arms, her body quivering. And I releasing her, yet asking myself, why this storm now? Was or was not her statement of her indifference to Collins false, or my estimation of her regard for me?

And seeking to quiet her, I said one thing and another. Never mind, from now on we would be merely friends if she wanted it that way. And then she was standing before me, her long Asiatic eyes rich with emotion.

"Oh, don't mind me, dear, please. I cry, but it's because I promised myself, after that affair with Webb and because of what I told my father, not to care for anyone again." Her chin was quivering. "But it doesn't matter. I tell you, it doesn't, now. I can't help it. You mustn't mind me. It'll be all over in a little while. Only you'd better leave now. I'm so nervous. And tomorrow I'll see you at the library in the morning. We can talk then."

At first I was actually confused as to whether, suffering from a wave of remorse, she was resenting and so repenting this relationship. But a steady look in her eyes as she drew close to me, laying her head against my shoulder, resolved all my doubts.

Kisses and embraces, her arms about me. Then a long walk toward the city, the engines and bells of Chicago's distant freight yards, its endless night traffic, clanging in my ears.

And thoughts—thoughts en route and in bed. Well, then, I had really displaced her interesting Collins. (He would like me for that, wouldn't he?) And for what reason? Had I not affairs enough?

What now about Elizabeth and Aglaia? And how long was I to remain here? And how work? For this was youth, flaming, that I was dealing with.

Perhaps it was not too late even yet. I might drop out, write an explanatory, relinquishing and self-immolating letter. But even as I walked, or lay in bed, I knew I would not. Already I was revisioning her as she looked when I leaned over her chair. Tomorrow, or the

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next day, or the next; soon anyhow...

And so to dreams. And with nothing much more troublesome by way of philosophy, or morals, or religion, than that it was so that I, Sidonie, man, was made.

And that while I, or others here or there might quarrel, regret, stand in doubt or fear, yet here we were. And where the obstacles or social restraints were no greater than they were here, so would I, and Sidonie, and Webb, and every other, act or do as we were now acting or doing or planning to do, all theories and social, religious and moral dreams to the contrary notwithstanding.

And on the morrow she came.

Her manner when we met was not affected by that tremulousness which her crying the night before had led me to anticipate. Rather, she seemed as innocently and as customarily gay as though no problem had arisen. Nor did she ask any questions concerning me—a mental habit, or lack of one, which interested me from the first.

Instead announced, and so innocently as I thought at the time, that she had nothing in particular to do today. She was free until seven, and wouldn't I like to go somewhere?

She knew a stretch of lake sand between here and some near-by point in Indiana, easily reached by train, where the winds had piled up dunes or great barren heaps of sand—small hills they were—held together, in part, by sand-binding grasses or the roots of stunted and harried pines.

Wouldn't I like to go there? It was gray and a little windy, but there were gulls and distant ships to be seen now and then. Gulls and water and honey-colored sands. Such was the picturesque and colorful nature of her mind.

Agreed. And presently we were walking among head-high dunes and whipped and twisted pines. And talking of "The Wanderings of Oisin," or "A Shropshire Lad," or of a certain poet, Ernest Dowson, dead these twelve years or more, whose thin book of verses and more particularly one among them—"Cynara"—was but now taking root in the fancy of these sensitives. Sidonie had brought it and "A Shropshire Lad" to read from.

And for the time being, indeed, and because of her high thoughts, I was not even able to recapture, let alone emphasize, the mood of the night before. It was too far from me, as it now appeared to be too far from her. Yet near, too, as I could always feel in interludes—a breath of hot, enfeebling anticipation. But restrained for the time being by this scene and a Shropshire lad in his English countryside and Dowson brooding over his lost Cynara.

On the way back, the inscrutable chemistry of sex aiding, we reached something different—a yielding, clinging, comforting acceptance of love.

But just the same I was already wondering as to all this. Were not my emotional complications sufficiently great without adding Sidonie, especially when, as was so plain now, she was looking on this as more of a spiritual, and hence really permanent relationship, whereas I by temperament could endure so little of permanence? It troubled me—my own changeful disposition as opposed to her really beautiful mood.

Yet once away from her, and thinking on the various facets of her character, there was in me a swift return of enthusiasm which bordered on ecstasy.

The look of her! The feel of her! The this, the that! Only in the sweep of this, attending parties or group gatherings with her in studios or homes here and there, or going for long walks.

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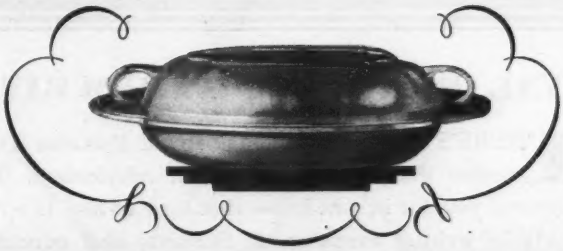

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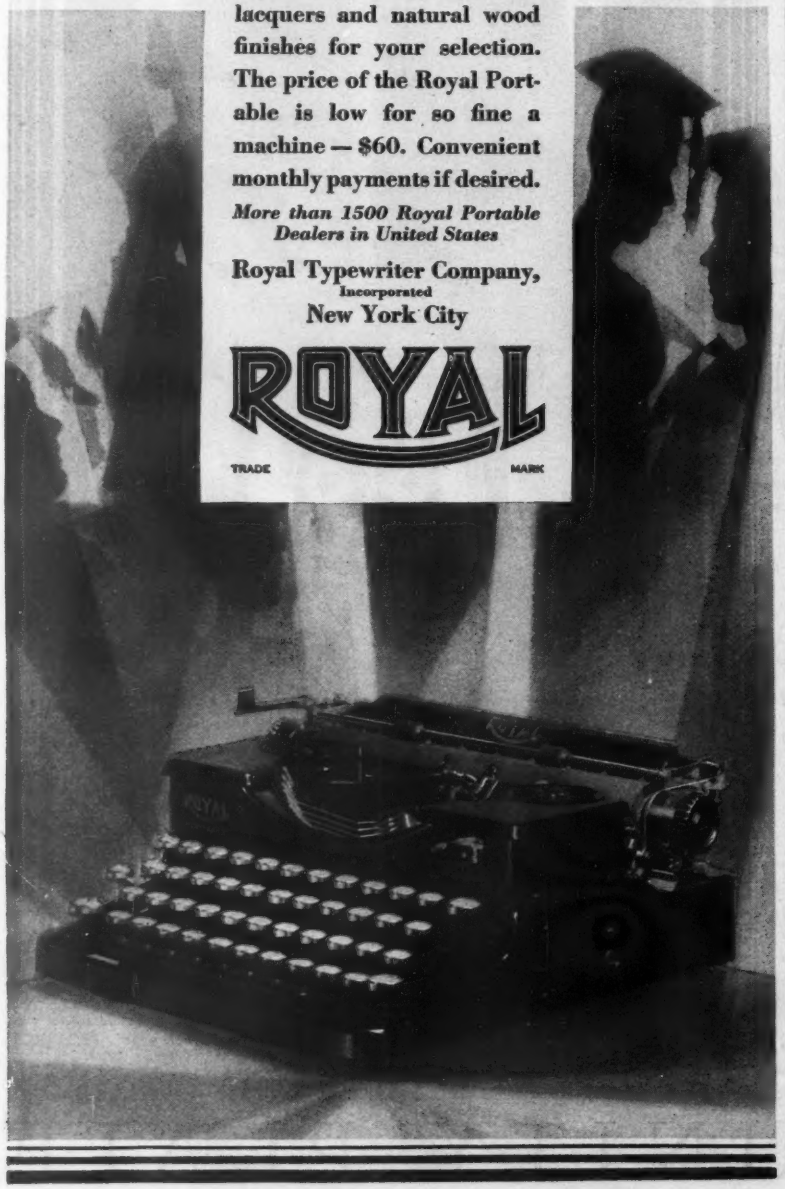


And through all of this, a gay elation in regard to her. The beauty of her mind irradiated her like a light. That inspiring youth of hers! That effective, care-dispelling optimism!

None the less, time was passing. And soon, my investigations ended, it seemed necessary to return to New York. For were not all of my literary as well as civic affections centered there?

And a whole social world of my own? And Elizabeth? And Aglaia?

Yes, there had been letters, many of them. Only because of my zest for Sidonie I used to look at them wearily, not a line of them read at times. And brood about the complications of life.

For say what I would, and drawn to Sidonie as I might be, Elizabeth was something, a moving dream in her hour —an honest if troublesome claim at this time. And Aglaia. And others.

How strange, how difficult, and yet how diverting and delightful that one should be drawn to and achieve so many such contacts, and that in the face of a public theory in regard to such contacts which ran counter to all this! I pondered as to this, too. But without change of heart or conduct.

And then weeks before I decided I must go, Sidonie was already brooding as to that and questioning me as to the most suitable course for her from now on. For, as I guessed, and feared even, she desired to leave for New York as soon as possible now—when I went if that could be arranged.

Only could it be arranged? For already there was talk. It was quite generally known, as she said, that I was going about with her, and her parents were questioning her as to that.

And once suspicious, and especially in case she decided to go with me, they might—most certainly would—follow us with agents or detectives.

Her father was practical, if nothing else. Not only that, but Collins knew of it and was becoming jealous. He was asking her had she changed and would she be leaving when I did?

Also, to connect herself histrionically in New York would require some money, and if her father were not further affronted in any way he might be persuaded to finance a summer adventure. And that, of course, would bring her to New York and to me.

But to part even for a month or so was too much. Oh, surely it was, wasn't it? So could I not stay on here until May, hiding away somewhere so that she could come to me? (I smiled at that.)

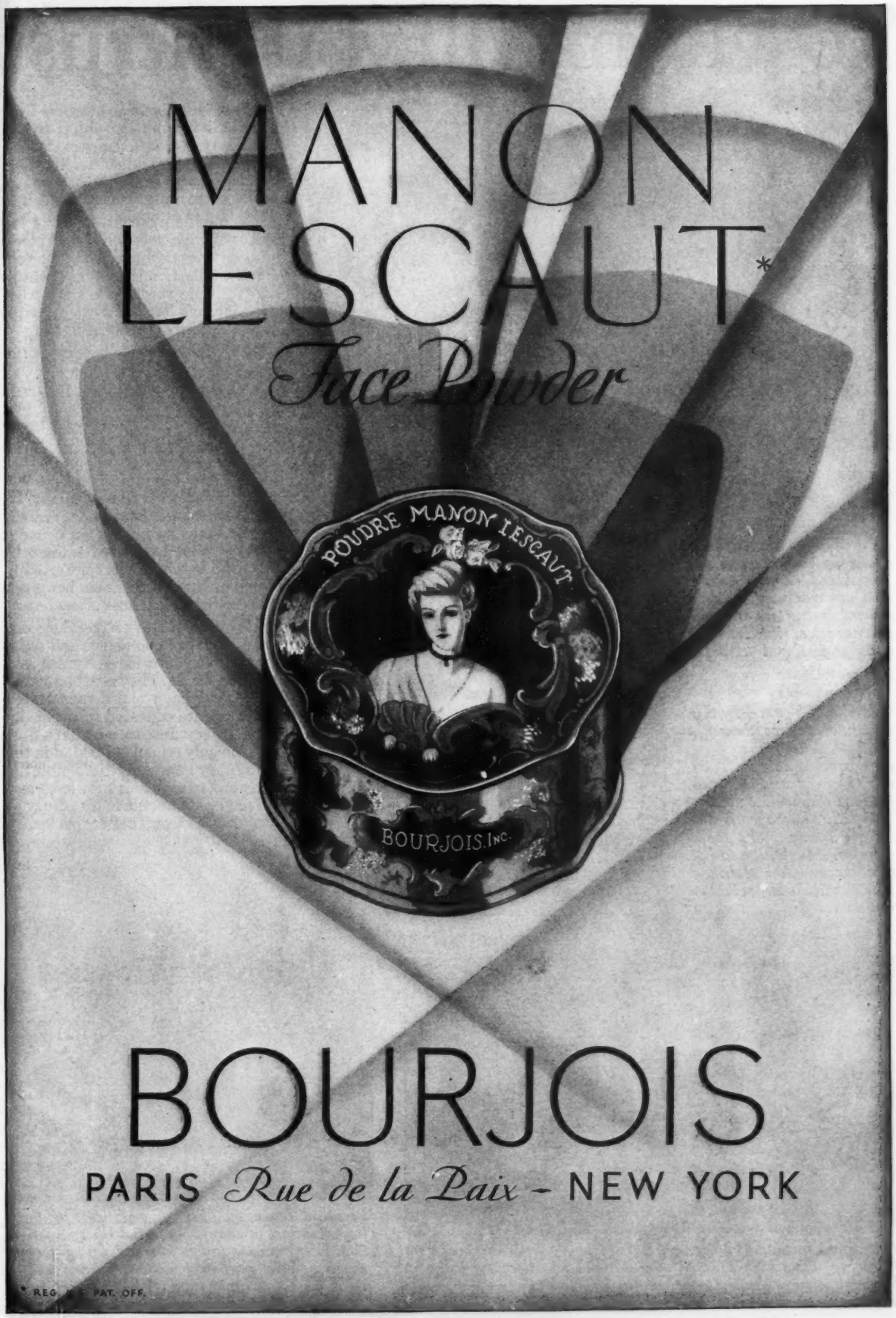
Yet if I would not remain here and did not care for her . . . did I? Should she resign this world to go with me?

At once, and wisely, I began to question the practical wisdom of that, for her as well as for myself—to hint at the necessity for thought here. Only when I did so, and instantly, she changed. Well, then, never mind! Her future could not lie with the Little Theater entirely anyhow. Of that she was sure. New York—a larger field, of course, and that at no very distant date if she was to make anything of herself—was her true goal.

So if I must return there, as plainly I must, well, she could remain here until the close of the season, perhaps—it would be hard—and in the meanwhile see if she could not cajole a summer's theatrical adventuring out of her father.

Besides, she had an uncle in New York as well as various friends there and in cities near there—a sister at college, for instance.

And surely, by some hocus-pocus, a short, if not a long, stay in New York this summer. And then—ah, then!—in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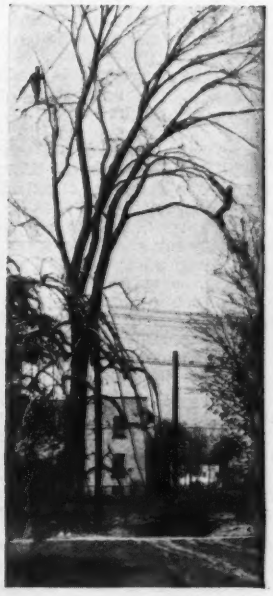
Write or wire Kent, Ohio, for examination of your trees without cost or obligation. Permanent representatives are located in principal cities; the nearest one can serve you conveniently.



Everyone who sees Davey Tree Surgeons at work in the trees says, "They climb like squirrels." They certainly are remarkable climbers—they are trained to it. They get around in the trees with surprising agility and speed. But they use ropes—never injurious climbing spurs—to facilitate climbing, to prevent accidents, and to protect trees, wires and other property. They have diligence, speed, accuracy and a trained knowledge of their work

The Student Body of the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery, 1928-29, numbers 446 splendid young men in the Freshman, Junior and Senior classes, all selected from the proven men who have already been thoroughly trained in a practical way. The purpose of this resident school is to provide scientific knowledge and accuracy to supplement the practical skill that is given in the field training. This gives balanced education—Davey Tree Surgeons know both how and why. The Davey Institute of Tree Surgery has been in continuous operation for twenty years, the only school teaching the science of Tree Surgery. The Faculty of the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery includes 37 scientists and master Tree Surgeons.

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MARTIN L. DAVEY, *President and General Manager*

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sheer ecstasy she clapped her hands. For in this summer period she would be most certain to contrive an engagement, would she not, which would keep her in New York?

The optimism! The wonder of youth!

As I see it now, I should have tried to dissuade her from this. She was too young. A year or two more with her director, and her personality as well as her art might have become more definite and so more appreciable, sufficiently so at least to have insured easier progress in the stage world.

As it was, she was still too nebulous, and so undetermined. Worse, and as I feared for her from the first, she possessed too many gifts—youth, beauty, a rare and sensitive understanding, and the ability not only to act but to dance, paint, carve and, as I half suspected at the time, to write also, since her notes as well as her words to me evinced not only intuition or wisdom but a sensitivity of phrasing and description arresting to a degree.

Whatever my thoughts at the time, however, they were of small avail against either of us, her mood or mine.

Possession—this was uppermost in both. The only sensible thought that did prevail related to her finishing her season here according to an agreement made with her director the year before.

But I doubt whether that would have been carried out had it not been for another prospect that shortly before I left arose and which threw a different glow over the situation. This was nothing other than the possibility of a Little Theater company tour—most certainly the first of its kind, and as such unique.

For since the organization of this Chicago theater, others had sprung up—in Philadelphia and Boston. And these, intrigued by the success of the western venture, had but now invited its manager and players as guest performers, expenses to be paid by the inviting theaters. Boston was scheduled to come first early in April, Philadelphia afterward.

What could be more perfect? Sidonie was wildly elated by the prospect.

Would her parents now even as much as dare guess that there could be any ulterior motive? Was not the entire company going? Was not Fate perfect?

And so, because of this prospective tour, it was now not difficult for me to arrange about leaving. She had so much to do. It was almost best. And therefore, as now I could plainly see, I was to have a month or thereabouts in which to return and adjust my various relations as well as prepare for her.

Yet never in any one month in my life before had I stood in so much need of those much-vaunted attributes of tact and diplomacy. The complications! The lies! And yet, considering the force and temperaments of those closest to me then, these last could have proved but of small avail had it not been that they were intended to assuage those who were already softened or weakened by their own feelings in regard to me.

Their own desires. Anyone's. Mine as well as another's. How one will sit and wait and brood, the will or the mood of another controlling one!

Will he, or she, do this or that? Telephone? Write? Care? Where is he, or she, now? What doing? With whom talking, laughing, while you, I, wait, dream, suffer, endure?

How often I as much as any other have experienced this excruciating torture! And yet unwilling to give over, making the best of such crumbs as have been vouchsafed me. I as well as any other.

But with April, Sidonie, as she wrote me, only going direct to Boston, via Albany, along with the company and under the chaperonage of her director and his wife, her parents having exacted some such arrangement.

At that, for us, and as guarded as her steps were apparently to be, it was not to be as bad as it looked, or so she wrote just before the trip began. There were at least two girls in the company who were seeking to be free of such an espionage as hers, and this could only be accomplished by playing into each other's hands.

They could invite each other to their respective rooms, she thought, or upon shopping tours, yet proceed instead to their respective rendezvous.

But what I was to do, if I would, was to be in Boston when she arrived. Then we would do the best we could.

At once after looking into the situation, I arranged that we were to meet at an old, and socially quite forgotten, hotel not so far from the theater at which she was to play.

I recall the day. It was one of those first raw days of April. A flurry of snow and rain and gray, sodden skies. And the narrow, winding streets of this oldest and most tortuous portion of Boston—Faneuil Hall, Old South Church, and not so far away, Boston Common. (For safety's sake I had been compelled to seek the most decayed and isolated of all possible caravansaries.)

But at that, the warmth and cadence of it all! The luster, shimmer, glitter even, of certain moments and moods in this otherwise shabby world!

For here we were, hidden away for such hours as, and by what evasions I would not venture to guess, Sidonie contrived to be with me.

Romance is an odd business. I recall thinking as I registered, would, could Sidonie endure this after her own home and her stage world?

These creaky stairs. The dingy, threadbare carpets and hangings. The worn plush furniture, alike quaint or picturesque or impossible, as you will.

Yet to Sidonie at this time, the delight of it all! Wasn't it crazy, or heavenly, or darling?

And always as she came to and from there, with or without me, so much that she could and must sketch or I must see with her.

The corners! The dark little shops and restaurants! So different from Chicago. So quaint, or sweet.

I recall these transports as clearly as those of reunion after each separation. Or the giddy moments in which, arm in arm, we went here or there together, to spy out this or that thing—shop—dining place—which she had found and fancied. For there is this about the emotion of another if only it be deep or great enough—it enfolds one as if with a coat of many colors, crowns one as with gold, fills the heart as with song, dispels all shadow and in its place pours dancing, rippling, thrilling light.

Indeed life pours in on one through varying temperaments, one's own or others', as in golden or kaleidoscopic torrent. And happiness, too. Here in this dingy hotel, with this vital, colorful girl, I now found myself mentally and emotionally irradiated as by a stained-glass window of the most dædal and gorgeous hues.

The omniformity and warmth and color of her thoughts. Her sensitiveness to every contrasted form and mood in nature. The surety with which she sensed values as well as the medicable and immedicable ills of life.

In the mind of the dull, it is true, there flourishes the illusion that intensive study and training are essential to a clear perception of the technique of any art or truth. This is not true. In sheer delight I listened to the shrewd observations and wise conclusions of one who but thinly tutored still reflected whatever essential values there are.

During this week, I am sure, was woven that spell that held us together for so long. For venturing here and there, I found her so close to me in mood and thought that when she would leave, I felt lost.

There was that about her, in this gray, chill world, that was like an open fire. So regularly she would come in, in a cape or short, silky gray coat and cap which suited her so well, gold or jade or jet earrings of exotic design dangling from her ears, and throwing down a book or parcel, would slip into my arms, gay, urgent nothings of love or news bubbling from her lips.

Oh, she had had such an exciting or interesting evening, or afternoon! Or there was a notice of her work or that of some other member of the company in this or that paper!

Or, a group of students had descended on the younger members of the company, bent on entertaining all, but she had escaped! "And which one of them interests you?" "None!" "And which one interests you? Don't fib!" "None, I tell you!"

But just the same, and as I suspected, there was one who had amused her. He had been dancing attendance, as a matter of fact, since their opening night. And only the day before had sent her flowers, about which she had not spoken but which, as she now confessed, she had given to the director's wife.

But nothing more. How could I suspect such a thing? Besides, how could one avoid meeting such people?

Instantly, of course, jealousy on my part. Angry, thorned jealousy. The devil! And on this trip! Youth to youth. Depend on it, he was handsome, for Collins was that. Confound her for a flirtatious faker, a bluff, a liar! It was in her blood, that was plain. She could not help it. Never would.

And on the instant I was ready to desert Boston, and said so. Why stay? There were others. I was sure of it. Four nights she had been compelled, she said, to stay with friends. But had she?

And so, gloomy wanderings here and there. Or work until she could return and dispel all my doubts, for the time being, anyhow.

Then the week gone, evanished forever. And after that Philadelphia for a week. Yet here, since only two of her evenings were free and her sister was near at hand, it was difficult.

I spent two lonely nights in order to capture some evasive day hours with her. The remainder of the week was spent in New York in my own rooms waiting for such moments as she could be with me there.

But in connection with this jealousy—or perhaps because of or in spite of it—an enhancement of desire which was based on ways and thoughts and gestures and emotions peculiarly her own.

I could never look at her walking—a kind of erect and yet catlike tread—without being savagely allured; or meet her smile or her eyes—never evasive and always brilliant with intelligence—without experiencing a desire to seize and retain her regardless of all others.

And I was never weary of listening to her mental reactions, her sketchy, colorful impressions of nature and character. She was so shrewd as well as wise, yet

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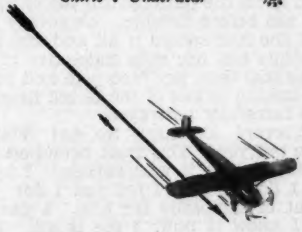

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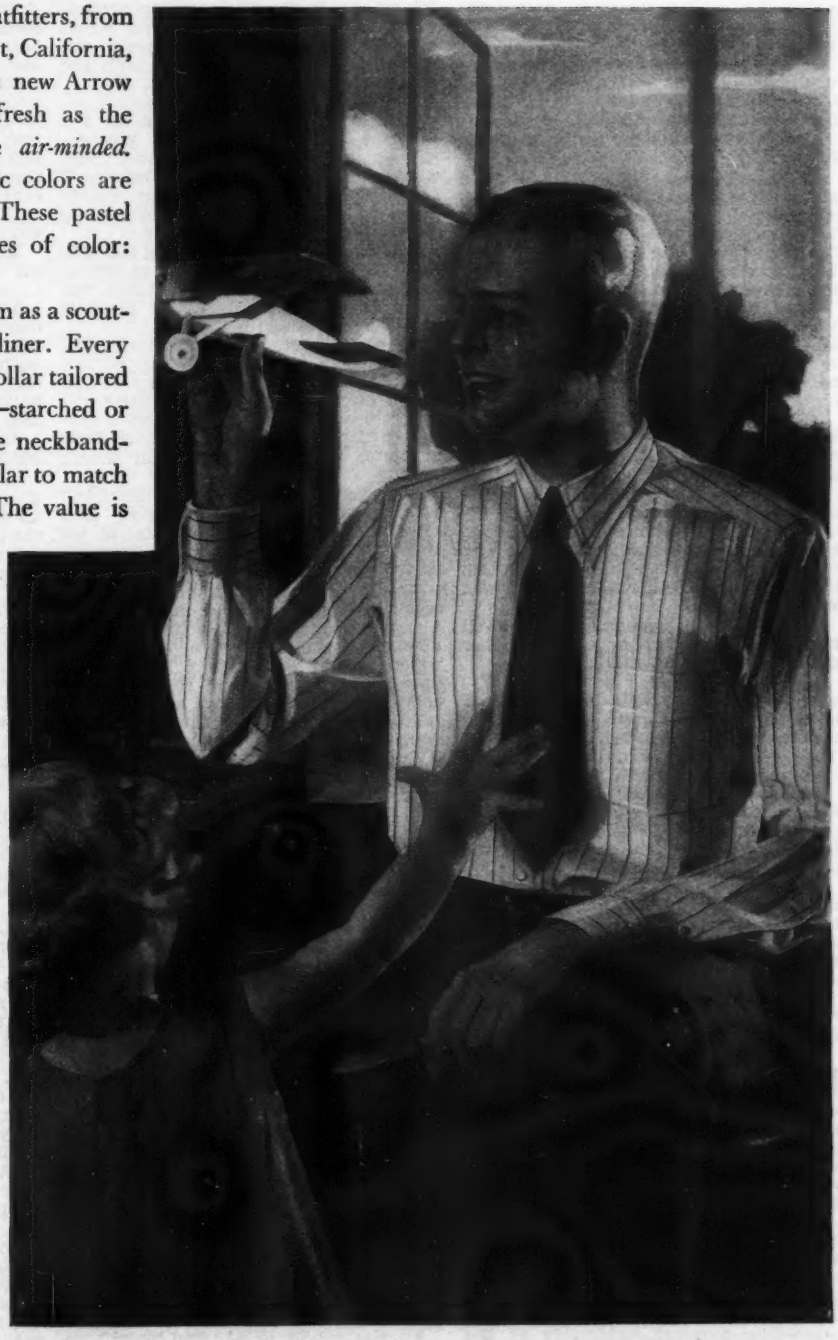

ARROW
Airtone SHIRTS

softened in all her comments by a poetical rather than a practical approach to everything.

At the same time, as I gathered, she was ready to break with her parents, her Chicago career, all, if I but willed it. She had a dream that she and I were to join up in some ideal union which was to last forever.

I think of it now—the poetic and quite giddy air with which she looked into a wondrous future. She must needs return to Chicago now—her parents would hear of nothing else. But she was coming back. By June at the latest she knew she could manage it.

More, during this week she had been to see several managers and agencies and some there were who were interested in her, or so she thought. And there might be a contract which would keep her here, and us together.

And if not, she would stay anyhow. There must be a way. At any rate, we were to find a studio. She did not like my rooms. And then . . . and then . . .

I had already explained that my personal means would not permit us to indulge in any beyond a limited budget, but that was no bar as she saw it. Her father would give her an allowance and there would also be her salary. And with what I had!

I looked into her young eyes and loved her for her youth, her optimism, her daring, even her folly.

And so April—what was left of it—and May passed, with letters, letters, letters from Sidonie in Chicago. Her father was opposed to her return to New York. If she did come back she was supposed to reside with a cousin.

There were many difficulties but she was not discouraged, and I must not be. (Somewhere there is a bundle of her fascinating letters, too colorful and too precious at the time to be destroyed.)

And then June, the first days, with Sidonie arriving and my going to call on her most formally at a large apartment on Riverside Drive, for I dared not meet her at the train—could only telephone to see whether she had arrived.

And then at last her voice and an invitation to call. It was quite all right. Had I not met this cousin in Chicago?

How vividly I recall that first evening, the open windows, some flowers, and a clinging, snow-white dress in which, and regardless of watchful relatives who might well have observed the feverish elation which made her dark skin and vivid eyes below her black hair glow, she came skipping to greet me.

She had a plan. Oh, wonderful! She had induced a girl friend to come East with her. And because of the theatrical searching she must do, new contacts she must make, it had been agreed between them that they were to take a room somewhere together, preferably at the Brevoort, since Washington Square was the region in New York that most fascinated Sidonie. After that she would be comparatively free, would she not?

At once I began to fear that it was play rather than slavery to the development of that real gift that unquestionably was hers that she was planning. And that troubled me. And yet how lovely she was now; how really enticing, and what matter any mood but hers just then? And yet how arresting the work I had seen her do in Chicago! And what was my true responsibility here?

Just the same, an afternoon for us, and as soon as possible. This was Thursday. By Friday morning or Saturday at the latest, her friend would have taken a room and she could give the excuse that she was going with her over the week-end. And then . . .

And so, the very next afternoon I received a telegram. She was at the Brevoort, she and her friend, presumably in one room, in reality two. And would I come? En route, and eagerly, I canvassed all of the charming seaside places of which I knew—places that to me sang of summer and delight.

Yet when I reached the hotel she was out. No response. And after so urgent a message. I thought that strange, but decided that some theatrical business must have detained her.

Yet when I returned in two hours, behold Sidonie fresh from a nap of two hours! And all unwitting of my having called, and wanting to know where I had been! I as well as she burst out laughing to think that she could have done anything so unbelievable. And wasn't it sad? Oh, how dreadful!

But: "Oh, hold me!" And shouldn't we go somewhere until Monday? She threw herself in my arms. And so we were off on the love boat. But for what port really? as even then I wondered.

Within that same hour, though, I suggested various places, among them a romantic but at the time all-but-abandoned canal over in New Jersey which several years before I had come upon—the Delaware and Hudson—since completely destroyed by a paralleling railroad out of fear of the competition which even at that late date it suggested.

But then still redolent of an earlier and canal-traveling world which rode in towboats and achieved Scranton in two or three days.

But with locks and lifts and little harbors here and there for exchanging cargoes. And long, smooth and now flower-bordered stretches of towpath winding through silent woods. And, as I recall it, there were ducks and geese of the farmyards that came to its very edge and bright-colored canoes of roving lovers as well as the decayed and beached canalboats of an earlier century.

As I spoke of it Sidonie fairly danced, and running to a bag, began extracting things which were suitable for walking in the country. In a trice she was ready.

And even at that hour we caught a train for Mountain View, where the station stood but a stone's throw from the slow water. And from there, by the bending path under trees and past half-concealed cottages and farmhouses in leafy bowers, our way led toward Boonton, or Paradise, as you will.

And as I had said, encountering bright canoes and idling lovers and swans, and now and then an abandoned barge. And Sidonie exclaiming as she walked, and gathering flowers.

Ah, the wonder of it! And tonight we would have a simple supper in one of these canal-side cottages. Surely there were those who would feed one! She would ask. And would I venture to sleep under a haystack with her if we found one? Would I?

But after a mile or two, we two sitting upon a grassy bank, her head in my lap, her eyes laughing up at me, as she tried to tickle my nose and ears with a long stalk of timothy.

"What ever became of Collins, dear, when you went back? Did you keep your word, or didn't you?"

"Oh, poor Webb! I feel so sorry for him. He is such a dreamer, and so helpless."

There was something gayly condescending and yet sympathetic in her tone, the while her face as well as her voice indicated a somewhat troubled expectancy which previously I had not noted in anything which she had to relate of Chicago or Collins. Yet the question was not answered. Instead she looked at the sky, not at me, and this troubled me greatly, how painfully I cannot even indicate at this time.

"But you don't answer. Did you, or didn't you see him, dear?"

Then silence for a moment or two, to me a knifelike silence. And her eyes . . . confound it all, was she false or true?

A wounded, jealous, possessive rage suddenly welled up in me. Beauty! Youth! Charm! The devil! What a fight for such things in life! And I involved in one now! But why? Why? Because, because, perhaps in spite of myself, I had allowed myself to care.

And now I was to be tricked, was I? Mocked, laughed at by stalking rivals!

She would cry now, of course. To be sure! Oh, yes! And why not? Do as she pleased and then wash all away with a few tears.

Never! Did she really imagine that *I* was going to share her?

Was this the best I was supposed to expect at forty-two or -three? Never! Bosh! Nonsense! This walk, this lovely afternoon, all over—and forever.

We were going back to New York now, or I was. Never was I going with her anywhere any more ever!

"All right!" I exclaimed viciously; in years I had not been in such a rage. "This is the end! You may have him. I'm through! I'm going back to New York and you can go where you like, but not with me!" And I jumped up and started down the path toward the village.

But not before Sidonie. As swiftly as myself she had sensed it all and was up and beside me, her eyes suggestive of a wild, animal fear, her face pale and tortured-looking as one of the Greek figures she so forcefully portrayed.

"But lover! Darling! No, no! Wait! Let me tell you! You must hear me! I will tell you how it was, darling! I love you! I do! I do! I tell you I do! It was out of sympathy for him. I was a fool. I know it now; I see it all. Oh, I'm so sorry. I am! I was swept away by my emotions, but only because I was sorry for him, not because I really cared for him.

"Won't you believe me? Oh, won't you? Please! Don't go, lover, please! Wait! Let me tell you! Lover, wait! You must understand. Darling, please!"

That voice! That intense art of interpretation that had so thrilled me in Chicago when I first saw her on the stage! It was here in this frenzy of hers now. It was electric, hypnotic, fascinating, moving. And her eyes so wet and strained and wild. And her lips trembling like those of a wild thing.

I studied her, no doubt sneeringly but still with intense pain and rage. The love pain. The love rage. For as I walked and she talked, I was reduced by an enormous depression that seemed to come out of her and weigh me down. I wanted to stay, feared to go even. The blankness, the loneliness without her now. Could I go? Could I endure it?

My feet like my heart were heavy, slow. And because of this I could not resist listening. Assuming she had an excuse—but what a lie and what a weakling I for assuming that I could believe it! I would not!

What will be the end for Sidonie—most fascinating of the women concerned in the love life of a genius?
Theodore Dreiser *tells you with amazing frankness in his* Final Installment—Next Month

Driftwood *by Gouverneur Morris* (*Continued from page 37*)

edge of gray stone and saw her dancing down the hill to meet him. Five other children followed her. They were all bigger than she was, and all black-haired and -eyed and brown-skinned and handsome. There were two girls and three boys. The youngest boy, who looked to be nine years old, was naked except for a bloody bandage around his forehead.

The children gathered around the small boy, and the little girl explained him to them. And they all jabbered away like so many musical monkeys.

The small boy held out the piece of driftwood and the bloody rag to the little girl. She looked for a moment as if she were going to laugh. But she thought better of it, took them, and smiled and dropped him a swift curtsy.

Then the biggest girl picked him up in her arms, held him easily with one arm, pulled back his yellow hair from his forehead, felt inside his ears with her forefinger, opened his mouth and looked in, and then kissed him a resonant smack on the mouth and put him down.

Then the second girl lifted him as far as his toes and kissed him. And then the littlest girl kissed him without lifting him, and then the littlest boy, and the second boy and the big boy. The big boy not only kissed the small boy but hoisted him onto his left shoulder and raced off up the path with him, and the others followed, laughing and screeching.

THE small boy always will remember the place into which he rode on the big boy's shoulder. It was a snug grassy bowl of a place in front of a dark cave. It was all shut in by stupendous rocks.

At one side of the cave was a fire with a big iron kettle sitting on it. On one side of the fire was a man who was playing a game with a dirty pack of cards and didn't look up. On the other side of the fire was a baboon, who looked sideways at the small boy and blinked his eyes.

There was a woman coming out of the cave; a little to the right of her, nibbling the short grass, was just such a camel as one had seen in Bronx Park, only this one was kneeling down in front and standing up behind and swallowing uphill, so to speak.

The woman was straight and swift and looked young until she came close. Then one saw that her brown skin was netted with fine wrinkles.

She lifted the small boy off the big boy's shoulder, kissed him in a matter-of-fact way, and led him over to the man who was playing cards. The man lifted one hand as much as to say, "Just let me finish, will you?" and went on playing. When he had laid the last card down face upward, and studied it, he nodded his head twice, gathered all the cards up into a pack and put them in his pocket. Then he looked up and examined the small boy while the other children looked on.

The man, who was a shy, lean, quick, handsome man with a dashing black mustache and beautiful even teeth, then spoke. Months afterward the little girl was able to tell the small boy just what her father had said on that occasion.

"He is off the ship that was sunk this morning. The cards have told this person that it will be lucky to keep him, and rear him as one of our own."

"He will never pass for one of ours," said the woman; "look at his white skin and his yellow hair."

The man reached out then and pinched the calf of the woman's leg and said, "Well, if not ours, then let him pass for one of *yours*. You can tell our friends that he is the son of the English milord for whom you posed in Seville."

The woman laughed and boxed the man's ears in play, and he caught her hand and pressed it against his cheek.

"The sun will tan his hide," said the man, "and when we are in the towns we can keep his head shaved. As for his eyes—well, among us gypsies blue eyes are not unknown. Is there anything in his pockets?"

The woman felt in all the small boy's pockets, and came at last to the inside pocket of his little Norfolk coat.

"There's something in here," she said, "but I'm going to get his clothes off first. They are still wet."

She took the little boy on her lap and undressed him, and then, snuggling him with one arm, she looked to see what was in the inside pocket of his coat. The pocket was fastened with a big strong safety pin. This was to keep a package wrapped with oiled silk and elastic bands from falling out. Wrapped in the oiled silk was a paper with some writing on it—the small boy recognized his father's writing—and five American bank notes of ten dollars each.

As the man couldn't read what was written on the paper and as he had no immediate use for the money, he wrapped everything up again in the oiled silk and tucked the package carefully away in a pocket of his own.

"The green tickets," he said, "are American money. This person has often seen specimens in the windows of money changers. There is quite a large sum, and we shall keep it very carefully for the little Americano until we need it ourselves."

He smiled engagingly then at the small boy, and lifted his eyebrows in a questioning way and made eating motions. The small boy understood and nodded his head violently. Everybody laughed. And presently there was a great smacking and gnawing of meaty bones, rabbit and partridge out of the big iron kettle, and a great chewing of tough sour bread, washed down with mirth-provoking swallows of bitter red wine.

Nobody had a plate or a knife and fork except the baboon. He had all these things and a dirty napkin besides. And a ring to put it in when he had finished with it. And when he didn't eat like a gentleman, he was cuffed and scolded, because people at fairs would always pay money to see him eat like a gentleman.

After dinner the children were all sent down to the beach to see if anything valuable had come ashore from the sunken ship. There wasn't much of anything, and so all the children undressed—except the small boy and the littlest gypsy boy, who didn't need to—and went bathing. And this was a good thing for the small boy, because he could swim and dive and the others couldn't, and this made them think that he was wonderful.

When they had finished bathing they played a game which was new to the little boy and which he couldn't understand at all. Each child except the biggest boy took up a shirt or a coat and, taking turns, waved this in front of the biggest boy; the biggest boy, his hands at his temples, the palms forward, would then lower his head and rush at the shirt or coat, and the child who held it would wait until the last moment, and then with feet close together and a knowing twist of the hips, would pull it away from him.

When a child wished to attract the attention of the biggest boy, that child would stamp one foot sharply and cry, "*Toro!*" and "Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

The small boy could only look on. He didn't get the idea.

When the children were dry they dressed, gathered as much driftwood as they could carry and climbed back to the camp. The sun had left the little bowl and the temperature had fallen many degrees. All the family, including the small boy now and the baboon, huddled about the fire and ate what was left of the stew.

In that camp there wasn't one bedtime for grown-ups and one for children. Everybody went to bed at the same time, and that time was just after sunset.

WHEN bedtime came the little girl asserted herself. It was she who had found the small boy who was to bring them luck. If he belonged to anybody he belonged to her. And they were going to sleep together or she would know the reason why.

The mother laughed and humored her, and the little girl dragged the small boy into the cave, and when she had undressed, they made a kind of oriole's nest for themselves out of sacking and disreputable old bedquilts, and crept into it and snuggled close for warmth and were sleeping presently as soundly and as noiselessly as the dead.

Without anything in the nature of a preliminary washing, hair-brushing or nail-cleaning, the family breakfasted about sunrise. But the baboon was compelled to wash his hands in a clay bowl, to wipe them on a piece of sacking and, seated in front of a broken looking-glass and making horrible faces and threatening noises, to go through the motions of combing and brushing his hair. After that he took his place, suffered the napkin to be tied round his neck, had his breakfast served to him on a plate and ate it with a knife and fork.

Immediately after breakfast the little girl took the small boy in hand, having received an order from her father, and began to teach him two languages at once—Gypsy and Spanish. But she had her own ideas of teaching school and they were excellent. She thought it best for a teacher and scholar to keep moving and hear lessons as they went.

They went barefoot and when night came the small boy's feet had to be tied up in green leaves, with rags to hold them, and the next day he could only hobble to the beach and back. But he had learned a lot. He had learned the Spanish and Gypsy for head, eye, mouth, nose, hair, teeth, hand, arm, back, chest, leg and foot. Also the names for snares, and for the things that he and the little girl had found in the snares—a rabbit and a quail.

He had learned that the name of the family who had adopted him was Del Antro and that "Antro" meant a cave. And he learned his own name, which he had always supposed to be Bryant Blair. It was now Buzo del Antro. And he learned that Buzo—you pronounced it "Bootho"—meant one who goes under water—in short, a diver.

He was the Diver of the Cave.

What was the little girl's name? It was Mosca del Antro, the Fly of the Cave, and she was six years old, as she demonstrated by holding up the same number of fingers. The Diver replied that he was six fingers old and two joints of a seventh. The father was Domingo—Sunday of the Cave; the mother was

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MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Perfección. The big brother was fifteen fingers old and his name was Astron. She indicated that Astron was something in the sky and, poking holes in the dirt with a stick, she outlined for him, and accurately, the constellation Orion. The biggest girl, fourteen fingers old, was Estrella—a star. The eleven-year-old boy was Bastante—which means enough. The second girl, Concepción, was nine years old, and the boy Cuchillo, the knife, who hated to wear clothes, was eight.

The camel's name was Brasa, the live coal, and the baboon was Señor Cochino, the pig. And indeed he had a snout like a pig's, but there the resemblance ended, for he ate delicately, picked little bouquets of flowers which he abandoned in inaccessible places, and had beautiful table manners.

For the first few days Buzo's heart ached and he continued to feel very much abandoned. The second night he waked and began to cry, but Mosca took his head in her arms, and kept pressing sleepy kisses on it until he was all soothed and fell asleep again. Children's griefs are real and terrible, but they don't last very long. And as the soles of Buzo's feet hardened, the ache in his heart grew less and finally went away.

None of the cave family loafed except Domingo, who was at once its husband, its father and its oracle. And he didn't loaf all the time. And when he didn't loaf he was activity and endurance personified. But sitting still and looking ahead were his strong points.

It was only the future that counted for Domingo and upon which he counted.

Looking ahead he had taught the baboon to behave like a gentleman, and money had accrued and more would yet accrue. Looking ahead he was teaching his daughters to dance beautifully, to intoxicate aliens with their apparent shamelessness and to preserve their virtue for men of their own race.

Thus money would accrue and important family associations. The boys were being taught to fight bulls, and to know bulls. And all the children were learning the guitar, the gypsy and Spanish dances, the castanets and how to sing straight singing and the Flamenco singing, which is full of strange quarter tones and is pitched an octave higher. The older children, Astron and Estrella, were already adepts in these difficult arts. From this pair the doting father hoped for great things.

At the end of six months Buzo had forgotten some of his French and English and could jabber Spanish and Gypsy with extraordinary fluency and inaccuracy. The sun had burnt him to the color of copper, and bleached his hair almost white. He could no longer wear the clothes in which he had come ashore, and when he wore anything at all it was an old sack with holes for his arms and legs and a strip of deerskin to tie around the middle.

During these six months Domingo made a number of excursions into the outside world; sometimes Astron and Bastante accompanied him. Always they came back with heavy loads—wine, bread, olives, cheese, old pieces of cloth, live chickens. But whether Domingo was present or absent, lessons went on just the same, and Buzo had to work double time so as to catch up with the others.

But it was all fun and friendly rivalry. And much of it was like swimming and whistling and riding a bicycle—once you got the hang of it, the length to which you might ultimately go rested entirely with yourself.

The Family of the Cave had its axioms, and of these the first was obedience. Speaking the truth was the second. But

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this had its limitations. You must never lie to your father and mother or to your brothers or sisters, or to trusted persons of your own race. But if you lied to outsiders, there was no great harm done, and it was often profitable and nearly always agreeable.

At the end of six months, Buzo was heart and soul of the cave. The children were his brothers and sisters, their parents were his father and mother. Domingo pricked Buzo's forearm with a knife so that blood flowed, and did the same with Cuchillo's forearm, and daubed his fingers in the two bloods and smeared Buzo's blood on Cuchillo and Cuchillo's blood on Buzo!

And then he told his own children solemnly that Buzo was now one of them —a true gypsy—who was never to be lied to by them or stolen from by them or teased beyond endurance. And then the children all hugged Buzo and kissed him.

"He will grow up," said Domingo, "to be a credit to us all. This person has never seen a child quicker to learn or more eager to obey. Buzo—my little son"—he addressed the child directly—"what do you wish to be?"

"I wish to fight bulls," Buzo answered promptly, "and give all the money I earn to Mother Perfección."

"There is a season for fighting bulls," said Domingo, "and there is a season when rain falls and the bullfighters have nothing to do. What will you do then?"

"When it rains," said Buzo, "Cuchillo and I will fight in Mexico." He pronounced it "Mehico."

"Well, then, let us see how you will fight. First you, Buzo, shall be the bull, and afterwards Cuchillo."

Under the careful coaching of Domingo and Astron, the two children had attained considerable skill in the making of those passes upon whose graceful and courageous execution the reputation and the fee of the Espada so largely depend. Already they were worth watching.

From the cave Astron fetched a peculiarly shaped basket. When this had been clapped over Buzo's sunburned head and tied under his chin, and he had bent himself double so as to present the top of his head toward the waiting Cuchillo, it was seen that the basket had been cunningly woven in the semblance of a small bull's head, horns and ears and everything. Cuchillo had been provided with a faded red cloth.

"This person," said Domingo, "will call the passes. Are you ready? A *natural*, then. Charge!"

Head down, and roaring for verisimilitude, Buzo charged. He charged for the red cloth, passed through the spot where it had been, and a few feet beyond stopped short and faced about.

Holding the cloth, stiffened by a willow stick, in his right hand, at arm's length and shoulder-high, Cuchillo had swung it away from the charging Buzo, matching the speed of the evasion with the speed of the charge, and finishing the gesture with the fingers of his right hand outstretched as far as possible. It was as if he had carelessly tossed the bull away.

"Ole!" shouted Bastante, but Domingo held up a hand for silence.

"He moved his left foot. Now then, Cuchillo, imagine that your feet are spiked to the ground with one spike through each—you can swing on the ball of your foot, and you can raise your heels but that is all . . . Another *natural* . . . Charge! . . . *Ole!* . . . well done . . . And you, Buzo, don't forget that you are an honest bull raised on the *finca* of a noble duke. Don't let me see you swerve to the right or left by so much as a hair's breadth. Now then . . . Charge!"

When Cuchillo had swung through all the passes, he changed the cloth for the wicker bull's head and took his turn at charging and being baffled.

In the last two weeks, Buzo had improved very much. He had caught on. Also his soul was in the game, and his imagination working. He was a real Espada and Cuchillo was not only a real but a terrible bull. Buzo knitted his brows and his ocean-blue eyes had a superb look of daring.

Domingo and Astron exchanged glances and nodded approval. But when Domingo had finished nodding, he put a finger to his lips and shook his head. He as much as said, "But don't praise him."

"Enough!" he then said aloud. "This person is satisfied with the progress that has been made. But remember that between a wicker bull and a real bull there is more difference than between health and disease . . . In heaven's name, what is biting this person's head?"

He scratched his thick black thatch with violence, and obtaining only temporary relief, called loudly for Cochino —but until he shouted, *"Fleas*, Cochino—*fleas!"* the pig-faced baboon did not put in an appearance.

He was then seen to be handing himself rapidly from the face of a cliff. When he had reached the ground he galloped on his feet and the knuckles of his hands, to the place where his wash bowl and towel were kept, washed his hands with provoking deliberation, dried them on the towel, insisted on combing and brushing his hair in front of the broken looking-glass, and then and not till then came to the relief of his master. Domingo lowered his head, and the baboon fluffed up the hair here and there with his clay-colored fingers, peering intently the while out of his tiny red, deep-set, blinking eyes, found what he wanted, caught it with unerring precision, conveyed it to his mouth and crushed it between his teeth.

"See, my children," said Domingo, "what comes of looking ahead. When this person purchased"—"purchased" was a euphemism—"the worthy Cochino, it was with the idea that he would prove cheaper in the long run than insect powder. And this person was right! Shake hands, Cochino, and much thanks. More thanks! Most thanks!"

That night when Mosca and Buzo were snuggled into their warm nest, Mosca whispered: "When Cuchillo was the bull, I saw my father and Astron look at each other and nod. That's because they think you will be a better Espada when you grow up than Cuchillo. So there! Didn't I tell you?"

Usually the Del Antros did not pass so many months at the seaside. But 1916 had been an exceptional year. The family had traveled all the way to Vitoria and Pamplona in the north, visiting all the Ferias, that is to say fairs, on the way, and reaping a pleasant harvest of money both going and coming.

Domingo, who was always looking ahead, had seen three very good reasons for the long sojourn in the cave. Perfección hadn't been well, and he thought that the long rest and the sea air would do her good. He himself, the older he grew—he was now thirty-five years of age—became more and more attracted to the easy life of the cave, and looking ahead, saw before him six delightful months of constructive idleness.

His third reason was the most important. He wished to give the final deft touches to Estrella's dancing and to Astron's guitar playing. He believed, and he was a good judge not only of gypsy beauty but of the gypsy arts, that in this precious pair he had a gold mine.

This season Domingo intended, after a preliminary tryout in the dives of Granada and Cordova, to open in Seville at the beginning of Holy Week. The best judges of singing, dancing, beauty, bullfights and religious processions would be present, gathered from the whole of Spain. The King and the Queen would be on hand, the Duke of Alba and his young duchess. The dukes, counts and marquises and their ladies would be as thick as the sardines in a box. And there would be ambassadors, and famous writers and famous artists. And there would be a whole drove of Americanos. And nearly all of the last, as Domingo knew by experience, would turn out to be rich, gullible, appreciative and generous.

If the stars and the cards told the truth, which they sometimes seemed to do, except in the case of winning numbers in the lottery, it was going to be a season rich in rewards.

There would, for instance, be many persons who had never seen a camel, and who would pay money for the privilege; the children of rich persons would pay money to be allowed to ride on him. For those who needed instruction in such matters and were willing to pay for it, Señor Cochino would give perfect examples of table manners and gentlemanly behavior. Perfección, who in the right kind of yellow flickering light was still quite beautiful, would tell fortunes with cards by reading the lines in the palms of hands, and by gazing into a ball of glass which resembled a ball of crystal in everything but cost. He himself would keep in the background, taking in money, drinking, smoking, hobnobbing with his friends, making engagements for his children and looking ahead.

As for Astron and Estrella, one never knew. Domingo believed Estrella to be one of the most finished dancers in all Spain, as she was by all odds the loveliest. If he were right, then her youth, and the fact that people were always on the lookout for discoveries of which they could boast afterward when the discovered had achieved fame, would be unanimously in her favor. The great thing was to get her talked about. And that, if she seemed to find favor, would not be difficult. It would be rumored that for a certain sum of money, and for a chosen few, the beautiful young dancer could be induced to dance naked.

Her body would do the rest. If Estrella hadn't the most beautiful adolescent body in the whole of Spain, then all the painstaking study of bodies which Domingo had begun in his thirteenth year had been in vain.

During the last week at the cave there were rehearsals and dress rehearsals, and for Estrella undress rehearsals, because it is much easier to be graceful with the graceful Spanish dancing costumes than without anything at all.

The children were so used to each other's nudity that false modesty had no existence among them. So Estrella's undress rehearsals were merely occasions in which her family sat in solemn conclave and judged her performances as works of art. Occasions upon which Astron played his guitar so that all the family pulses beat in unison with his strange unerring rhythms.

Buzo's response to Estrella's dancing was peculiar. The feeling of complete familiarity which a baby brother feels for an older, affectionate and romping sister disappeared. She became distant like a star.

And oddly enough, the feelings of her

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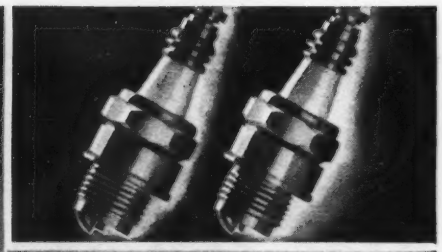

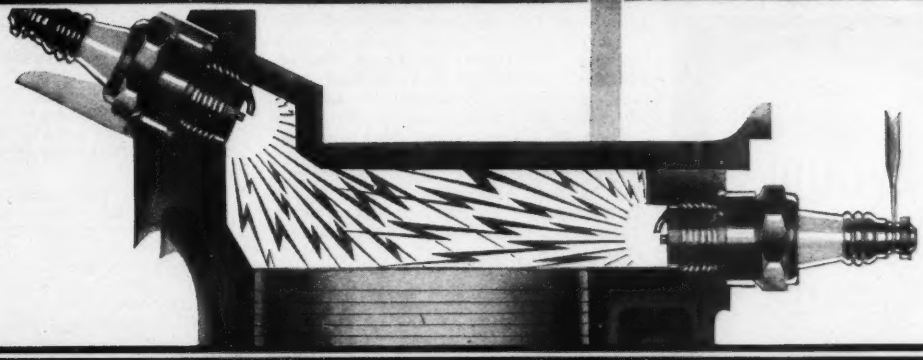

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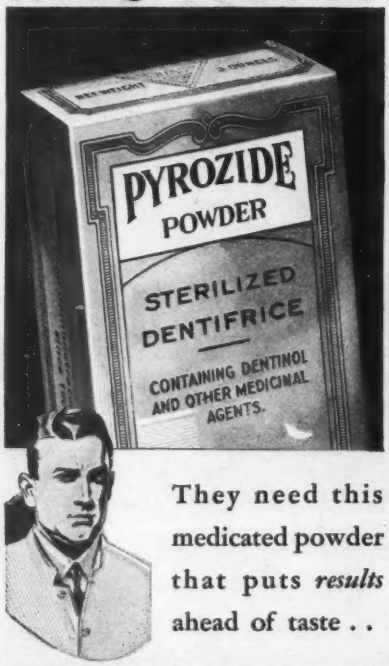

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entire family for Estrella when she danced were the same. It was not as if one saw one's sister dance; it was as if one had paid money to see the dancing of a stranger—someone to whom it would be impolite to address even a word of humble praise.

Sometimes for as much as an hour after she had finished dancing, Estrella remained a person apart. It seemed as if she had been dreaming dreams, discovering unknown countries and winning battles. When she had finished dancing she would go and climb to the top of a rock and sit by herself, often without taking the trouble to put on her clothes.

On one such occasion Domingo, thinking that only Astron could hear him, remarked: "Hundreds of years ago there was a maiden who was seen by the King of Spain as she crossed the Bridge of Toledo in a black dress, and the king, pointing her out to his son, said, 'For a smile, for a single kiss I would give Castile and Aragon and both Americas!' About Estrella this person would feel the same if this person were not her father."

Buzo overheard this remark and remembered it always. He remembered it for two reasons: First, because when Estrella was dancing it seemed impossible that she should ever notice anyone, and second, because when she was not dancing she had smiles and kisses for everybody—especially for Buzo.

He remembered also what Astron had said in answer to his father.

"If it ever came to a contest between Estrella and the new moon, I should put my money on Estrella. The rich men who see her dance will have the same thought of her that an arrow which has been drawn to the head has about a target."

"And all the arrows," said Domingo, "will miss their marks; but somewhere in this world there is a man of gypsy blood who is greatly to be envied."

These things were said on the last night before breaking camp. It was the year 1917. And although there was a terrible war going on and men were dying on land and ships were sinking at sea, the entire family of the cave went to bed at sunset and slept like so many logs of driftwood until the sun had begun to rise again. Buzo, however, had a silly dream. He dreamed that he was an arrow drawn to the head and that he was being aimed at the new moon.

It was half a day's walk up and down to the cave where the Del Antros had boarded their traveling wagon and the two strong Andalusian mules that pulled it. Such effects as they took with them from their own cave could all be packed on the back of that live coal—Brasa, the camel. But the packing was not easy. Brasa was neither a horse nor a donkey nor a mule. He was a camel.

He liked no one and no one liked him. He hated food and ate it. He hated drink and drank it. Affection meant nothing to him.

The first load that Domingo tried to put on Brasa's back failed to be put on. Brasa simply snaked his head around and bit in two the rope which held the load together, so that its component parts all fell to the ground.

Instead of being moved to rage, Domingo was moved to mirth and to an effort which was at once rhetorical and philosophical, and perhaps based on fact.

"A camel," said he, "is neither an ox nor an ass. Neither is it a stranger without the gate or within the gate. It is neither the work of the devil nor of God. Indeed, it is well known that the Archangel Michael, ambitious to try his hand at creative work, received permission to do so, and as a result of his bungling efforts succeeded only in making the camel.

"Without human intervention and encouragement he is unable to propagate, and even with this intervention and encouragement he looks, at the very moment when he is about to become a father, as if he were nourishing a secret grief. If he be entered in a race and you put your money on him, he disappoints you by lying down suddenly and dying.

"If it were not written in the Bible that the camel is the work of the incomparable Michael one would pronounce him to be a cross between a giraffe and a cow with an admixture of sea serpent.

"He groans when he is being loaded. When his load is being removed he snarls like a wolf. He spits at one who feeds him, and when one grooms and caresses him he groans."

The Del Antros' cousins—very distant cousins they were—were named Bambito. They were not roving gypsies but olive farmers and horse dealers. There were several families of them—almost a tribe, and they lived in a tumble-down stone house which had been built by the Moors.

The arrival of the Del Antros was a signal for the cessation of every kind of work. Holidays were declared and for three days there was nothing but eating and drinking and dancing and frolicking.

In the courtyard of the old house there was a rectangular pool in which the Moors had cooled themselves in the heat of the day. At Domingo's bidding, Buzo gave an exhibition of swimming and diving which was greatly admired.

On the last night of their visit Estrella danced and Astron played for her. The verdict was unanimous. There had not been such a pair in the memory of persons a hundred years old. Estrella danced with clothes and without clothes. The Bambito men and the older boys sighed and shivered. And the women and older girls envied her secretly and prophesied that they would live to see her covered with pearls and diamonds.

But Estrella shook her head at that.

"I shall have lovers, of course," she said, "but I shall choose them from among my own people; and among my own people great treasure is only to be found in the heart."

At this all the men and the older boys at once offered to be Estrella's first lover, and there was much laughing and screeching and slapping of husbands by wives and of amorous young cousins by Estrella.

Astron thought his sister a beauty and a superb dancer, but the girl he liked best to look at was Concha Bambito. Concha had no especial talent, but she had a way of looking at a fellow that made him feel as if he wanted to jump right into her eyes and drown himself.

Astron had been in love with her for two years, and it was a settled thing that they were to be married as soon as Astron was able to support a wife.

But on the last night of the visit Astron had a talk with his father, and that person had a talk with Concha's father, and it was settled that Concha should travel throughout Spain with the Del Antros. Thus it would be seen if Astron and Concha would tire of each other or not. And it would also be seen if Astron could earn enough money.

Among the elders there was a long debate as to whether Buzo should have his head sheared or not. It was decided that his hair should be clipped very short, and that he should wear a hat much too big for him. After all, no wrong had been done; the child had not been stolen from

anyone. And if the police asked questions which drove one to desperation, one could always tell the truth.

About daybreak the Del Antros said good-by to their cousins and set forth on the road to Málaga. The traveling wagon was an immense affair which resembled a house on wheels. At first sight it appeared to be packed almost entirely with rags and worn-out cooking utensils, but a careful examination would have disclosed articles of real value.

There was, for instance, a battered tin trunk in which were stored genuine old Spanish shawls, combs of tortoise shell and lace mantillas. And there were gay dress-up clothes for everybody except Cuchillo and Buzo.

It was intended that these two small ragamuffins should help out the family budget by shining shoes and by begging pennies. Therefore the more ragged the two young hopefuls looked, the better.

Some of the family rode in the wagon and some walked. The sweethearts, Astron and Concha, walked. They walked ahead and would get so far ahead that one would begin to give them up for lost, when suddenly they would be seen sitting by the roadside, grinning widely and waiting for the others to come up.

Domingo sat on the front seat and drove the mules. He thus enjoyed an ideal opportunity for reflecting and looking ahead. Señor Cochino sat beside his master some of the time, and some of the time was chained to the front axle and took his exercise under the wagon. He didn't enjoy this, because of the dust. Brasa, the camel, followed behind the wagon.

The younger children were in and out of the wagon all day long. The two little boys and Mosca made frequent swift scrambling excursions into the stony landscape. It was fun to climb eminences and look this way and that for miles and miles. It was fun to play at being bandits and to descend upon the wagon with terrific whoops and yells.

The weather was heavenly, and even the nights were not cold. There was always a fire to cook by and to tell stories around. And one learned many things: how to find one's way at night by a knowledge of the stars; how to hear what was happening a long way off by pressing one's ear to the ground.

Sometimes one found a calf that had strayed from the herd, and then one rushed to the wagon for a cloth, and back to the calf and fought with it. Sometimes one got butted in the stomach, and rolled on the ground, and got stepped on.

Sometimes Domingo turned the wagon over to Perfección and, armed with a little airgun which made no noise, went on hunting trips. Sometimes he returned with game which would have been legitimate at another season of the year, but sometimes with a fine hen or a rooster which he pretended to have mistaken for a rabbit.

Sometimes the family went hungry; but not often. It never went thirsty. In the wagon, delightful to lie on, were a number of pigskins containing wine and water. There were fleas in the wagon too—one couldn't help that—but Señor Cochino did all he could to keep the number within reasonable limits.

The Del Antros passed through the city of Málaga without stopping. It was a city which Domingo detested. It was possible that he knew too much about the inside of the city jail, but the excuse he made was that the English had spoiled it. "Whenever there are too many children in a milord's family," he said, "he sends the least promising specimens to Málaga, where they sit all day

MAGNETISME

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under green umbrellas painting little pictures, and soon die of consumption. During the few months that they have to live they are continually carrying complaints to the police. Málaga, in fact, is not a city. It is nothing but streets and houses. But soon we shall be in Granada and then we shall see what we shall see."

Soon after leaving Málaga the road began to climb a mountain. It climbed for three days, and although one perceived that it was not actually the highest mountain in the world, it was terribly high and the night which one spent upon the top was bitterly cold. Far below was the Mediterranean, and one saw ships which crawled upon it like ants, and which were huddled together like cattle. This, Domingo explained, was because of the war. Ships were like cattle. When there were wolves about they huddled together for mutual protection.

It was still winter on top of the mountain. Where there was shelter from the sun, snow lingered. Bushes which in the valley had been covered with flowers were not yet in bud.

Domingo said that it was the Queen's mountain; but whether it belonged to the present queen or to some other, he did not know.

By this time Mosca, Cuchillo and Buzo were somewhat sickened by the behavior of Astron and Concha. They were so much in love with each other that there was no fun left in them. They would lie flat on their backs and look straight up at the stars for an hour at a time without speaking. Their hands were nearly always interwoven, and Astron was always finding excuses for touching Concha and thinking of ways to make her more comfortable. At the end of the day's march he loved to warm water and to wash her feet. And he loved to sit with her head in his lap and comb her hair.

But all these silly carryings-on afforded Domingo great satisfaction. "What he feels for his gypsy," he said, "is already beginning to show in his guitar playing and in his singing. A great passion, as this person has repeatedly proved, is the same thing as money in the pocket."

There are no wilder hills or passes to be seen anywhere than those between Málaga and the rich valley which nourishes the city of Granada. Domingo said so and he should have known because he had once crossed the Mediterranean to the African city of Tangiers, and even the appalling seasickness from which he had suffered had not prevented him from making comparisons between the mountains of Africa and Spain.

"Spain," he once told the children gathered around the fire, "is not to be compared with any other country. Our gypsies not only are more beautiful than those of other countries, but they spend more of their time looking ahead. No roses smell so sweet as ours; no other nightingales sing so sweetly. No other country has such a brave king and such a handsome queen. Ours are the best horses, the deadliest bulls, the tallest cathedrals. The lemons of Spain are sweeter than the oranges of other countries; the skies are bluer and the stars brighter.

"In short, the good God would have chosen to settle himself in Spain instead of in heaven if it had not been for the police, whom He detests because of their constant meddling with affairs which do not concern them.

"Nowhere in the world does love blossom as it blossoms in Spain. Nowhere are children so handsome, so numerous and so obedient; and in no other country"—here Domingo helped himself from the kettle—"is it so often possible to mistake a chicken for a rabbit."

Upon Buzo those wild landscapes had a strong effect. He had always had sharp eyes for color, sharper even than Perfección's or Estrella's, and now he was beginning to find constant food for wonder in the extraordinary arrangements and shapes of things.

Except in the very early morning and late in the afternoon, one had to look hard for the shapes of things. The great shapes spilled all over with jagged broken rocks were very confusing; but by half closing one's eyes one could often turn all this cluster into a simple great lion, sleeping with his chin upon his paws, or into a monstrous Don Cochino with nothing funny about him. Sometimes Buzo took a sharp stick and drew the shapes of things in the dust.

Among the children the slow travel through the mountains produced a great fund of energy which sought an outlet in all manner of swift and noisy ways. At night they slept as if they had been stunned. Nightmares and indispositions were unknown. Cuts healed as if by magic, and in the whole of Spain one could not have bought leather so tough as the soles of their feet.

The only member of the party who was not in robust health was Perfección. She looked pinched and suffering a great deal of the time, and worried and anxious. Often she seemed to be short of breath. But nobody seemed to worry.

One morning Perfección whispered something in Domingo's ear, and when he had patted her on the back, and shrugged his shoulders with the gesture of one who accepts something which cannot be avoided, she went away by herself into a thicket of scrub oak trees, and remained there until the sun was quite high in the heavens. The older children of course knew what was going on, but when after a long time Perfección walked somewhat wearily out of the thicket with a live baby boy in her arms, the wonder of Mosca, Cuchillo and Buzo was unbounded.

But on the next day it developed that Perfección was not going to have any milk for the new baby, and the goat milk which was obtained from a farm high up the mountain threw the little thing into a convulsion, so that it turned black in the face and died, but not before Domingo had dipped his fingers in water and made the sign of the cross upon its forehead and baptized it Juan in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

He was more moved than he cared to show. But life was life and death was death. One had to have a little of everything.

Presently Mosca, who had been secretly worrying, asked a question. "Since Juanito died without the help of a priest, will he have to burn in hell-fire?"

"He will not," said Domingo. "To believe such things is to deny God the ordinary mule-sense of a common man. At this moment the soul of the little gypsy brother is traveling toward Paradise more swiftly than a beam of light."

At that moment and in the same breath, Astron and Concha, who were star-gazing as usual, cried, "Look! Look!"

And indeed at that moment a star leaving a faint trail of fire behind it was passing across the dark vault of the sky.

Domingo thought that it might possibly be the soul of Juanito; and the others were sure of it. A great awe seized them.

Then Domingo spoke of practical things.

"In Spain," he said, "as in other well-ordered countries, it is necessary to

Last Call

to amateur photographers —May 31st ends Eastman competition for 1,223 cash prizes totaling

$30,000

THE biggest amateur photographic contest ever conducted has now reached its third and final month.

There were picture opportunities in March, more in April, but there will be most of all in May.

Those who have already entered will improve their chances greatly by submitting additional pictures taken during this wonderful month.

Those who have not yet entered still have an excellent chance because the best picture-taking period of the contest is now at hand.

You don't need to be a camera-expert to win. What the judges are looking for are *interesting* pictures—pictures of children and scenes, sports and animals, still life and nature studies, buildings and architectural details, interiors and unusual photographs.

If you live under the flag of the United States or that of the Dominion of Canada, you're eligible to enter and compete—except, of course, if you or some member of your family is connected with the photographic business. And practically any snapshot or time exposure that you may take during March, April or May, this year, is eligible also, provided it is received by us on or before May 31. There are enough classifications to cover all kinds. When we receive your entries we'll place them in the classes where they'll have the best chance of winning.

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This is the last call—the final reminder that the opportunity to win a share of this $30,000 knocks at your door. Some of the readers of these lines are going to seize that opportunity. They are going to begin taking pictures *at once*. They are going to enter not one but several pictures. They are going to open a letter from us next month enclosing a check—a check that may be for $5, $2,500 or some amount in between.

They are going to thank their stars they acted on this advertisement. *Will YOU be one of them?*

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1,223	$30,000.00	

In the event of a tie, the advertised award will be paid to each of the tying contestants. (57 of the above $100 prizes were sent to winners April 1. 57 more will be sent May 1. That leaves 1,109 prizes for *you* to aim at.)

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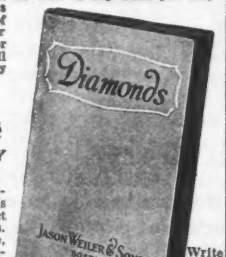

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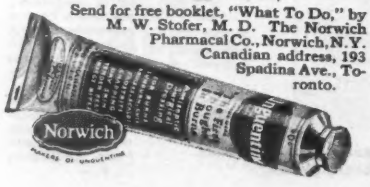

report the birth of a child to the police. But it is upon exceptions that all good rules are founded. In the present case we shall be wise to keep our mouths shut. The police might say, 'Domingo already has six children and didn't want another.' They would think that this person had not done his best to keep the little thing alive, and they might go so far as to throw this person into prison. Therefore say nothing . . ."

He rose, wrapped himself majestically in his cape, and strode off in the direction of the grave. He watched by the grave all night, and perhaps prayed. It was all that he could do for his little gypsy. And Perfección would be glad.

At last they came to the beginning of a vast level valley and Domingo said that at the other end of the valley they would find the great city of Granada waiting to receive them.

"There she sits, as on a throne," he said, "and is well known to be the queen of all cities. She is at once the most ancient of all queens and the most young. Hers are the most beautiful gardens and the coolest fountains. The sound of the water in the gardens is precisely like the murmuring of lovers. To have been young in Granada and to have loved in Granada is to have lived."

And as if carried away by his memories, he began to whistle with delectable sweetness the song beginning:

I know a grove where the day is like night
And the nightingale sings all day . . .

But later when his romantic mood had passed, Domingo observed that Granada was not without her drawbacks.

"The milords and the Americans," he said, "who come to Granada, having passed through Madrid and Seville, are no longer in a mood to spend their money. They have had their amusements, their amours and their drinking bouts, and they come here merely to wonder and to admire. It is the same with the Alemáns, the French and the Italians."

Buzo felt as if he too had come to wonder and admire.

From a distance the city seemed to be entirely built of trees and towers. The towers were much taller than the trees. A forest went up behind the city and this was crowned with great walls and towers that were a beautiful clear red in the late sunshine. Beyond all this were glorious mountains made of pure cobalt and even purer snow.

But the Del Antros did not enter the city at once. Domingo was afraid that Brasa and Señor Cochino would draw too big a crowd. For even in Granada there are thousands of people, especially children, who have never seen an ape or a camel.

He therefore camped in a hollow place, and after supper abandoned his family to its own desires and went into the city alone. He returned about midnight, pleasantly befuddled and not caring who knew it. He sang himself to sleep. And when Perfección waked him at dawn he was very quiet and moody.

But it seemed that he had not celebrated out of willfulness but in a good cause. He had run right into the very people he had most wished to see. His cousin Gostibelza, who inhabited a fine cave on the Sacred Mountain, would lodge them. The proprietor of the very drinking place where he had encountered Gostibelza would give Estrella and Astron a tryout and would pay them well if they pleased his customers.

The name of the proprietor was Peralta and his place was doing a fine business. Peasants who had been saving money for many months came there to have their fling, and he had a large upstairs room in which he arranged genuine gypsy dances for the milords and the Americans who had grown bored with ordinary sight-seeing. His snow-cured hams were the best that Domingo had ever tasted. But they made one thirsty.

The wagon entered the city an hour later and passed through unmolested. The Place of the Sad was deserted, but beyond the Chapiz house on the road up the Sacred Mount where the caves are, certain persons were astir and on their way to business. They were humble folk who as they passed bowed gravely and murmured, "with God." A long file of sleek black goats, stepping daintily, their swinging udders distended, preceded an old woman who was hard put to it to keep up with them.

"In some cities," Domingo explained to Buzo and Mosca, who with Señor Cochino were crowded into the seat beside him, "the milk is taken from the goats and put into bottles; the bottles are put into a wagon and the wagon goes from house to house supplying customers. But in Granada the goat is the milk and the bottle and the wagon all in one. And the customer can be sure the milk which is drawn from the goat under his very eyes has not been mixed with water."

Buzo perceived that here and there smoke was rising from the ground.

"The fields are on fire," he said.

But Domingo laughed.

"The smoke is coming out of gypsy chimneys," he said. "Many of this person's people live in houses which are hollowed out of stone or clay. Such houses do not blow away or fall down."

Domingo's cousin Gostibelza lived in one of the finest caves on the Sacred Mount. He had need of a fine cave because the brood of Gostibelza was very large.

The main entrance, cut through solid rock, had been trimmed with long broad thin Moorish bricks, laid in cement, and in front of the entrance was a little pavement of bricks and old tile which the Gostibelza children had found in rubbish heaps and brought home. Some of these tiles had a beautiful metallic luster. One was ornamented with a plain shield, across which was a strange writing. Gostibelza said that it had come from the Alhambra and that the writing was Arab, and that the meaning of it was, "Only God is Conqueror."

Stepping carelessly on this museum piece, Gostibelza and half a dozen little Gostibelzas led the way into the cave, and one perceived at once that one had entered a regular house except that it was all made out of one piece.

There were two windows, one on each side of the door, which could be closed with heavy wooden shutters; there were two small rooms off the main room, and dimly seen at the end of a narrow arched passage were some steps of a stairway. The smell was one to which Buzo was by now thoroughly accustomed. Indeed, it was part of him and he was part of it.

By seven o'clock the two tribes, the Gostibelzas and the Del Antros, had breakfasted and scattered for the day's work and pleasure. But Perfección and the Señora Gostibelza remained in the cave to do the work of the cave and to look after the children who were too young to be sent out begging.

Buzo, Cuchillo, Mosca and little Vitoria Gostibelza descended to the river, crossed and climbed by a steep and stony way to the Alhambra. They were dressed in rags and Vitoria had an artificial sore on her neck. It was hoped that this really horrible-looking work of art would excite pity in the tourists' breasts and prove

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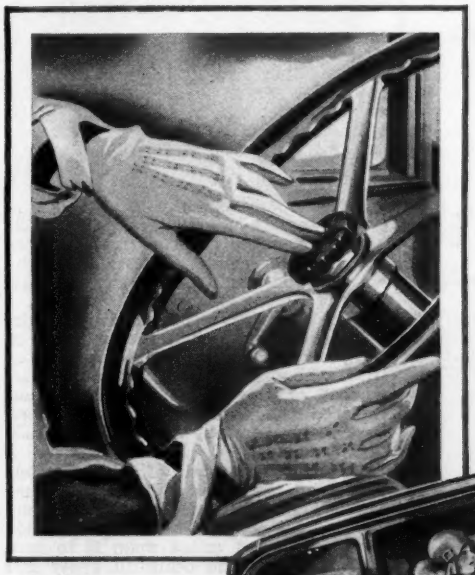

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lucrative. Buzo, who had never done any begging, received special instructions from Domingo.

"Good manners," said that person, "and the art of begging are inseparable. Whether a piteous appeal is met with charity or with refusal, be grateful. When you have received a piece of money you are to say, 'Go with God.' And when you have not received a piece of money, you are to say the same, and in the same gratified voice."

During the day Buzo received more pennies than any of his companions. And this was because he had never begged before, and his timidity and reluctance were mistaken for evidence of hunger and suffering. But it was not success as a beggar which made the day memorable to Buzo. It was the beauty and the mystery of the palace, built in the ancient ages by Titans and fairies. Mosca and Cuchillo were also thrilled, but Vitoria pined for city streets and the desirable things to be seen in shop windows.

Richer by seventeen pennies, the children returned at dusk to the cave. Buzo, emboldened by praise, asked Domingo questions about the Alhambra, which Domingo was in the mood to answer.

"A thousand years ago," he said, "the Moorish people came to Spain from Africa, bringing with them a powerful charm which they had stolen from the mother of the African gypsies. By the aid of this charm they drove the Spanish armies before them like sheep, and conquered the whole of Spain with the exception of the province of Asturias. By the aid of this charm they were enabled to build such palaces and fortresses as the Alhambra, and such churches as the great mosque in Cordova, which resembles a forest. Throughout the whole of Spain their works and their dog faces swarmed.

"But one night a beautiful gypsy girl insinuated herself into the presence of the Moorish captain, and before any of those who guarded him could move hand or foot, or draw sword or bow, she had replaced the charm which he carried next to his heart by a long sharp knife of Toledo steel.

"Then as the captain of the Moors fell dead, and the faces of those who surrounded him became black with vengeance, she clutched the charm to her own breast and called upon it to save her. Instantly the beautiful gypsy girl became a mouse, and the charm turned into a crumb of cheese. Bolting this, she escaped under the wall of the tent.

"At that very moment there entered the tent a dog-faced messenger who had run all the way from the borderland of the Asturias bearing evil tidings. There had been a battle with the Spaniards, he said, and of the Moors engaged he alone survived.

"Thereafter for eight hundred years there was war between the two peoples. But the Moors, having lost their talisman, could no longer prevail, and the Spaniards with the help and advice of the gypsy people regained foot by foot all that had been lost, until only Granada and the Alhambra remained. These fell and the Moorish people, weeping very bitterly, returned to the rocky unwatered country from which they had come."

"And what," demanded Buzo, "became of the beautiful gypsy girl who swallowed the cheese?"

"She called upon the cheese," said Domingo, "to turn her once more into a gypsy girl, but the juices of her little stomach had been too strong for it and she remained a mouse to her dying day. Otherwise the Holy Papa at Rome would undoubtedly have made a saint of her

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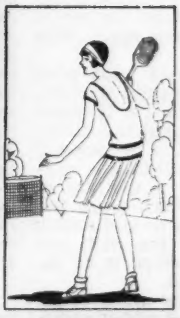

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. . . But tell, Prince of Beggars, were there many tourists in the palace?"

"There were very few," said Buzo. "That is because of the great war. It is dangerous to cross the sea."

"And of that," said Domingo, "you are a living proof. Did you hear your own tongue spoken?"

"I heard, but I pretended that I did not understand."

"That was well. A more suitable time for understanding will one day present itself."

A second day in the courts and at the gates of the Alhambra was not so lucrative, and for the third day's campaign the children separated by order of Domingo, and Buzo was sent in solitary glory and responsibility to entice pennies from visitors to the Generalife.

This palace is even higher up in the world than the Alhambra. Its gardens are more beautiful, and the views from them are more enormous.

A long, long avenue of dark chimney-shaped cypress trees leads to the Generalife. Back of these is forest so dark that the nightingales are deceived by it and may be heard singing at noon.

As Buzo progressed through the avenue there were three nightingales at work, and he lingered near each one, listening with exquisite pleasure.

In an upper garden of the Generalife, all walled in with the highest kind of walls, there were hedges of box and myrtle around an oblong pool of water, red and white roses, and a gigantic cypress tree. In one corner of the garden, a middle-aged man with a beard was sitting in front of an easel, drawing a picture of the garden.

Buzo sidled around until he could see over the man's shoulder.

The man drew with a pencil, making lines so delicate and faint that they hardly showed against the white paper. He finished and put his pencil in his pocket. Then he opened a large black box and began to squeeze beautiful colors out of tin tubes onto a large white palette with depressions all along one side. Then from a large bottle he poured some water into a tin cup, and then he perceived Buzo, nodded to him and said:

"Good morning, Señor Boy. No, and I thank you for asking, it will not distract me if you watch me paint."

Then he looked at the sky above the garden wall, and seizing a great brush, made in one of the depressions of the palette a pool of water tinctured with blue and a touch of red.

There was a fascinating certainty about everything which the man with the beard did. In a very few seconds just such a sky as could be seen over the top of the wall had flowed out of his brush upon the white paper.

"Is it well?" asked the man.

"It is very well," said Buzo.

His heart was beating rather fast, and his hands itched to lay hold of all that painting paraphernalia and see what they could do.

Very swiftly the various large shapes outlined by the pencil were wetly filled with the colors peculiar to them, and by the time the last shape was filled the sky and that part of the wall which the sun illumined were dry.

To Buzo's eyes the painted wall was lighter than the real wall, and forgetting his manners, he said so.

Instead of resenting the criticism, the man with the beard put down his implements, rose to his feet and made Buzo a solemn bow.

"Señor Raphael," he said, "you have eyes like a hawk. Not one child or grown man in ten thousand or a hundred thousand would have noticed the difference. But now see what is to happen."

He sat down again, and made a mixture of water and yellow and a tint of vermilion, a mixture of much water and very little paint, and this he laid swiftly over the sunlit part of the wall, and behold, the color now seemed to be exactly that of the real wall.

In his admiration Buzo again forgot his manners and exclaimed, *"Ole!"* which, especially at bullfights, is the Spanish cry of "Well done."

"Señor Belmonte," said the artist gravely, "which are you going to be when you grow up—a painter or a bullfighter?"

Some sudden warm impulse compelled Buzo to answer: "Both."

"Hum!" said the artist. "And what are you now?"

"Now," said Buzo, "unfortunately, my family are very poor and I am obliged to beg for my living."

"Why do you wear such a big hat?"

"I have no other."

"Take it off and let's have a look at you."

Buzo had been cautioned against showing his hair, but before he had time to recall these cautions, the hat was off.

"Hum!" said the artist. "Dressed like a gypsy—you talk Spanish with a gypsy accent, and you have yellow hair. What is your name?"

"Buzo Del Antro."

"The Diver of the Cave. Well—well!" And then very grimly and gravely he said in English, "I think I had better wring your neck."

Buzo drew back in alarm, and the artist burst out laughing.

"So you understand English, do you, you little devil? I'm not surprised. But it's none of my business and I'm not going to make it mine. But—*are* you English?" Buzo shook his head. "American?" Again Buzo shook his head, but without conviction.

"Liar!" said the artist, and shook a great forefinger in reproof. Then he said, "But don't be afraid of me. I won't give you away. Only stay where you are till I've finished this picture. I want to talk to you and ask you some questions, and I'll give you more pennies to take to your parents than you could beg in a week. You see, I'm painting rather well this morning—even for me—and it's possible that you have brought me luck."

Two hours later the picture was finished, and it was so sweet and clean and clear and large and true that it seemed as if a miracle had been performed before one's eyes.

The artist himself was pleased.

"I only do these for fun," he said, "but people pay large sums for them, and when I am dead people will pay still larger sums. When I work seriously it is with oil on canvas."

"Like the pictures in the churches?" asked Buzo.

"That's the idea; but mine are more like the Velasquez in the Prado. Perhaps I shall paint you some day—standing squarely on your feet, and entirely surrounded by air. Who knows?"

In the colorful life of the Del Antros, Buzo dreams of becoming an artist while Estrella and the other children are carving their own vivid careers—in Gouverneur Morris' July Installment

And Along Came a Red-haired Girl *(Continued from page 75)*

have done this thing to one who had begun the race so gayly. Failure is a bitter pill at any age.

"Isn't there anything that might make your stuff sell?" I asked after the silence had grown too long.

He laughed. "My death, perhaps. It beats the devil how popular we painters become once we're safely underground. Yes, I think if I died dramatically or mysteriously, you could soon sell even the smallest sketches of mine. They might even make me a member of the Academy. However, I'm willing to live a dog's life for art, but I'm blamed if I'll die for the old vixen."

"It would be like you to try even that."

For a full minute he looked at me intently, then nodded. "You know, I've thought of that. I mean—of dying within reason. Always like to do things within reason. It would be a good joke on a world that's been joking me rather persistently the past five years.

"You know, there would be a deal of amusement in that for the obscure artist hidden away somewhere. I swear I'd do it—if I had somewhere to go."

"Come out to the ranch with me," I laughed.

"Don't laugh—I mean it. Another life—another start. Gad, that would be worth while! To wipe the old slate clean. That would be cheating the very gods, wouldn't it?"

He looked at the canvases strewn about him. "I wonder if we could give those things a new life. Just such accidents of fate have raised more than one poor devil from failure to success. It would only be justice, by the Lord! This old world that gave me the cold shoulder while I lived might make friends with me when she thought me dead. I deserve one laugh at the world's expense."

"Would you be willing to start in again—new name, new home, new friends?"

"Willing? What have I to give up? The memories of four years of failure and a losing fight. That's not much to give up."

Well, he was right. Life there hadn't been so pleasant that he would want to continue it indefinitely. His success hadn't been conspicuous. Life, in short, hadn't brought Phil happiness. What he needed was to cut clean away from all that—to cut away so completely he could never return. But I said nothing, for it was his life and his decision.

"That's all rot, isn't it?" he said at last. "We couldn't do it. It would be such a silly, mad trick. And you wouldn't want me cluttering up your ranch."

"As to that you'd always be welcome. Still, you may be right. Let's forget it."

But of course we couldn't forget it, so for an hour more we talked of mad schemes for the passing of Phil Archer. Then silence fell and I knew that he was fighting it out within him. A long, long silence and at the end Phil reached down and painted a large black circle about the antique lady's nose. It was his gesture of rebellion. He threw down the brush and looking up laughed nervously.

"I'm going to do it. If I don't stop this, in another year there won't be anything worth saving. Maybe there isn't now. Let's get out and walk in the park."

I think it was during that walk we worked out the details of Phil's disappearance. My own advice was simply to pack up and leave, but some imp of

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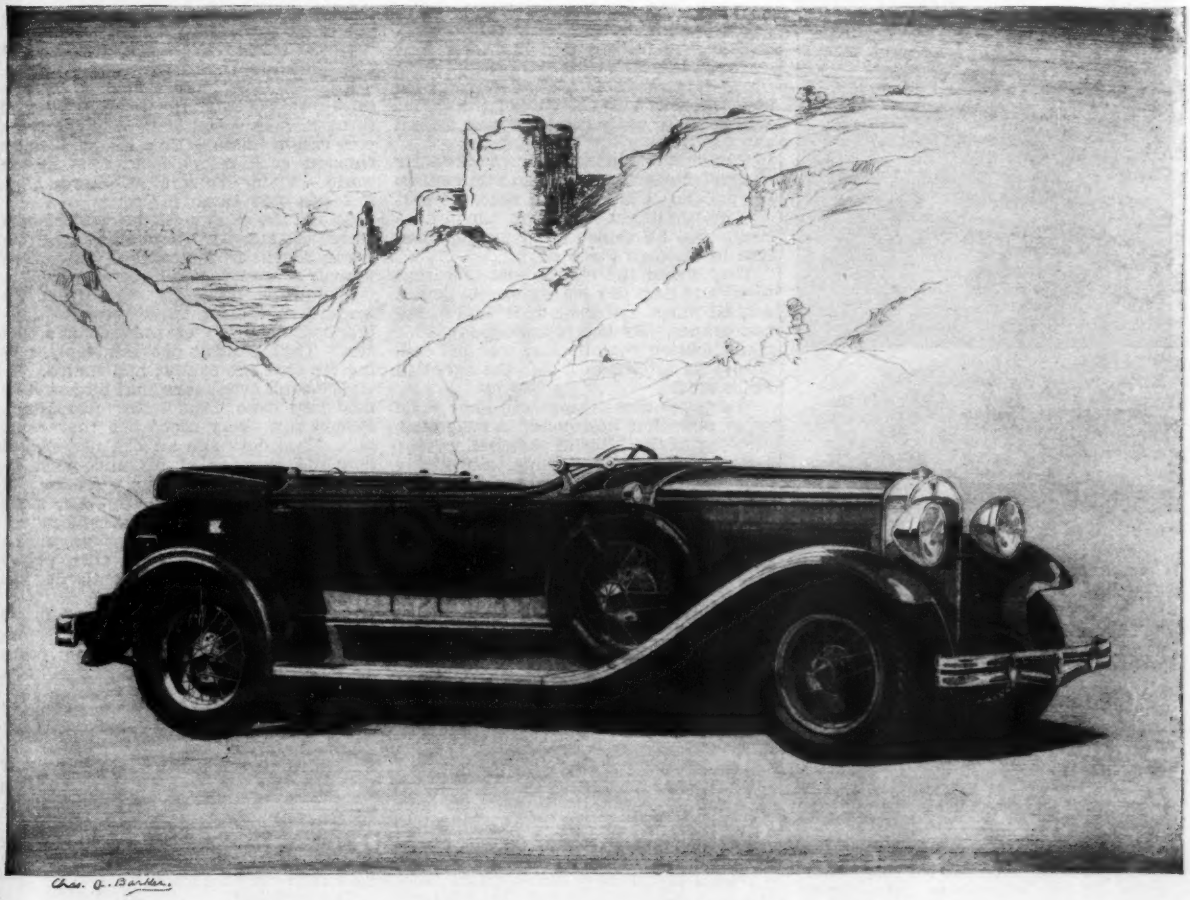

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perversity in Phil's nature held out for a more dramatic exit.

"I want an end that's definite and final," he insisted, "so that I can never go back, no matter how much I want to. I want a new life, so Phil Archer's going to snuff out. The devil of it is—how?"

Up to that time it had always seemed an easy thing to disappear from this world of men. But as we sounded out the possible methods of escape, it didn't seem quite so simple, until Phil chanced to mention a little one-cylinder motor boat he kept on the Potomac.

That gave us our plan. At dusk he would go out alone in the boat. I was to hire a canoe. In the darkness I would meet him and take him aboard. Next day the abandoned boat would be found and by that time Phil would be in Chicago. It looked easy enough.

There were other details, too. For one thing, Phil wrote out a power of attorney giving me full rights over his property. This he back-dated a few months.

"Better turn over all my stuff to the same chap I've been doing this antique stuff for. If anybody can sell it, he can."

It came off easily enough, although I had all the feeling of a murderer that night as the canoe scraped gently beside Phil's boat. Without a word Phil stepped over the side, into the bow of the canoe. We sat there while the little boat drifted away into the gloom of night.

"Accident or suicide, let them take their choice," he said at last, and picked up his paddle. I landed him near the foot of Twelfth Street, we shook hands hurriedly and he vanished. I was to meet him in Chicago three days later.

They found the empty boat late that night and next day both morning papers carried short articles about Phil's disappearance. By the following day little doubt existed that he had met his end. The same afternoon I met the agent in Phil's studio.

"I suppose these things will have some value now that he's gone," I suggested, pointing to the litter of sketches.

He nodded. "Surest thing. Surprising how important death makes us. But if he'd only done it with a little more zip, it would have helped. Still, we can't have everything.

"Tell you what. Turn over all these things to me at forty percent commission and I'll start an exhibit for Archer now. That would boost things." He nodded sagely. "Nothing like an exhibit right after an artist's death, you know. Starts interest hopping. And you'll have to admit he needs interest. Trouble was that bird never jazzed things up enough. You've got to put punch in your stuff these days."

"Archer was an old friend of mine," I said as we parted, "and I've a lot of his canvases out West. If these things happen to go well, I can send some on to you."

"Fine. Shoot 'em in. If we can start a good strong wave of interest, we'll have the dear public eating out of our hand."

Night saw me bound west for Chicago.

The following afternoon Phil met me and together we left on the Santa Fe. Already a change had come over him. The world had suddenly ceased to be a place of struggle and defeat. The past was dead, and before him stretched a new life. He was jubilant as a kid on some stolen holiday and in his eyes I saw a new hope.

"By the way"—he turned suddenly as we pulled out of the station—"you're traveling with Mr. Philip Garland." And as the streets whipped by he murmured, "World, meet Mr. Philip Garland, man with all future and no past."

Yes, Phil was in high humor. It was as if he had been granted some unexpected pardon. He laughed when I told him of my offer to send on more pictures to the agent.

"That was a business stroke I'd never have thought of. I'll be able to sit out there adding posthumous Philip Archers for the greater glory of art and the financial improvement of the lamented painter himself." Then he stopped and stretched. "Just now I feel as if I never want to paint another thing. For the past two years it's been as if in spite of my love for the game I had nothing to paint. As if the color had gone out of things. Lord, Lord, even art has its treadmills."

Together we went into the diner.

The West with all its color and freedom was an unopened book to Phil and during those first few days on my ranch he was like a colt in a pasture. It was all new, it was all thrillingly new, and he took up the life there with an enthusiasm that a little surprised me.

He knocked about for a time learning to ride, then one day to my surprise he rode in from town with a canvas and a box of paints under his arm.

"Thought you were sick of all that," I reminded him.

Phil grinned. "Can't help it. Blame those colors out over the desert. I watched them just after sunset beyond the thing you call a mesa. You know, I never thought such colors could exist in the world. Vivid, living stuff. Lord, Lord, if I can only catch it."

So for the next week he worked in a fever of activity that alternated between delight at the colorful wonder and despair at ever capturing it upon canvas.

Meanwhile no word came from the agent. And after three weeks I telegraphed for news of the exhibit's success. That brought a breezy reply, telling me that the exhibit had fizzled.

"We can't even make that bird popular now he's dead," the letter complained. People say, 'Very nice,' but they won't buy. Two days ago an old, nearsighted lady did buy one of his milk-toast effects, but that's as far as we've got. If something doesn't stir soon, I'm going to send those canvases back collect."

I read the letter twice as we sat on the porch of my hacienda, then passed it over to Phil. After a while he tore it into little pieces.

"Poor old nearsighted lady," he said quietly. Then after a time, "The little joke seems to be all on me. So even death couldn't pull me out of the rut. What a rotten failure I am."

He must have hoped for the success of his little conspiracy more keenly than I knew, for after that some of the youth and sunshine seemed to have gone out of him. It was about this time I sent one of his later pictures to Albuquerque. Within the month it came back.

"That," I remember thinking, "is the end. Unless the gods have some further knocks in store for the kid."

The gods had.

And the gods, following a time-honored custom, chose as their ally a girl.

It was after a rather silent dinner Phil had asked me, with an elaborate unconcern that at once aroused my suspicions, "By the way, who's your neighbor on the Taos Road? First ranch on the right."

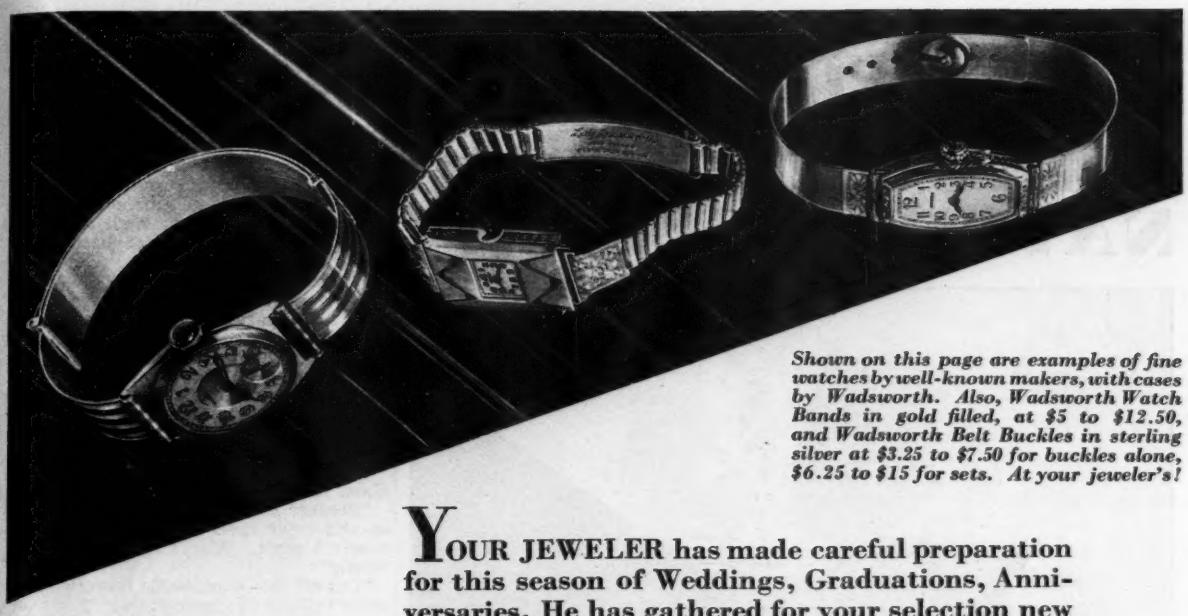
"That's Ryan—the wild Irishman."

Phil was having difficulties rolling a cigaret. "Mr. Ryan possesses a daughter?"

"A red-headed infant, yes."

That cigaret simply wouldn't roll. "Didn't look like an infant to me when I rode by. She looked—she looked like a red-headed angel."

"Well, she isn't." Then I smiled. "Colleen Ryan's an old pal of mine. I've



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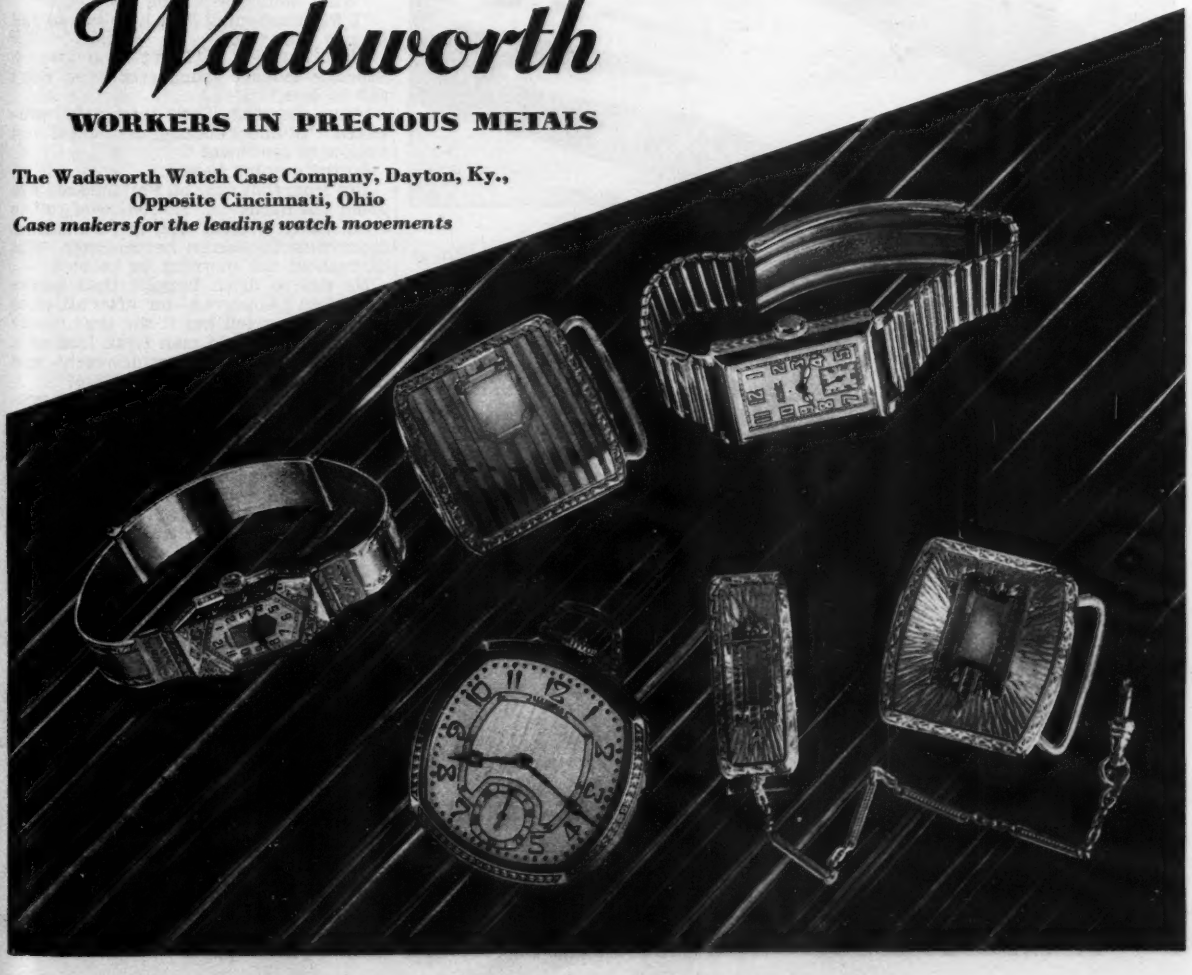

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known her since she was a pig-tailed youngster. She's all old Ryan has now—some day she'll be owner of a good many thousand cattle and one of the best ranches this side of Mexico."

"I'd think all the sheiks and fortune hunters in Arizona would be sharpening up their saxophones."

I laughed. "Not with old man Ryan. The gilded youth who wins Colleen will have to show he's got more stuff than goes into a saxophone. We'll ride over some evening now they're back from California."

Phil said nothing.

But an hour later as we sat there smoking I saw him raise his head sharply and my eyes followed the direction of his. Out by the gate on a pinto sat a girl, the sun gleaming in her bronze hair. She raised her hand in greeting.

"Just came over to remark that Dad's going to beat the dickens out of you," she called as I ran down the steps.

"What's that Dad of yours crabbing about now?"

"Because you haven't come over to see us and we've been back from the Coast nearly a week. What's the matter, Antiquity?"

"Get off that wind-broke maverick and come in here," I commanded. "I've just been talking about you."

We walked back to the house, where I presented Phil.

To the boy I added, "This is the wild Irishman's still wilder daughter."

But already she was kneeling welcoming my two Airedales as they raced and yapped frantically about her. At last she looked up.

"What were you saying about me?"

"I was cautioning Phil here not to fall in love with you."

She laughed. "Don't you worry. Studious-looking young gentlemen don't fall in love."

"That shows what you know," Phil protested. "Studious-looking gentlemen just wallow in sentiment."

So the evening passed.

But from that time on Phil lingered less about the hacienda. He rode over to the Ryan ranch a great deal and sometimes drove with Colleen in her roadster. But throughout the morning he painted.

He was so much happier than before that often I wondered—for, after all, what could he ever tell her if the time came? And how would old man Ryan look on a youngster whose only achievement had been flight from a life of failure?

But one of the many virtues youth possesses is its unwillingness to borrow trouble. Otherwise, I suppose, Phil would never have let himself fall so everlastingly in love with that little red-haired girl. If there was one man in the world who had no right to fall in love, it was Phil. How Colleen felt about it, nobody knew.

Meanwhile the days passed. A long crate of pictures had arrived collect, and there was nothing further to be hoped from Phil's posthumous glory. It hadn't arrived. We had guessed wrong. Phil Archer was dead as an artist and as a man. Phil Garland was just—nobody. And the thought of what lay ahead filled me with foreboding.

He would have to start over again, building up from the bottom. But with what? All Phil knew was painting and that had brought only failure. It certainly didn't offer much encouragement for a man to fall in love on.

Life, I was beginning to think, had tricked him again. Phil had bought a new freedom and a new life. But at a somewhat ruinous price.

The number of canvases grew as he painted with a dogged steadiness.

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Of course Phil knew from past experience that there were easier things in life than selling his paintings. So when Colleen and I demanded he let us send four to the annual exhibit in Taos, he consented indifferently.

"Do what you want with them," he told us. "They're just experiments in trying to get those desert sunset effects. They probably haven't any value, but they were fun to do. Send 'em along."

Then one night in early autumn he told me suddenly that he was going away. We had been sitting out on the corral fence in the half darkness and the quiet of the darkening world made it easier for him to talk.

Through it all Phil tried to keep his voice steady. "It's pretty late now to say I should have cleared out long ago. Only I've been so happy here. I kept putting it off, hoping something would happen. But nothing did happen and already I've stayed too long.

"Well, after all, it's my own funeral. That's the important thing. I want to get out while it is just my own funeral. If I stay longer, I'll be trying to drag someone else into my own failure of a life and that wouldn't do.

"All along I've known the game was played out when our little scheme failed. I wanted so much to sell those pictures. It would have helped me on my new start. It would have been some kind of recognition. Well, that's done.

"Now I've fallen in love with Colleen. I don't know how that happened—or when. It always seemed we were simply the best of friends and then—then it was just as if I had always known I loved her and would go on loving her as long as I lived.

"The one decent thing I've done is not to tell her. I haven't the right. As a painter I'm a failure. I've neither name nor future to offer."

"I've seen this coming, Phil, and although it's a hard saying, I think you're right. You bought freedom, and you made a bet with destiny. Freedom you still have and the bet you've lost. The price of it all is, as you say, you no longer have the right to fall in love. At least not until you've done something with that new life."

Then for a time we both were silent while night fell over the desert and I thought of the strange paths that destiny makes us tread. An immense pity for this perplexed and beaten boy held me, and while we sat there in silence, Colleen drove up in her father's car.

"Dad's got a boy friend over at the ranch. An old bird who looks like the king of clubs," she announced importantly. "He wants to see Phil."

Phil rose and again the quiet smile had masked the bruised soul beneath. "Wonder what bill I forgot to pay now. Will you drive me over, please, ma'am?"

"She will not," I answered for her. "Colleen's going to stay and listen to me. I've got a bedtime story for her."

And it wasn't until the sound of the car had died away that I turned to Colleen.

"You're getting to be quite a big girl for fairy stories, Colleen, but I want to tell you one now. Because, you see, for some reason or other I've always cared for you."

"I know, dear." She patted my hand. "It's a queer story. The story of a man that life cheated, so he stepped out of it."

"Out of life?"

"Yes, in a sense, out of life. You see, he was a painter."

And as the western skies grew violet and the stars came out one by one, I told her Phil Archer's tale. Told her of its wreckage and disappointments. Of his thwarted struggles and the end that he had made to it all.

"I can't really blame him for that," I added. "Only, you see, this painter chap came West to try all over again and he happened to fall in love with a little red-headed girl. He shouldn't have done that. I suppose he couldn't help it. And he couldn't tell her because there wasn't much he had to offer.

"He hadn't even a past and most men have that. And he certainly hadn't any visible future. He was just—just hung here out of nowhere. Caught with the love of her and not daring to tell her. And now he says he's going away."

"Away?"

"What else? He can't go on like this. That's the price he has to pay for being nobody. We've got to find a place for ourselves in life—some reason for existing."

"And Phil hasn't any?"

"Not now. Perhaps later . . ." My voice trailed off into a questioning silence.

"Why are you telling me this?"

"Partly because only an hour ago I advised him to go away. He can't do otherwise, and yet——"

"Yet——?"

"I'm wondering about you. The thing's been my fault, too—I helped him. You see, he was just an unhappy kid, not knowing where to turn. So I helped him. But I want to be sure I'm not sending away a part of your happiness."

Then as I looked down at her, two tears glistened in the soft starlight and I was answered.

"Please don't let him go, Antiquity," she whispered. "I'm afraid I don't care whether he's a failure or not."

The thought came to me that her dad certainly would and that, however unfortunately, even lovers must eat.

Then two headlights gleamed over the mesa and a car pulled up before the gate. Phil again. A new, wildly excited Phil who wrung my hand and Colleen's hand, and danced a war dance of incoherent delight around the little porch.

"Girls and boys, if you only heard," he chanted. "Your king of clubs person was old Williams, the New York art critic—whale of a reputation and a big following. He'd been up to the Taos exhibit and saw the stuff you and Colleen sent. Your dad says he just fizzed all over the place with enthusiasm and finally made your dad drive him down. I'm going over again tomorrow. He wants to see everything I've got.

"Lord, Lord, if you only knew what this means. It's a real start—it's more than a start. He said I've struck a new note. Oh, if just half the things he said are true!"

Suddenly Phil stopped. "Colleen," he began, "there's just one thing I haven't told you. And I'm going to tell you now while I dare."

"He's going to begin that terrible confession, Antiquity," Colleen called across the porch, "and I don't believe my weak heart can stand it."

Then she ran down the steps to her car.

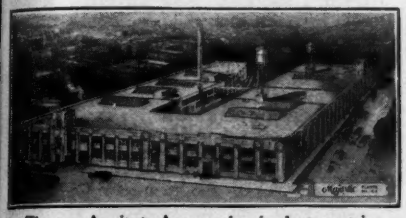
Phil seemed intent on pulling my arm off. "What does she mean?"

"She means that since I've just told her all about your disastrous past, she won't be bored listening to it again."

"Colleen knows? She knows? And she doesn't care?" Then he, too, clattered down the steps.

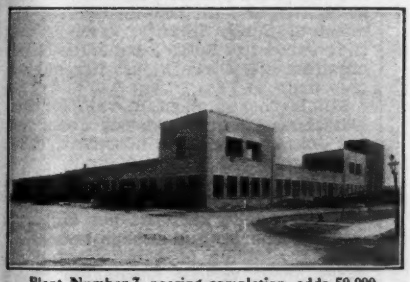
They must have had the devil of a time getting that engine started. For an hour later the car was still outside the gate as I knocked out my pipe and went to bed.

WHAT IS BEHIND GRIGSBY-GRUNOW CO.



The two Armitage Avenue chassis plants contain 125,000 square feet of floor space and employ 2500 people. Part of the plants shown have just been completed and will require 3000 more employes.

The four plants at Dickens Avenue are 375,000 square feet in area, and in them 4500 employes make the cabinets, speakers and power packs.



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Eugene Forker, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of March, 1929. William J. Sperl, Notary Public, Queens County No. 1715, Reg. No. 3354. [Seal.] Certificate filed in New York County, No. 911, Reg. No. 9693. (My commission expires March 30, 1929.)

A Nightingale Flies Home

(*Continued from page 53*)

than she had been. Singers are likely to be stouter than they have been.

Eulalie ran at once to her father with a cry. "Daddy! God love you! Opal, honey! My Lord, but it's sweet to be home. Poor Mama couldn't come to the train, I suppose. How awful!"

When she looked about through tear-fogged eyes she made out old friends and acquaintances and darted to them instead of waiting their approach. She remembered every first and last name, and the owners almost expired with pride. Yet she had mortally offended many distinguished critics and artists by forgetting their famous faces.

She shocked the primmer Carthaginians with her metropolitan frankness, for when she caught sight of one blowzy young matron tilted back under the weight of a prickly-heated infant, Eulalie howled: "Sophie! Bless your fat old heart. That's not a baby, is it? My Lord, how'd that happen?"

A scarlet gawk at Sophie's elbow had difficulty with his Adam's apple as she cried:

"Petie Rathbone, are you to blame? But you married her first, of course."

Everybody snickered guiltily as at one of those terrible slips of the tongue the impetuous old parson was always making in church, and the crowd dispersed in a mood of family hilarity, agreeing with the comment of Eddie Sloane, the church organist: "Well, Lal's just her old self, only more so."

Eulalie looked about in vain for Burr Daniels and asked anxiously about him, but in the confusion nobody told her what had become of him.

When she reached home and found her mother waiting on the porch in her go-cart, Eulalie knelt by her and cried over her gnarled and swollen hands.

After a string of questions and answers about various personages Eulalie remembered her curiosity concerning her old favorite of favorites, and she said:

"Why wasn't Burr Daniels at the station? Why doesn't he telephone at least?"

Before she could be answered, they were interrupted by the Reverend Doctor Weston, who called to ask Eulalie to sing the offertory next Sabbath.

Eulalie protested: "When I'm out of voice, I'm the vilest singer that ever sang."

"Oh, we simple folk would never know the difference—— I don't mean exactly that; but in any case, you sing while the collection is being taken."

"So my voice will be drowned by the noise of nickels and dimes. Well, I'll sing, then."

As he poured out his thanks, he nearly did a back somersault down the steps, but caught himself in time and made his escape.

"Lord, I was less scared facing the royal box in Covent Garden than I'll be Sunday," Eulalie groaned.

"Why, Opal sings in the choir every Sunday and she don't mind," her mother urged.

"Opal's a singer, too, eh? Then you come right in and let me hear you."

Seating herself at the old piano she nearly chopped it down with ponderous arpeggios. Then she played the prelude of the first song she found in the rack before her.

It took a deal of wheedling and bullying before Opal dared pipe up, but she finally made a desperate start and

was going fairly well when she reached the refrain:

"I took one look at you,
That's all I meant to do——"

At the end of the song, Eulalie whirled on the shrieking stool and drew her frightened sister into her lap to say:

"Why, darling, your voice is marvelous! You sing better now than I ever did. All you need is a few years of study in New York, then Paris, then a début, and you'll wipe me off the map. I'll take you East with me when I go back. Come on, sing again."

Opal and her mother and father were swept to the clouds by such praise and Opal bore up even when Eulalie stopped short to give a bit of advice:

"Whiten that note a little so as to color the one you leap to. Like this!"

Then from Eulalie's ample bosom leaped a tone so mighty that it rattled the prisms on the chandelier. Opal shrank and faltered:

"I could never sing like that. I sound like a fife alongside a trombone."

"Well, I was a piccolo myself once. Just let yourself go. That's the secret, honey! Give till it hurts! Give everything you've got, guts and all. You have 'em, my darling, even if you didn't know it. Use 'em!"

This intimate anatomical allusion startled Opal out of her self-consciousness and she was astounded by the tower of resonant air that rose up within her.

Eulalie was not a great singer as a singer, but she had a command over people and over her own resources. She was able to seem more wonderful than she was, by her gift of hurling herself into what she did.

She could draw people out of themselves, too. She made her audiences rise so far with her towards the passion she chanted that the effect was tremendous.

Having lived for years in a realm whose ideal was the supreme expression of whatever emotion was concerned, she had come to make expression her religion, the ultimate duty belittling all other obligations.

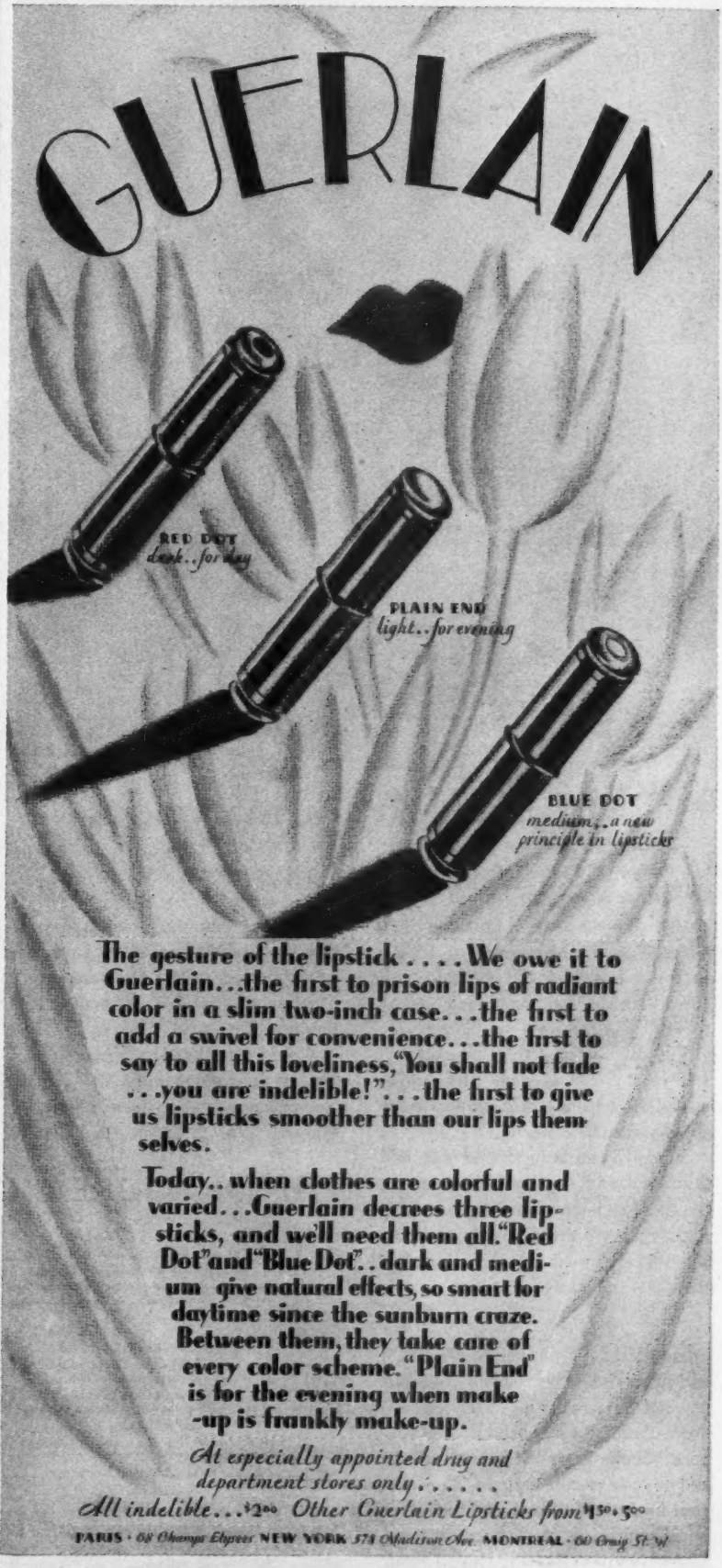
She made Opal sing far better than she had ever sung before, and exalted her out of the timidities and inhibitions that smothered her. Eulalie was immediately convinced that Opal must sacrifice herself and everybody else to the career that opened before her.

She began now to criticize. "Watch your face, honey. You're doing just what I did, just what all Americans do at first. Your features give no hint of your song. This is a song of embarrassment and adoration. Show it in your expression. Pour it out with all your heart, as if you were improvising it to your lover—I suppose you have a lover."

Opal blenched, remembering that a certain person named Milton Yates existed. A few nights ago, imparadised in his arms, she had been satisfied that she had reached the goal of her life. Already she was imagining herself just setting out alone for years of study in fascinating capitals on the way to triumphs in great opera houses.

Her treason to Milt dumfounded her. She hated her voice and was suddenly afraid of her sister. She could not be coaxed or bullied into singing again, nor would she explain why. Eulalie gave up urging her and began to unreel news of herself. Stories of hardships, disappointments, failures, successes, flatteries, and sums of money incredible.

Opal's little heart swung from ferocious resolutions of loyalty to her sublime lover to atrocious feelings that he was a dog in the manger.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Eulalie was not content with threatening to dislodge her young sister from the career she had chosen when there was no better to choose. She dazed her old parents by announcing that she was going to uproot them.

"You may think I've forgotten you darlings but I think of you all the time. It breaks my heart to have you marooned on this barren island with no music, no art, no comfort.

"I want you near me and near wonderful things. And that's why I'm taking this terrible tour through the provinces. I'll come back rich enough to whisk you away to New York and a fine apartment.

"This tour means camping out in the filthiest hotels, rotten food, hideous concert halls, but the worst of it is the waste of pearls on small-town swine.

"They don't know what it's all about, but they pay high prices to be bored so that they can say, 'Oh, yes, I heard Adeliny Patta and the Black Patta and Blind Tom and Paddywhisky, and Melby and I don't know who-all, so I guess I got to hear Eulally Norton, but gosh, how I dread it!'

"They don't know one note from another. You can't reach their hearts because they haven't got any, at least not for art or poetry. But I needed their cash, and the tour gave me a chance to get a glimpse of you darlings. Soon I'll come and take you away forever."

If her eyes had not been so dazzled with the visions of what she was going to do to repay with usury what she owed to her parents, she would have seen how startled they were by her plan.

This town of her contempt had been the world to them all their lives. Their parents were buried here, brothers and sisters, friends. They wanted to be buried here. They knew everybody and were known to everybody.

To go among strange people, strange, noisy, glittering people, living on noisy streets; to eat strange food, dress up all the time, find everything new and showy—it would be frightful. No, no, they could never leave Carthage.

And what would become of them if Opal went away? Who would do and be all that Opal did and was to them?

What would become of Opal while she was being turned into another Eulalie? Must the child be plunged into alien, therefore vicious, irresistible temptations?

Eulalie had somehow escaped—or had she? Was she a good girl still? How could she be and be so gorgeous, so free of the timidities of nice girls?

They felt almost a sense of relief from oppression when the church organist, Eddie Sloane, telephoned from the drug store where he clerked to ask if Eulalie could rehearse her song at the church that night. She accepted with brazen laughter and citified raillery that struck her plebeian parents as hardly ladylike.

Her father grew bold enough to suggest: "Too bad your mother can't go with you tonight. Maybe Opal might."

Opal realized that Milton was expecting to call, but she dared not protest. She was saved by Eulalie's puzzled question: "Why should either Mother or Opal have to traipse down there?"

Her father explained: "So's you wouldn't have to be alone in the church with Eddie."

Eulalie whooped with far-resonant laughter. "Oh, Daddy, you darling old fogy! If you could know where I've been alone and with what men! Ooh! with what men! Eddie's old-maid sister may have some reason for alarm, but not you. Is the cat still alive?"

Her mother drew a solemn face: "She's alive, yes; but she wishes she wasn't.

She has——" She could not utter the terrible word, except by its initial. "She has C."

Eulalie understood and winced, grew morbidly quiet. Haunted by the thought of the agonies endured by the woman who had always hated and feared her, she went to the church in gloom and could not rise to her former hilarity with Eddie who had looked forward hungrily to a familiar laughing-match.

He proposed that she sing an old war-horse of hers: "Hear ye, O Israel!" Once she had ridden that melody like a frightened girl. Now she carried it on such a mighty stream of tone that the melody seemed slight and the voice of the pipe organ a muffled uproar.

One rehearsal of so easy a tune was all her expert memory required, but she lingered to stare into the empty dark, trying to realize that this tiny chapel had been her Vatican once.

She fell to talking of old times and Eddie, musician-like, continued to play softly as they conversed. From the tops of the high pipes music fumed like blown smoke and she heard in the improvisation an embroidering of melancholy, a juggling with despair.

"You play awfully well, Eddie. And you used to write songs that I loved."

"Oh, that was in your days of ignorance. You'd laugh yourself sick now. Even my later ones would disgust a great artist like you."

"I'm not a great artist and you know it. I'm just a hard-working pack horse who's had a little good luck mixed in with a lot of bad. I'm the same Lal who got kicked out of this loft for flirting with you."

She persisted till he played some of his later songs, but she read them with an ease that somehow cheapened the most complicated passages and turned the most daring originalities into banalities. She noted that several of his lyrics were credited to "Milton Yates," and asked who he might be.

"Oh, he works in the pickle factory. I think he's got talent, don't you?"

"He may have had in his youth, but——"

"He's only a youth now."

"Really! His poems sound like the baby talk of an elderly gentleman who went to seed quickly. Honestly, Eddie, you oughtn't to have thrown away such pretty tunes on such putrid slush."

"But the words inspired the tunes—I mean, suggested them."

"And ruined them at the same time. Look at these words, and the music you had to put to them. Composers stopped doing that ten years ago. They're doing far worse, but not that. Your music still wears long skirts and a bustle, Eddie, while all the arts go half naked now like the women. They're not ashamed of anything but sentiment and noble emotions.

"You don't get the fashions out here till they're out of fashion. But your songs must compete with men who are in the know, just ahead of the times. All artists have to live in colonies, where they can spy on one another and hate one another and race with one another.

"Why don't you go to New York and study and listen and grow? You owe that much to yourself."

"Maybe I do, but I owe the doctor, the butcher, the baker more."

Her heart rushed out to him and she put an arm about him after the manner of artists in conference. But she burned him with rekindled longings, for she was like a great hot brazier of glowing coals.

He was tempted to fling his arms around her but she began to talk business!

Photo by W. E. Thomas, Hollywood

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"Look here, Eddie. You've always had a peculiar knack for playing my accompaniments. The man who plays for me now says he's outgrown such work. He wants to leave me. Would you take the job? It wouldn't pay much—a hundred a week maybe, but——"

"A hundred a week? I get eighty a month at the drug store."

"Then will you come along with me?"

"Don't, Lal! Don't! I can't! My poor sister. She's——"

"Don't say it. I know. It's frightful. But—how can I say it without being too brutal? Why should you and your genius be destroyed by cancer, too? It doesn't help her."

"Oh, but it does! I'm all she has. She needs me, every minute I can spare from the drug store."

"But why should an artist work at a drug store?"

"I have to, to earn money so that she and I can——"

"Die slowly instead of quickly. It's criminal to torture a great artist to death and rob the world of your songs for the useless——"

"Please, Lal! Please! I'm all right. It doesn't matter about my fool songs. The world gets along gayly without me. It doesn't miss me. But my sister—I'd rather rot in obscurity than fail her."

Thoughts blazed through Eulalie that she dared not voice. Why couldn't his sister die quickly? What did she get out of life? Only more pain. Why must this throttled song bird be fettered to her side to perish slowly with her?

What bribe could she offer to make him break free? And if he did, would she not herself despise him as a selfish egotist? After all, the arts were only playthings, decorations, a means of attracting attention and coin. But Eddie was mumbling:

"It's the greatest thing that ever happened to me, Lal, that a divine artist like you should praise my stumblings. You can imagine what it would mean to appear with you at my side singing—now and then a song of mine. But who would hold my sister's hand when the agonies come over her, midnights?

"It's hard enough to be at the drug store knowing what I know, but I'm working for her there. And I'm there of evenings and all night, for her to call to me, and there's something about just clinging to the hand of somebody in pain—it's like the torment I feel when I compose, but more terrible, more beautiful.

"Don't feel too sorry for me, Lal. I guess the main thing that makes life big for an artist—I'm calling myself one, since you did—well, the thing that an artist gets most out of is anything that swells the heart till it almost bursts.

"Music does that for me. Sometimes angels come pouring out of those pipes up there when I play alone here. Now and then I happen on wild chords, or strange melodies, or I strike pitiful harmonies that bring tears—those things make me suffer terribly. Yet I'm never so happy as then.

"As I see it, an artist's chief happiness really lies in being sublimely miserable about beauty. Well, when I sit with my sister who suffers the tortures of the damned though she never did a wrong thing, why, I feel my heart, or my soul, or whatever it is, filling so full with sympathy and mystery and helplessness that I tremble with a kind of music—like an organ pipe. I smother and ache.

"It's just like what I feel sometimes when the organ floods this dark church with music. I'm so sad that I'm happy, and so happy that I want to die.

"So you go your way and I'll stay here. We're not so poor as we look in this town, for our tragedies aren't shabby anyway. We're not ignorant of grief and—but—well, heaven bless you. I'd better hurry home to my sister instead of spouting big words at you. I'll see you Sunday and play for you, and my sister can hear you sing; our house isn't far away."

Eulalie would not let him take her home but went along the dark walks thinking dark thoughts.

She turned into her own yard so quietly that Milt Yates was unable to get out of the hammock before she was on the porch.

When she saw that Opal was wrestling desperately with somebody, she laughed. "Is that the same old hammock that I could never get out of without a battle?"

Opal felt the implication a trifle undignified for a couple as solemnly betrothed as they were, and she said rather stiffly: "This is Milton Yates, Lallie. He and I are——"

But Eulalie had not heard the last faint syllables. She was saying: "Milton Yates? Any relation to Byron Yates?"

"He's my eldest brother."

"A little less stress on that word 'eldest,' please; but Byron and I used to sit in that hammock, and we were engaged, I think—or thought we were. Where is Byron?"

"Oh, he's in town."

"Making lots of money?"

"Well—the grain and feed business is kind of slow this year."

"Grain and feed? Why, Byron was going to be a lawyer and a statesman—President of the United States some day. He was the boy orator of Carthage."

"Yes, but he couldn't afford to go to law school, and he—he married young."

"I hope the habit doesn't run in your family."

She had spoken aloud what she thought. One could do that in her circle, but it seemed to be devastating out here. She finished the carnage by laughing.

"Have I said the wrong thing, Opal? Bring your young man inside where I can apologize. Have you told him about the great singer I'm going to make out of you?"

Opal did not answer. She had been trying to tell Milt all evening and had not yet found the courage. She had planned to tell him that she would not think of leaving him, but she had realized how hard it would be to word the sacrifice so that it would not sound like a plea for him to sacrifice himself.

She could feel in the hand that clutched her arm what a blow the mere idea was to him, but he let go at once and followed her sister in. He stared at Opal with the reproachful meekness of a dying stag and she was confounded with the guilt of her reticence.

Eulalie was still shaken by her resentment of Eddie Sloane's ruination, and suspected that Opal was similarly entangled with this fool. The scared youth was to her a grotesque monster, withholding her sister from her glory.

"So you're Byron's younger brother Milton," she snapped. "You had another brother, Shelley, didn't you? Your mother ran to poets, didn't she? But—oh, I know; you do write verses. You're the pickle-factory poet Eddie was telling me about. I sang some of your lyrics."

"Yeah. Eddie and I been writing an opera together."

"Why didn't you dig a gold mine?"

"A gold mine?" he laughed. "Here? There's no gold in Carthage!"

"Is there any opera?"

"No. but——"

"How can you write opera without hearing any? Why write it when you have no place to produce it, and don't know anybody that would? Had you ever thought of going abroad?"

"Well, I s'pose I have thought of it; just as I've thought of going to the moon on a skyrocket. It's just about as likely."

"And getting your opera produced is just about as likely. I don't mean to be impolite, but you see, I know opera."

Opal came to his defense. "Milt writes poetry, too—beautiful poetry. He can write that here and mail it to the magazines."

"Did you ever mail any, Milton?"

"Well, yes."

"You found that it could be mailed back, too, didn't you?"

He laughed with the minimum pleasure. She ran on over him:

"I read somewhere that your namesake spent eight years or more writing 'Paradise Lost,' and got five or ten dollars or maybe a hundred for it. You do better than that at cucumbers, don't you?"

"Some."

Opal broke in spunkily: "Poets don't write for money. Their reward is their beautiful thoughts. Milt was telling me only tonight of a poem he's writing. It's going to be marvelous when it's done."

"Let's hear it."

"Oh, it's nowheres near finished yet."

"Go on. Read it to her."

"Aw, I couldn't. It's nowheres near finished."

"Then I'll read it."

"Aw, say!"

With the proprietary familiarity of a fiancée, Opal dived into his pockets and escaped with a crumpled, much-scratched manuscript, which she started to read, wrecking the confused meter.

The poet reached for his child. "If it's got to be done, I'll do it."

Opal surrendered the paper and he intoned what he had written with the usual desolation of a poet reading his own works.

"'The moon swings high'—the meter is rather free, you'll notice, but that's modern. 'The moon swings'—and of course this isn't the final version. 'The moon'—I got the idea from an actual thing I saw once."

"For heaven's sake, cut the asides and read," Eulalie commanded, and he wailed and roared in a blustering effort to conceal his stage fright:

"The moon swings high above the barnyard pond
Yet the pond takes her prisoner and multiplies her fires;
And the pond seems as deep as the sky and all beyond,
Or the soul of a man of infinite desires.

"The pond-moon is shuddering, is shattered by the throes
Of a little drowning moth. But the sky-moon stares
Implacably indifferent while incalculable woes
Wring from billions of mankind cries of anguish, curses, pray'rs."

He ended in the depths of shame where a poet usually finds himself when he permits himself to be duped into crying his wares. Since Eulalie said nothing, Opal spoke:

"Don't you think it's wonderful, Lal? Isn't it big?"

"It's big—certainly," said Eulalie. "It's got the universe and a moth and a moon and billions of men. I don't know anything about poetry except in librettos, but what I feel, if you'll pardon an outsider, is this, Milton:

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"You've got everybody in your poem, and that means you haven't really got anybody in it. Now in opera we have orchestras and choruses and scenery, but it's all about the love affairs of two or three people. They're in love and other trouble, and the question is, How are they going to come out? They howl their heads off and do ridiculous things, but they're telling a story.

"There's an everlasting demand for stories. We never outgrow them. If you would write stories or plays or even poems about people you could make money——"

Opal broke in again: "Would you have Eddie sell his soul for money?"

"If he can get anybody to buy it, yes. Let him sell his own soul if he can. I don't believe in forging other people's souls or truckling or cheating or writing down to the masses. I believe in making the masses jump for the hook. They like to jump if they think there's any meat on the hook or even a bright fly, but—well, what I mean is, I believe in doing what you believe in and doing it the best you can, and then taking it to the market where they buy such things and getting all you can for it. If that's bad art it's what the greatest artists always did.

"But you're like Eddie Sloane. You're trying to grow figs on thistles. You're trying to sell jewelry in a coal mine. How much time have you spent on that poem?"

"Oh, I've been at it off and on for a year or two. I'm always working on it, even when I'm hustling pickles. It's nowheres near finished yet."

"A year's work and you'll be lucky if you get it published for nothing. Where does it get you, Milt? Honestly now. Why don't you go to work?"

"Work? I work my head off."

"At pickles. But I mean, at writing. You're throwing yourself away out here. Why don't you move to New York?"

"Gosh, how I'd love it, but——"

"You're not going to tell me you have a sick sister, are you?"

"No, nobody's sick at our house. That's the trouble. They're healthy and they got to eat. You see, my father was going to send me through college, but—well, he went blind and Byron had just got married; so Shelley and I, we had to get out and hustle. He's running a gasoline filling station and he wants to get married, too."

"I suppose that's natural," Eulalie said; "there's nothing else to do and the winters are terribly cold here: it's the cheapest way to keep warm."

"Lal!" gasped Opal.

"Oh, I forgot where I was. So you and Milt are going to step off and starve together."

"We wouldn't starve. We both have good jobs."

"And Opal will go on scratching a few dollars out of a typewriter, while Milt pickles his poetic soul. Well, I think you're a couple of sneak thieves, murderers! You're going to do just what's so fashionable nowadays: the husband kills the wife, then shoots himself."

"Why, Miss Eulalie!"

"What else are you doing? Opal here—God gave her a golden flute and she insists on driving nails with it. She could earn a hundred thousand dollars a year. And you might write a play and make twice as much as Opal. Instead of that you want to sit in a hammock or rent a shack and rot. I went through it all. I had to tear myself out of a man's arms and save my soul. He'd have silenced me just as you want to cut Opal's tongue out and keep her in a rusty cage. Why can't you let her have her chance? Why must you get married right away? What's the rush, the indecent haste to—agh!"

She was sweeping out of the room in a Wagnerian exit when Opal checked her.

"Lal, may I ask one question?"

"A hundred."

"You went away and left several broken hearts behind you. Are you any happier than if you'd stayed?"

"No, I don't suppose I am. But what of it?"

"What of it? What did you gain by going?"

"Good Lord, child, do you think happiness is to be gained by going or staying? Happiness is what most people had yesterday. But your duty is to make the most of yourself. Get all you can with what you've got. If you're a singer sing! If you're a poet—poe!

"The crime is in lying down without trying. You small-town prudes talk about the wickedness of cities and successful people. Why? We aren't half as immoral as you people who are so eager for each other that you—oh, go on and tie yourselves up. But when your love grows cold——"

"Our love will never grow cold," said Opal. "Will it, Milt?"

"Never! Never!" But his second "never" was feebler than his first.

Eulalie left them in a state of exquisite misery. They fell into each other's arms, but fell out again at once, Opal pleading:

"Milt, I can't stand the thought that I'm keeping you from your future. You go on to New York and get rich and famous."

"Me? It's you that's being held back. Your sister wants to take you East with her."

"But I can't leave, with Mother a cripple—and Daddy almost worse."

"And I can't leave my mother. She'd starve."

"Then I guess we got to stick together."

"I guess we got to."

There was an amazing difference between tonight's sticking together because they had to, and the other night's because they chose to.

Milt went home early, before Mrs. Norton had called the first hour. Opal trudged up to bed with a heavy heart. She was intending to go on past the room where Lal was raging at her parents.

Suddenly in the street outside a woman was heard shrieking and a man cursing.

Opal ran in and followed Eulalie to the window to peer out, but their mother called from her bed:

"Don't worry. It's only Burr Daniels drunk again."

Eulalie had been tormented with wondering why Burr Daniels had not met her at the train, had not called her on the telephone. He was the one man in town she wanted to see again. She had expected that he would be the first to call.

And now she saw him. He had come to call, but a woman was making what objections she could. Her voice betrayed an origin that astonished Eulalie.

Eulalie reeled away from the window as she saw her former lover knock the little woman flying with a swing of his big fist and kick at her as she flopped against the fence and fell screaming.

Eulalie covered her eyes, groaning: "I could never have believed that Burr Daniels would harm a woman."

Her mother, strangely calm, sniffed: "She's harmed him enough."

"Who is she?"

"Molly Tuttle."

"Never heard of her."

"She's from the other side the railroad tracks."

Opal was at the window, muttering: "Somebody ought to lock the beast up."

"Oh, they get tired doin' that," her mother said with the calm of age for familiar evil. "Burr don't mean any harm. But he's awful when he's havin' his spells."

Opal ran from the window, gasping: "Good heavens, he's coming in here."

There was a sound of heavy uncertain feet on the front steps, and then loud knocking.

Eulalie gathered herself grimly and said: "I'll go talk to him. I could always manage Burr Daniels."

Opal seized her, chattering: "But he might attack you."

"I'm not afraid of him." Eulalie laughed, but Opal was so panic-stricken that Eulalie said: "I'll take the little pistol I always carry. Burr gave it to me when I went away to the wicked city. I never used it, but I'll flash it at him if he gets obstreperous."

She would not be restrained, went to her room, found the silver weapon in her trunk, thrust it in her hand bag and went down while her father took an old revolver from the bureau and hobbled after her in his nightshirt.

By the time he reached the head of the stairs, Eulalie had flung open the door and brought Burr Daniels in with it. He fell heavily to his hands and knees, rolled over to a sitting posture, stared up at Eulalie and began to sob.

"Is 'at choo, Lally? Really you, Lally? Lally roo reelly? Oh, oh, oh, to think of you comin' home an' find'n' me drunk. I'm drunk, Lally, 'mawful sorry but I can't denunk I'm dry." He began to titter at that. "M'old tongue's twissed so m'ster'sly I can't say I can't—ol' brain's as sober as a—whatever's soberes' thing you know, Lal.

"M'heart's sober, too. I been tryin' to get my heart drunk ever since you broke it, Lal. When you went away, m'heart died, I guess, and maybe 'at's why I can' seem to get it drunk. M'heart stopped when m'Lally went away."

Eulalie was studying the bloated, besotted tramp that sprawled at her feet. She tried to see in him some trace of the handsome youth who had once held her heart and her life in his hands.

She had known of his craving and she had seen him drunk as a young man, but never loathsome.

He was the son of the richest family in town, a college man, a trifle foppish, but keen, brilliant. He was going to be a great capitalist one day. His father's bank was to be but the diving board for his great plunge into the sea of finance.

He had wanted Lally to marry him and after a few years at Carthage go with him to Chicago. He had long menaced her career with his briberies of love and wealth. But she had felt that she must be a singer. Now she was a singer, and none too content with her lot.

A fantastic thought came to her. He had said that his heart died when she abandoned him. What a glorious thing it would be to revive it, redeem it with her love. She had never quite recovered from that infatuation. Her heart had perished a little in that parting.

She had not been loyal to the pledge she had never quite given; and neither had he, of course. She would not have expected such devotion across all the years. That woman from the other side of town, for instance—evidently Burr had floundered to the depths.

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putting his feet on the ladder again. She could not quite overcome that first profound impression he had made on her heart. Her pride in his courtship of her had been the beginning of her confidence in herself and in her star.

Burr's mother was a small-town snob and had bitterly opposed his serious consideration of the daughter of the man who kept Norton's harness shop. And that had stung Eulalie's pride. She would not marry into a family that thought itself better than hers. She would like to meet Mrs. Daniels now and see if she had changed her tune.

Without quite committing herself even to the thought of dangling her heart before this fallen giant as a prize to be striven for, Eulalie tossed the dream about in her soul. She wanted to dream it out a little further, sleep on it and see Burr again when he was himself.

So she bent and helped him to his feet as she pleaded: "Now, Burr, you go on home and have a good sleep and come to see me when you're yourself."

"Will you see me when I'm m'self, Lally?" he stammered.

"Of course I will. I always liked you better than anybody else."

"And I al's loved zhoo bet'n alla worl', Lally!"

"Come back and tell me that tomorrow."

"But it's too late, Lally, 's too late."

"Nothing is ever too late. Go on home, Burr, please! to please me."

"Home!" he groaned and broke down weeping again like a Gargantuan boy.

She opened the door, led him down the steps and turned back into the house as he staggered away.

When she went in, proud of what she had done and intoxicated a little with the crazy libretto of her plan, her mother called her in, to ask:

"Did I hear you invite Burr Daniels to come back tomorrow and tell you how he loves you?"

"Well, I had to say something to get him out quietly. I'd be glad to help him back on his feet."

"You'll have his wife on your feet if you try."

"His wife? He isn't married?" This was a blow in the heart.

"That was his wife he was brawlin' with."

"Mollie Tuttle from across the tracks?"

"Mollie Tuttle from across the tracks."

"How long have they been married?"

"Since about a year after you went away."

Eulalie sank into a chair, sighing: "Two or three children by now!"

Her mother computed: "Let's see, you been gone how long—two years in N'York, three years in Par's and three years all over. Well, anyhow, when you went away, Burr simply run wild. He drank so hard nobody nice dast go with him. That Tuttle girl got him and she told him her father'd disown her if he didn't marry her in a hurry, and his father said he'd disown him if he did.

"Well, you know Burr. He married her. His people threw him out and—fact is, they moved away to get shut of him. You can imagine Mrs. Daniels with a daughter-in-law across the railroad tracks.

"Burr had a hard time findin' work to do. He finally got a job as a drummer. I don't suppose he would ever have come home if it wasn't for the babies.

"His wife was kind of pretty till the bloom or the paint wore off. But she's awful igner'nt. And she drinks, too. Burr goes on the road as much as he can, but he gets to broodin' and then to drinkin' and insults his customers, so he's always lookin' for a new job. Some day he'll kill his wife and get hung, or she'll kill him and go free. But that's about the only end there is."

A wave of remorse swept Eulalie. She took upon her own head the guilt for all this sordid ugliness. The first man she had ever looked up to with adoration had been brought to the ragged hulk that wallowed at her feet. Her mother imagined what she was thinking.

"Don't blame yourself, honey. It was written in Burr's nature to do just what he's done. If you'd stayed here, you'd have been in Mollie Tuttle's place, and dead or divorced by now.

"Don't you try to pull Burr out of the garbage can. If you do, his wife'll have you in it with her. Burr won't call on you, if he's sober, and you couldn't take him away from his children, could you? Not that he's any use to 'em, but—well, you'll find as you grow older that there's lots of things and lots of folks you just can't help. It's best to go to bed and forget 'em."

Burr did not call the next day or the next, but nearly everybody else in town did and everybody had an excuse to make for not rivaling Eulalie's success. Her old friends seemed to feel on the defensive before her and before life. They said a few words of congratulation and delight in her fame and then fell to explaining what held them back from their ambitions.

The worst of it was that their excuses were all good. Even when the reason was evidently stupidity or viciousness, self-distrust or indolence, what more crippling diseases could there be than lack of brains, lack of benevolence, or self-confidence, lack of initiative or perseverance?

They were moths caught in a little pond and their death-throes shook only the pond. The world rolled by as cold and far as Milt Yates' moon.

The church was packed to the doors when she sang and Doctor Weston made his usual break when he moaned:

"I regret to see so many people here to hear a famous singer whom I never see here when only the Lord is present in His temple."

When Eulalie stood up to sing the hymns with the congregation, she looked upon her people with new eyes. As a girl she had thought of them as funny old prigs, hypocrites, or heathen. Today they were all vessels of tragic disappointment, foiled ambitions, strangled dreams. They hated each other, cheated each other and their God, but life had hated and cheated them and they were mourners, one and all.

When she sang, "Hear ye, O Israel!" she thought of her listeners as another Israel lost in the wilderness, homeless, perishing, doomed never to taste the milk and honey of Canaan, never even to be lifted high enough for a Pisgah glimpse of the unattainable.

She tried to give them at least the glory of song. She had deserted them, gone over to the Philistines and the Egyptians, but she squandered on them all the treasure she had acquired.

Never had she sung so far beyond herself. She felt that something sang through her; she was but the organ pipe of the music.

Afterward, while she was being mobbed by the whole throng with never a trace of envy in a compliment or a stammered tribute, Milton Yates came to her and said—Milton was literary:

"You reminded me of Israfel."

"Israfel?" she faltered. "Who's she?"

"Poe's angel Israfel. You sang as

wildly well as the angel Israfel whose heartstrings are a lute."

"Oh," said Eulalie, "I never heard him."

"I heard him today. If Opal could sing like you, I'd shoot myself before I kept her here choking her throat with the ashes of silence."

"She could sing better than I do if she would go through what I've gone through, and if she threw overboard her lover as I did."

"She won't have to throw me overboard; I'll jump."

Eulalie caught at his sleeve. "Don't be too hasty. Think it over. Perhaps—oh, I don't know. Only don't let me influence you."

Other people pushed him away.

When she reached home at last, Opal was a wreck of nerves. She was trying to tell her mother how incredibly beautifully Eulalie had sung.

Eddie Sloane called Eulalie to the telephone to give her his sister's thanks for a few minutes of such happiness that she forgot her pain.

Eulalie left the telephone in an awe of herself and the heavenly and infernal influences of her voice. Her sister was frantic.

"If I could sing like that, it would be a solemn religious duty to forget my own happiness and Milt's and—and go forth and give happiness to the multitudes. Do you really think I could, Lal?"

Eulalie winced away from taking the responsibility. "I don't know, honey. You might fail. You might die. You might repent ever leaving this town. You'll have to decide. I can't. I've sinned enough!"

"It's such a dismal, hateful town, full of hard-hearted old brutes."

"That's what I used to think, but my old eyes are opened. Everybody here is having a bitter hard row to hoe. And every one of them seems to be here because he's sacrificed himself to somebody or something that he thinks is bigger and better than his own welfare. It's the same with the women. I thought this place was one mass of selfishness. Good Lord, it's a little army of martyrs. I love it, and the only excuse I have for leaving it is my contracts. But I'm a beast to go away. I've sold my birthright for a lot of press clippings and grease paint and footlights."

Eulalie usually meant what she said when she said it, and the opposite when she said that. If she had received a telegram canceling her future, she would have died of grief.

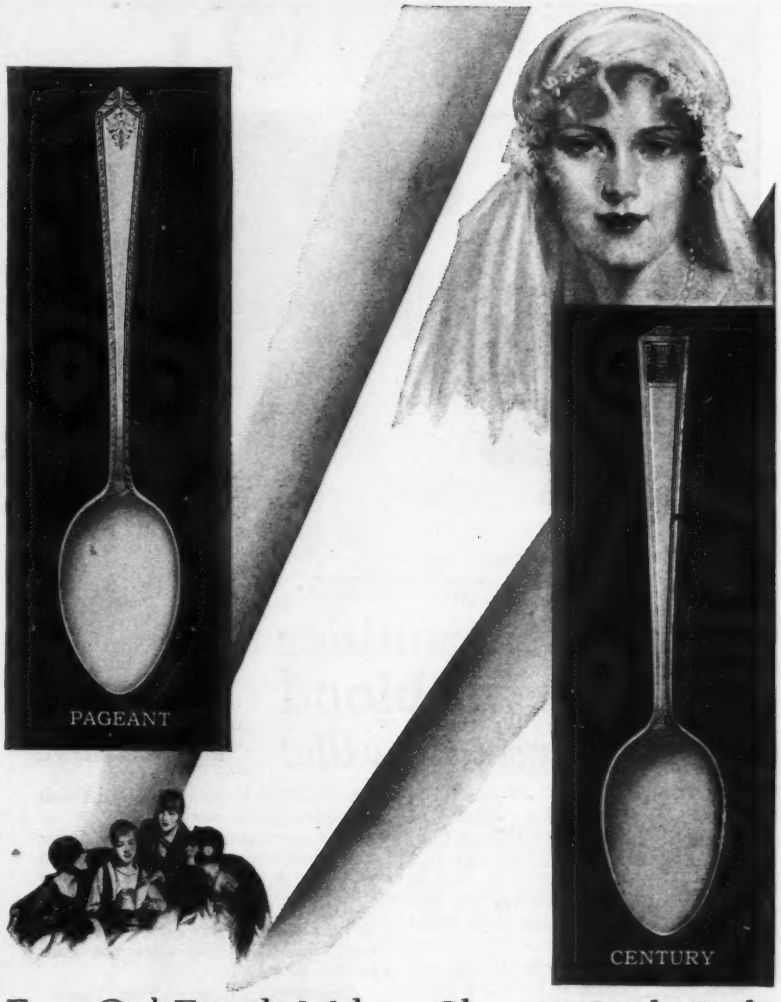
Yet when she bade her mother goodby and rode to the station, she departed from a town so different from the one she had returned to, that she hardly knew it or herself.

The homes, pretty or pretentious or tumble-down, were all pathetic tombstones above buried hopes. The people who waved to her and laughed out farewells were like people dying pluckily.

Her eyes mourned over them all, for who could tell which of them might be a thwarted genius?

The worst of it was that so many of them were chained to ignoble cells by something noble in their souls. Her sister recoiled from dazzling glory lest it take her from waiting on her lame mother and from delighting her shabby lover, who might have been on his way to renown if he could have forsaken his blind father and his hungry mother. Eddie Sloane accepted oblivion that he might minister a little futile tenderness to one who found no other mercy—and——

The car stopped short with a jolt and a snarl of brakes just in time to escape collision with a ponderous man whose



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gratitude took the form of ribald drunken profanity.

It was Burr Daniels. His blurred eyes did not recognize Eulalie and his insults were his unwitting farewell to her.

The driver turned to say: "It's only Burr Daniels, ma'am; nobody minds him. I'd 'a' done his family a favor if I'd run over him—and him one, too—but at that I'd prob'ly wrecked the car."

It comforted Eulalie mystically that Burr Daniels had heaped curses on her head as his last tribute to her. She felt that she had earned them, and in taking them meekly had absolved herself a little.

She looked after the lurching giant in his uncomely torment and saw him as a figure of unearthly beauty. He had come to what he was because he had loved her well enough to let her loss wreck the world for him. He stayed where he was in a tortured, sardonic fidelity to the wife and children whose lives he had dragged down in his fall.

At the station there was a crowd. Eulalie had been heard singing. She was a legend here henceforth. They envied the wide world that claimed her and understood why she could not stay.

Opal and Milt were there, and Milt said: "Promise me you'll send for Opal as soon as you can."

Opal pleaded: "Promise me you won't! I'd rather have his love than all the world."

"But while she's studying singing, I'll be writing away here and some day I'll write something maybe that will make a lot of money. I've got to do that anyway for my mother's sake, let alone Opal's."

Always it was for somebody's sake.

Eulalie kissed them both and made no promises. Neither did she make any more protests against the degradation of touring the "provinces" and singing for the "Philistines."

Her heart had been so enlarged, her eyes so quickened in vision that she began to love also the Philistines in the big cities and the small, imagining why they were what they were, and honoring them for the majesty of their failures.

10th Anniversary

(*Continued from page 41*)

sake, shut up! You've got to take hold of yourself. You're—you're"—she remembered Keith's contemptuous expression—"you're becoming a disgrace!"

"A disgrace," Laila repeated softly. "Well, perhaps if I'd become that sooner he'd not have left me. You know what he picked up with—and after me, me!"

She turned abruptly and went into the drawing-room. Adrienne followed.

Rita said nicely: "Hullo, Laila. What a lovely gown!"

Laila smiled. "Thanks. Hullo, everybody. Do I get a cocktail? Now don't say I need none. I need several. Almost broke my neck and Logan's getting here."

Heymann said: "You should insure Logan's neck to protect his family."

Ned said: "Take the insurance out with my company. Special discount for friends, Laila."

Keith said nothing. He brought her a cocktail and she took it from him, smiling up at him faintly. He seemed not to notice her or the smile.

She said: "Oh, so stern! Does Saint Anthony disapprove of the wicked, wanton Laila?" And her voice carried a thin silken thread of mockery.

Laila was apt to get nasty on the slightest provocation lately.

Fortunately, Natsu announced dinner. They went in informally. Adrienne told them where to sit. "No, not there, Ned—that's two men together—here, sit next to me. You sit over there between Paul and Keith, Rita."

As dinner progressed, conversation sped merrily up and down the gleaming, candlelighted table. Adrienne, her face flushed from laughter, listened happily. She was a good talker, but she was a still better listener. People were comfortable in her society. She bored no one.

Dinner, served by the swift, efficient Natsu, finally was over. It was late, but they went into the drawing-room for coffee and liqueurs.

Adrienne said to Keith: "It's nearly nine and I ordered the car for eight-thirty. I suppose we can all get in unless the others had their cars wait."

She asked. No one, including Laila, had. Didn't know what the program was, they explained. Taxis were easier in a theater crush. Adrienne said: "We'll have to hurry. It's a first night and there's sure to be a jam. It's five to nine now. We can all go in our car. Keith will sit out with Thompson."

Heymann said: "But won't it be a squeeze? Let me get a taxi. I'll bring Laila along in a taxi with me."

"Oh, no, you won't, Paulikins," retorted Laila. "I'm still squiffy and I'm not traveling unprotected with you!"

"Oh, do be serious," cried Adrienne, "and let's get this settled. Keith doesn't mind sitting out with Thompson."

"Better still," said Keith, "I'll trail in the taxi. As a matter of fact, I've got to make the midnight to Washington and my bag's not packed. I'll stop and do it."

Adrienne looked at him. The midnight for Washington . . . She said: "Why, Keith——"

And he, understanding, said quickly: "I know, dearest. But I didn't get a chance to tell you—what with the rush of dressing. Then later—well, you know how it's been."

Of course she knew. But she was disappointed. "Darling, must you?"

"Sweet, I must. It's a Congressional matter. Senator Pell phoned long-distance this afternoon."

She did not argue. That was part of her great charm—she never argued.

She said now, simply: "Shall you be gone long? Will you be at the Mayflower as usual?"

"I can't tell. Perhaps a week. No. I'll stop with the senator."

Her mouth drooped into a little moue. "Darn it—on tonight of all nights. But if you must——" She gave him her slow, lovely smile. "Only come back to me soon, dear. It will be lonely."

He took her arm, held her to him. "And lonely for me without you. But you can do all the new shows."

"And warn you against them later," she laughed. And together, they went to get her wrap.

It was nearly eleven-thirty when the final curtain fell on "Demigods."

"I'll just make it," said Keith, jumping up and rescuing his bag from the rear of the box.

"Where you bound for?" queried Meredith lazily.

"Washington," returned Keith. "Taking the midnight."

Laila was powdering her nose. She looked up from the vanity's mirror. "Don't," said she, unsmiling, "get off at Philadelphia."

"What do you mean?" Keith threw at her furiously.

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"Not a thing," said Laila smoothly, "except so many men take the train for Washington, then become absent-minded and get off at Philadelphia—or Trenton—or even Manhattan Transfer."

There was a pregnant silence. No one quite knew how to take the crude little incident. Of course Laila had been drinking—and she was cynical, bitter, against all men.

Adrienne, uncomfortable, looked at Keith. He was returning Laila's cool smile. Keith, evidently, was inclined to be lenient. But later she would tell Laila what she thought of it—and her.

Keith said: "Snap out of it, Laila! You're becoming a little tiresome." Cruel, brutal, but effective.

Laila turned her back on him and continued powdering.

Keith threw a kiss to Adrienne across the tops of their heads. "'By, darling. Now be a good girl and go home early."

"Good-by—I will."

She watched his tall form until it disappeared into the crowded lobby.

They went on to a smart night club but it failed to amuse Adrienne. She seldom did really enjoy herself if Keith wasn't in the party. She was so dependent upon him for her happiness. Rather frightening, that.

Laila, across from her, said suddenly: "You're not angry with me, Adrienne, for what I said at the theater?"

Adrienne considered. "No, not actually. But why did you?"

Laila said: "I don't know. Something just got into me. I mean, sometimes I feel I want to shriek a warning to other fatuous, self-confident women. I want to cry, 'Don't be a fool! There is—there always is—some other woman.' We ought to know that!"

"Not with Keith," said Adrienne, quiet but positive.

"Oh, Keith!" Laila shrugged. "No, I suppose he doesn't go in for bits of nonsense. I read that phrase in a book of Michael Arlen's—though I used to think it often, before that, myself. Bits of nonsense, I used to think when some sweet friends would tell me they'd seen Tally lunching or teaing or dancing with some cutie. But sometimes a bit of nonsense can develop into a cosmos of nonsense. Only it isn't nonsense then. It's tragedy—for the other woman."

Tragedy—for the other woman. Of course. Tragedy, always, for the other woman—if she loved, thought Adrienne.

She said, suddenly weary: "Laila, I'm going home. And Laila, I wish you'd not drink any more. You look wretched. If you keep on——"

"A short life and a merry one," conceded Laila.

Adrienne turned to Paul and Rita as they came from the dance floor. Ned was catching up on a little sleep.

She said: "I'm running along. I'll take Thompson—so no one need go yet." No one did.

The apartment was warmly dim and quiet when she let herself in. But lonely. As it was always lonely when Keith was not in it.

She undressed slowly, her thoughts, like seeking fingers, probing the remote corners of her memory.

Trips to Europe, to San Francisco, to Boston, Chicago, Washington—especially Washington; that time she had called him long-distance at the Mayflower and not got him, not got him for two days; and the many evenings he was away from her for dinner, business always.

Oh, it was ridiculous, horrible, to let herself think, feel, like this. To permit these ugly suspicions to raise their heads like so many thin, sinister snakes, their avid tongues darting in and out, in and

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out, their fangs bared, ready to strike, releasing their venom into the innermost channels of her consciousness, her happiness, poisoning it, killing it.

She got into bed. But sleep was impossible. The words "bits of nonsense" paraded in relentless, monotonous precision before her wide-eyed mental vision. Bits of nonsense—bits of nonsense. Well, perhaps bits of nonsense were necessary to most men to vary the dull course of mated life, but not Keith—not Keith.

She fell into quiet, dreamless sleep, the thought "not Keith" in her mind, the conviction "not Keith" in her heart.

The morning to which she awakened was as beautiful as the preceding one. She decided the moment she saw it that she would spend it in the country, or at the seashore.

She considered, then made up her mind definitely as her maid brought in her tea and mail. "I'm going to Atlantic City for a few days, Ellen. Pack just a few simple things in a dressing bag. And I'll not need you. You may have today and tomorrow off."

She took the afternoon train and it was growing rapidly dusk when she arrived at the small and quietly luxurious hotel where she had stayed on two previous occasions while Keith was in Europe on complicated international business.

The manager recognized her, remembered her. But he was chagrined. The hotel was uncomfortably full; the only room he had for the moment faced north, but if she would look at it, perhaps it would do until something better——

She looked at it and it wouldn't do. Small and dark and ungracious it was. Better to have remained at home in the big, lonely apartment.

She said plaintively: "It's so very dreary."

The manager agreed. But he had just remembered—a room on the other side of that floor had been vacated that afternoon and if this would do until the other was made ready——

Adrienne was tired. She didn't care to move twice. She would take the room immediately and she could unpack while the maid cleaned.

The room into which the manager bowed her was in the process of being "changed," but Adrienne did not mind. She liked it—large, warmly lighted, chintz-hung—and she smiled at the rosy maid.

The girl smiled back. "I'll only be a bit longer, ma'am. Just got the bathroom and wastebaskets to do."

"You needn't hurry," said Adrienne graciously. "I'll unpack my toilet articles awhile."

She opened her fitted bag, began arranging the gold-mounted tortoise-shell pieces on the dresser. Keith had given her the bag ten years ago for that first breathless, madly happy journey—gold and tortoise shell was a favorite combination of his. She opened the top drawer of the dresser—gold and tortoise shell was——

She closed her eyes a moment, opened them. No, not conjured up by her imagination, but there—tangible—gold and tortoise shell—— Her fingers dipped, closed mechanically over the case, snapped it open. *K. from A.* Of course. She had searched—so that there would be no other one like it. It was an effort for her to release the thing from her fingers and drop it into her hand bag.

Bits of nonsense—bits of nonsense. Don't let a bit of nonsense assume the outline of a tragedy; don't become melodramatic. For heaven's sake, don't

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IT ISN'T as if it were such a great problem these days—the building of health, brimming, weather-proof health. Medical science has gone forward so fast that there is little reason for us to be otherwise than healthy. All too often sickness is the result of neglect.

Take this matter of intestinal hygiene for instance. We know that bad breath, headaches, tired digestion, are usually symptoms of intestinal toxicity . . . warnings that accumulated poisons are at work destroying health. But what do we do? We "cover up" bad breath with some disinfectant—fight the headache with a drug—take a cathartic to "stimulate our appetite"!

Intestinal toxicity is not a condition that can be overcome in a day—nor, with rare exceptions, by drugs. It has been shown that a balanced diet, plenty of water, fresh air and exercise are usually sufficient.

However — here is a suggestion that has helped countless people to remain "intestinally" healthy. Countless thousands have found that ENO's Effervescent Salt provides exactly the right assistance necessary to carry out such a program successfully.

For ENO is utterly unlike bitter, drastic cathartics. It is an easy, refreshing laxative that never gripes or interferes with your daily routine. It simply flushes and cleanses the eliminative system. Its alkaline reaction combats acidosis, sweetens your stomach and clears your head for the day. It creates no habit.

Try ENO in the morning or evening for one week and judge of its value for yourself. This effervescent saline has been the world standard for almost sixty years. Your druggist has ENO at 75c and $1.25 a bottle.

Prepared only by J. C. Eno, Ltd., London, England. Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Belmont Building, Madison Avenue at 34th Street, New York.

ENO—health precaution—will cost you less than 3c a day

When you get up, simply take a glass of water and add a generous teaspoonful of ENO. *Taking this sparkling, delightful saline regularly will help to keep you fit and eager through the hardest day.*

For a business headache, nothing is better than a glass of ENO. *You can get it at the better soda fountains everywhere.*

New Personal Belt

Beltx banishes forever the bothersome safety pin—instead, the pad is gripped with a tiny immaculately clean bit of celluloid especially designed for absolute security.

Dainty, soft elastic makes Beltx comfortable and gives a freedom heretofore unknown. Wide enough for security, yet will not crease or chafe.

Beltx is designed to be worn low on the hips, fitting just snug—it never pulls or binds—as does the old style, waistline sanitary belt.

Instantly adjustable to hip measurement in the belt line, from 22 inches to 42 inches—to height in the tab length—it meets every requirement of a personal belt by simple adjustment with tiny slides.

So diminutive—it is easily tucked away in a corner of your purse.

In colors—to match your lingerie. A charming and acceptable "little gift." Price $1, three for $2. Write today.

Beltx

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Please send me_____BELTX personal belts for which I enclose $_____. It is understood that I may return belt for refund if not satisfied. ($1.00 for one; 3 for $2.00).

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dramatize yourself. Who are you that you should be immune? Are you any different from all those thousands of others? And if it is just a bit of nonsense, what does it amount to fundamentally? Don't be a fool . . .

Adrienne opened her bag, held out a crisp bill to the little maid. She said in a low controlled voice: "Please don't bother further. I am very tired."

"Oh, thank you, ma'am. Would you like me to unpack for you?"

"No. Just leave me alone. I want to rest. I've a headache."

The maid went out and the door clicked quietly shut.

Don't scream; don't cry; not a whimper. But oh, Keith, how could you do this to me?. How could you? And only yesterday morning—only last evening—you said——

Lies, lies, lies. But what did they matter now? What significance had anything now?

She began to repack the dressing-table pieces. Once she stopped, aghast that her physical being could function so perfectly when all within her lay dead, annihilated. Then she went on packing. When she had finished, she ordered her bill, a bell boy, a car to drive her to New York.

To anxious inquiries, she said truthfully: "I feel wretched. I do not wish to be taken ill away from home."

She never remembered, later, that drive home. Home!

She went from room to room. The rose-quartz lamp, that Ming vase, those twin Grecian urns—things she had given him; things he had given her; things they had purchased together . . .

She went back to her bedroom. It seemed awaiting her with a hushed tense expectancy. The servants were off—she had given them permission—the silence bore heavily down upon her.

She dragged forth a large suitcase from a closet, began to pack it automatically.

Her first feeling of stunned shock had worn off. Now, along with a sense of vacuity was a violent though muffled reverberation—a peculiar sense of something thundering through that void within her.

When she had finished and locked the suitcase—all that she was taking—she brought forth the gold and shell case from her hand bag. Could she be mistaken? Oh, if it were possible—but there was no mistake. Still, it might have been stolen—or, more probable, he could have left it in the wash room of the train, where someone had found it—someone who was going to Atlantic City.

Oh, fool, trying to find some outlet to prevent her doing what she knew she must do—the only thing she could do.

She changed to fresh traveling clothes—a hat which hid her eyes, shielded their betrayal. Then she went over to her desk, picked up a pen and began to write.

Keith, my dearest—

How can I write what I must write yet not have it sound silly, or, worse, melodramatic? For I'm leaving you. I'm taking little more than I had when we first met and am going out of your life forever.

And why? Because I have discovered by a cruel, ironic twist of fate and accident your betrayal of my love and utter trust in you. Discovered you have been—to use that hideous, hackneyed word—unfaithful. But such a cheap, sly, furtive infidelity, Keith.

Perhaps that is what hurts the most. The loathsome underhandedness of your betrayal. I find it hard to understand and forgive you that. I am, perhaps, not even trying to. I am simply doing the only thing possible for me to do—severing every bond between us.

Not that I think you no longer care—not that I believe you want to be rid of me. No; I feel that your furtive *affaire*—or *affaires*, perhaps—is only what Laila calls a man's bit of nonsense. But that does not alleviate the hurt, the wounding humiliation. It only makes them more potent—the realization that you—*you* would risk our love, our happiness, our faith in each other for the momentary pleasure of a cheap bit of nonsense.

No. I cannot be satisfied with half-measures. Many women are, I know. Your wife, for example. I never could understand how, knowing of me, she could refuse to divorce you; how she could overlook our association, continue on as Mrs. Keith Dana, willing to sacrifice pride to vanity and material benefits.

But I am not one of those women. I cannot sacrifice my pride. Perhaps pride in one of my position—the position of a mistress in that bitter apprehensive half-world denizened by the Ritas and Lailas and Iris Seymours—is ill-fitting. I don't know. I only know that I cannot live with a man whom I know to be unfaithful to me.

And so, my dear, I say good-by, without bitterness, without reproach, without regret for all those years we've spent together. But with a sadness that for us, too, had to come the inevitable.

Adrienne

The pen slipped from her cold fingers and fell to the soft Persian rug. A little stain spread about its nib. Adrienne stared at it. She thought, what cleaner can I get to remove that ink stain? Then she laughed—but the sound did not escape her larynx. She rose stiffly, put the note into an envelope, addressed it, sealed it, carried it into Keith's bedroom.

She placed it on the bare shining top of the chifforobe, weighted it down with a dark oblong object—gold and tortoise shell. On top of this, she laid the keys to the apartment. So very simple—this parting of ways for a woman in her position.

She got her bag, topcoat, pocketbook and went blindly out of the apartment.

Women Think Faster (*Continued from page 69*)

it would be the other way around. You are more provincial here."

"Perhaps. Anyway, I think that a wife would be a lot of help in this situation."

"But surely you are not counseling me to avoid women by tying up my life to a single member of the species?"

"The only advantage of the scheme is that it would work. Perhaps it would do as well for you to say you are married."

"But I wouldn't be believed. Everyone knows about me."

George laughed. "Not in this country. All they will know is what I tell 'em, and besides, you can say you're on your honeymoon."

"An amusing idea. Preposterous, of course, but——"

"Oh, Sir Hubert, I am so glad to run across you at last. The person who answers your telephone always says that you are out."

Rae's curiosity got the better of her and she turned around to see who the feminine intruder might be. It was an exponent of the famous and popular blend of "fair, fat and forty" plus "flaming youth."

"I'm Mrs. Beecher," she was saying, introducing herself. "I have left word as to my identity several times when I've telephoned. I hope you have decided to spend the week-end with us."

Sir Hubert looked helplessly towards his newly engaged publicity man. "Mr. Bithers and I have a good deal of work mapped out," he was saying.

"Oh, but you must bring Mr. Bithers and your work with you," she interrupted. "You can have the whole east wing of our house all to yourselves, and you won't be interrupted at all except for the tennis matches in the afternoon and a few people who are coming to tea and dinner, of course, and dancing."

A look of sheer terror passed over the baronet's face. "I really couldn't come to you this week-end, Mrs. Beecher. You see, I'm obliged to—— What was it you were saying, Bithers, old chap?"

"Your wife," prompted George.

"Yes, my wife."

"But I didn't know you had a wife."

"It's quite recent. We are on our honeymoon."

George came in with helpful details. "Sir Hubert had not intended announcing his marriage, but a person like yourself is entitled to be in the know."

"Oh, I thank you," said Mrs. Beecher. "I think it's just too sweet for words. And where, may I ask, is Lady Vaile? I should so like to meet her."

"I—er—where is she, Bithers?"

"Her ladyship went shopping, I think."

"No, I didn't go." Rae said this herself, joining the group. "I found it so confusing I thought I'd wait until someone could show me around."

"Oh, my Lord," said George under his breath, and Sir Hubert looked from one to the other of the women quite uncomprehendingly.

"Then this is dear Lady Vaile," dripped Mrs. Beecher. "I was just telling your husband, Sir Hubert, that I expect him to spend the week-end with us and now, of course, you must both come. It would be too delightful."

"We should like to, I am sure," said Rae with the perfect self-confidence which the modern young American woman has in any situation. "But I am sorry to say that it will be impossible just at this time. You see, my trunks haven't arrived and I have nothing to wear until I have done some shopping."

"Oh, but you must let me help you," said Mrs. Beecher. "It will be a delight to me and I am sure you will find it useful to be introduced in the best shops."

"Very charming of you, I'm sure."

"Why not go today? What do you say, Sir Hubert?" Mrs. Beecher referred the question archly to the distinguished visitor.

"Oh, absolutely—go. A really invigorating idea. The sooner the better." Sir Hubert looked flatly at Rae as he said it. His *sang-froid* had returned.

"But I was thinking of a spot of lunch, dear." Rae was able to look him back in the eye as she threw out that piece of sticky fly paper.

"Quite. Why don't you? Take Mrs. Beecher with you into the grill."

"You'll join us?"

"No. I've a lecture at four and I never eat anything on days when I have to speak. Perhaps some other time."

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And gives women freedom, comfort, standards of health never before possible

ALREADY, within just a few years, millions of women have learned to take the comfort of Kotex for granted. The first scientific sanitary napkin, it is constantly being perfected in details which make for added comfort and better health!

This is what Kotex provides: a super-absorbent, soft protection, fashioned to give greatest possible comfort. Cellucotton absorbent wadding actually takes up 5 times more moisture than cotton; it is disposable just like tissue; the gauze is soft, specially treated; the layers of filler are adjustable.

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An important discovery in Kotex Laboratories! Kotex is treated to deodorize safely, completely. This process has been patented* and is to be found in no other sanitary pad.

Corners of each pad have been rounded and tapered so as to leave no evidence of sanitary protection.

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can come only with Cellucotton —the cool, fluffy absorbent

The fleecy, delicate folds of Cellucotton absorbent wadding offer a type of softness that no substitute can equal. Because of its downy white cotton-like structure and its correct absorbency, surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals insist upon Cellucotton absorbent wadding to give patients the greatest possible degree of hygienic comfort.

*Patent No. 1,670,587, granted May 22, 1928

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MARY T. GOLDMAN'S

In some way or other he had escaped, taking with him a slightly perturbed George. The publicity man, a rather daring person himself, did not quite know what it was all about.

Rae had the feeling that she was a freight car which, with its load, had been shunted off on a sidetrack by a particularly lively locomotive. She had tried to embarrass him by announcing herself as his wife and he had turned the tables on her. She wondered how she could even up the score and make him regret that he had treated her so cavalierly.

But there was no time to do anything then. Her luncheon hour was nearly over; it was up to her to hurry back to the untidy salesroom of the Azian Brothers.

She had reckoned, however, without Mrs. Beecher. Rae realized this when she began making tentative gestures toward evading the social ceremony. Obviously Mrs. Beecher intended to stay with her.

So, eventually, Rae consigned Sir Hubert, George and the two Azians to the nethermost depths and led Mrs. Beecher to the grillroom, hoping that her guest would insist on paying the check. She could remember two dollars in her purse but nothing much beyond that. What could one buy two of at the Ritz for two dollars?

There was no use in asking herself foolish questions like that because, obviously, Mrs. Beecher had not got the way she was without using up a lot of calories. She ordered a luncheon that had everything in it but hay, and when the check came she did not even see it.

Fortunately the waiter, when Rae looked at him appealingly, misconstrued her expression and handed her a pencil. Rae signed her name and then, at the prompting of sheer inspiration, she wrote "Lady Vaile" after it in parenthesis. And gave the waiter her two dollars as a tip.

That did the trick. There was no question about the validity of the signature or of the deference which it evoked.

To Rae's dismay she discovered that luncheon did not end the adventure. Mrs. Beecher was having the time of her life and she did not intend to relinquish the foothold she had gained.

"Do let me be your guide on the Avenue," she importuned. "You've no idea how easy I can make it for you."

Rae looked at her plain little wrist watch—plain but smart—and saw that it was nearly three o'clock. Not much use to go back to the pelt merchants now. It would be better to stay away entirely and tell them tomorrow that she had been attacked by a sudden illness.

And that little matter of signing the luncheon check had given her an idea for a splendid afternoon's entertainment, coupled with a neat and really tidy reverse kick in the way of a surprise for the irritating Sir Hubert.

Has it been conveyed sufficiently clearly that with Rae Miller the conception of an idea preceded its execution only by a few seconds? She was what our forefathers called a creature of impulse and what this generation more tersely describes as a hell-cat.

Suddenly and graciously she acceded to Mrs. Beecher's plans and changed from a dawdling time-killer to a dynamo of energy. Fortunately, Mrs. Beecher had a town car outside.

In it they swept up and down the Avenues, Fifth, Park and Madison, stopping here and there at the most expensive establishments to order "one of these," "six of those," "a necklace like that only larger," "several pairs in size eight and a half," "two bottles of the perfume and a box of the *poudre*," "the cloth of gold wrap but without the fur" and other items of value equal to the ransom of a king. Even Mrs. Beecher admitted to herself that Lady Vaile had the instincts of a spender.

Rae took nothing with her—merely had all the items sent to Sir Hubert Vaile at the Ritz and charged to the accounts which were opened like magic in his name, indorsed by Mrs. Beecher. Rae could merrily visualize the sardonic Sir Hubert in his bachelor privacy practically snowed under by a storm of laces, lingerie, jewels and what not, all of which he would have to trace to their sources and return.

Yes, she reflected, he would have done much better not to have wished Mrs. Beecher off on her. He was going to have a lot of embarrassing explaining to do and she hoped he would like it—the self-satisfied coxcomb!

Rae anticipated going home and having a good laugh over the mental picture.

But the idea of going home got a severe jolt when Mrs. Beecher's car drew up before an imposing town residence and the plutocrat's wife indicated that they were to go in.

"But——" began Rae.

"This is Mrs. Palmer Curry's place. Your husband is coming to tea. Don't tell me you had forgotten! All of the worth-while people are to be here or are here already, I guess." She indicated the ranks of parked automobiles.

Rae entered the strange home gingerly. Would she know how to behave, and how would she be received? But she need not have worried. Mrs. Curry, if she was surprised at meeting a hitherto unsuspected wife of her lion, was also pleased and laid the fact that Sir Hubert had not spoken of his wife to the well-known English custom of letting the head of the family represent it in public.

"Sir Hubert is not here, yet," she told Rae, "but I presume that he will be along soon, now that you are here. I imagine that he would not care to be separated long from so lovely a bride.

"Here's someone who is dying to meet you," she continued, passing her on to a thin peculiar-looking young man. "Lady Vaile, this is Bertram Savanne, our poet of the month. I know he will want to discuss his book with you."

Rae confronted the assignment with dismay. She was not up on "The Poem of the Month." She had seen it in the library and had passed it by with a shudder. It was an epic in blank and rhymed verse.

But she need not have worried. Mr. Savanne was an outspoken young man whose mainspring began to animate his oral machinery in the presence of any vacant ear.

"Your husband does not like me," he said. "He panned my last year's collection of poems and I think it would be an interesting revenge if I robbed him of his wife."

Rae was not exactly accustomed to that line of attack, so for a moment she looked up, startled, to see what he meant and what he was like. He was a homely blond with a tremendously big and rather flat nose and curly hair. Rae doubted that she had ever seen a more engagingly repulsive countenance in her life.

But indubitably, he did not know that he was homely and he really managed to be fascinating. He evidently believed in the power of mind over matron and obviously was accustomed to proving it.

Rae did not think he meant a thing by his "line," but it did not matter. He was a stimulant at a time when she felt in need of one.

"Yes, fair lady," he was saying, "Sir

Hubert Vaile, filthy barnacle upon the ship of progress that he is, put my soul on the altar of his own specious cleverness and poured acid on it."

"My husband," Rae consoled him, "has an infinite capacity for making pains."

"My dear, you said 'making,' didn't you?" Rae nodded. "Then come to my arms. I knew there was a woman like you but I never expected that she would wing her way into this heart of mine from over the sea, and incidentally turn out to be the wife of a million-watt wart on the face of the earth whose home and fireside it will be a pleasure to despoil. When shall we go?"

"Go? Where?"

"Anywhere. Out into the night is one of my favorite destinations. Hand in hand we could dance in the path of the moonlight." It was too crowded there for dancing, so he compromised by raising her fingers to his lips.

"Is this filbert bothering you?"

Rae looked up, startled, into the glowering countenance of George Bithers. "How did you get here?"

"Legitimately enough as Sir Hubert's representative. But how you horned in is another story."

"This is not Sir Hubert?" asked Bertram Savanne.

"No, but I am this lady's—er——"

"Yes, what are you, George? This is as good a time as any to explain."

"Correct," supported the poet. "By what divine grant do you claim jurisdiction over lovely Lady Vaile? Gad, what a title for a *chansonnette!* 'Lovely Lady Vaile!'"

George was spared explanation by a sharp rapping on the grand piano.

"Ladies and gentlemen," announced a high soprano owned by Mrs. Curry. "Ladies and gentlemen. I realize that you are growing impatient over the lateness of our guest of honor but I trust you will wait a little longer, as Sir Hubert's representative has just arrived with word that Sir Hubert himself is on his way and will give us a little talk immediately upon arrival—a talk which I am sure you will agree will be well worth having waited for. In the meantime I have been asked to sing, 'Come, Spring, to Me.'"

By the time she had finished Sir Hubert arrived, his entrance timed just right to ruin an impending encore. Mrs. Curry presented him to the company *in toto.* He stood by the piano, unhurried and unflustered, and spoke.

"I have especially requested that I should not be presented individually to you ladies today, so that no one will feel that there is any personal animus in what I am about to say against your sex."

Sir Hubert took off his gloves. It was a significant gesture.

"I," said Sir Hubert, "am one of the few men in the world who do not deceive themselves about women. All of the others, and that includes the husbands, sweethearts and lovers of all the women present"—he stopped and looked carefully over the entire group—"yes, I include all the women present except possibly the so-called Lady Vaile—all the men who live with you, or want to live with you if they don't, are fooling themselves about you. As you know.

"When a man falls in love with a woman he immediately endows her with an assortment of highly improbable virtues, including chastity. That is not in the least a slander upon you. So-called bad women are so often better than good women. Besides, I did not come here to praise you. And personally I think, like yourselves, that virtue is a great inconvenience.

"But I was saying that you fool most men. I don't blame you. You've got to.

She *looked* exquisite as a June Rose

—but they left her alone

You can't tell when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect you

JOAN was lovely looking! Every gay group at the Country Club greeted her enthusiastically.

But before the afternoon was over she found herself just an onlooker—she felt that they were actually avoiding her! What was the reason?

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The regular use of Odorono assures a fresh, dry underarm by checking perspiration in a safe way. *Checking perspiration in small areas has no effect on health.*

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Odorono Regular Strength (ruby colored) used twice a week at night. Pat on freely. Allow plenty of time to dry.

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And it's fun this quick easy way. Spend only 15 minutes with my special methods daily. I allow you plenty of delicious, satisfying foods, but they produce energy instead of fat. I use no drugs or pills; prescribe no starvation diets.

You owe it to yourself to learn about my tested methods. I invite you to send for a free copy of my book, "The Body Beautiful." But please act at once. Mail the coupon below or write. Address, Annette Kellermann, Inc., Suite 176, 225 West 39th Street, New York City.

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Dear Miss Kellermann: I want to lose.....pounds. Send me your booklet, "The Body Beautiful." Requesting it does not obligate me in any way.

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(perfumed) and small vial of our leading Air Perfume and illustrated folder. This exquisite little plaque will give you a good idea of just what the larger Sanozone Urns (as shown in illustration) are like. It is suitable for use on your dressing table, in bureau drawers, etc. Sanozone Urns and Air Perfumes are not a fad but have come to stay. They bring the fragrance of flowers into the home permanently. Classic, artistic, beautiful, fragrant. These air Perfumes are also used for toilet purposes. Urns and Air Perfumes are sold by department and drug stores everywhere.

Send 25c today for Miniature Plaque; (perfumed) and small vial of our leading Air Perfume and folder illustrated in colors.

DEALERS: Additional dealers wanted, write for information.

Simplex design. Hand-colored or plain. Size 8" x 3".

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SANOZONE CHEMICAL CO., 1133 Roy St., Phila.

A woman who doesn't join the conspiracy to hoodwink the gentler sex is not apt ever to hear the wedding march except over the radio.

"Man's motto is and always has been, 'Love when you will but wed only when you must.' Therefore woman invariably has had to overcome his sales resistance by trickery—sham modesty, sham emotions, sham complexions, sham everything.

"When I say sham modesty I mean just that. Men are not supposed to be modest at all by comparison, and yet almost any man would expire of shame if one-half as much of his nether garments were exposed as I can see on every lady in the front row. Don't bother to make the motions of modesty now—I am used to the display, and I want you to be comfortable.

"And you fool us with false emotional fronts. A man marries for passionate companionship. He wakens to find that he has practically no feminine companionship of any sort—even platonic. Companionship between a husband and wife except under one condition, which I shall cite presently, is practically nil.

"And the man who marries loses his magnetic attraction for other women. Where once he was a sort of demigod showered with undeserved favors, he suddenly finds himself in the position of a spectator of life with no chance of participating in the game any more unless he pays a practically prohibitive price."

Sir Hubert's audience began to get restive. Questions, indignation, protests, all sorts of things were fairly bursting to be uttered. The speaker sensed that and cut swiftly to his climax.

"All that a husband gets out of marriage is perpetual supervision of his leisure moments by someone who has plenty of time to rest up for the job.

"The only way that a man can win is by thinking faster than a woman. That is the basis of the companionship which I spoke of a few moments ago. Our forefathers used to beat you. That was successful under primitive conditions, although it taught you hypocrisy. Today there is no way for man to be the dominating force in his own household unless he can outpoint a woman at her own game and still have enough left over to hold her amused respect.

"There are doubtless other men besides myself who know how to think faster than you do, but I cannot give you their addresses and I must beg you not to crowd around me as I attempt to leave this delightful party, because I already have one woman to amuse, abuse and otherwise punish for her audacity in trying to tame me."

He stepped away from the piano toward Rae and offered her his arm. "Lady Vaile, most unfortunate of women, permit me to remind you that we are dining this evening with the Viscount and the Viscountess Durante."

Slightly dazed, Rae took his arm.

The poet of the month sought to detain her. "But we were going out into the night," he reminded. She did not hear him. "I'll be waiting," he called after her, "in a rowboat under the Brooklyn Bridge when you jump."

In a short walk from the Curry mansion to the curb where a high-perched old-fashioned-looking limousine awaited them, Sir Hubert did all the talking.

"The viscount and the viscountess are waiting for us in their car. They are rather old-fashioned people and may appear bizarre to you."

If Rae had seen a good opportunity to run she might have taken it. Then again she might not. At any rate, she was in a mill race and there was only one way she could go. The guiding pressure on her arm assured her of that.

It was just as well that Sir Hubert had prepared her for the eccentricities of the Durantes.

They were elderly, dignified, and dressed in elegant materials which had no visible patches but which spoke some way of having seen service since before the war—since before several wars, in fact.

"This," said Rae absently as she seated herself beside the viscountess, "is a pathetically bad season in the theater."

"What?" exclaimed the viscount.

"The viscount is slightly hard of hearing," Sir Hubert informed her, "but I'm not. You're quite right, my dear."

"I had no idea," Rae murmured abstractedly, "that there was going to be more than one installment to this story when I started it."

"Perhaps you were not expecting collaboration? Women, I understand, are usually safe in assuming that."

Apparently the dinner to which Sir Hubert had alluded was to take place at the Ritz, and as soon as they had arrived at the hotel and turned the viscount and the viscountess over to a boy to be guided to the private dining room, he himself escorted Rae to his own suite.

After opening the door Sir Hubert stood back to let her precede him. With one foot over the threshold Rae halted.

In front of her stood an animal which, judging by the skin, might have been a couple of dogs. It really was only one dog, but great heavy folds of hide hung like an apron across the sturdy parentheses that served as front legs.

From the nose and clenched teeth of this terrible apparition came gruff, appraising sniffs, snorts and commands. Rae obligingly turned around when told to do so in order to let him get an idea what her heels smelled like.

Finally, after the inspection was over, he sat back on his wisp of tail and leered evilly at her.

Rae sat down on the floor, too. This is etiquette. But she made no move. She merely said, "Hello, Arabella."

He got up and climbed into her lap.

"His name is not really Arabella," Sir Hubert pointed out.

"No, of course not. I merely called him by a feminine name to compliment him. He understands that."

The bulldog was having really a terrible time getting comfortable in Rae's lap. It wasn't big enough, for one thing, and he slipped around a good deal on her silken knees.

"Call him Corp," suggested Sir Hubert.

"If I ever have to," Rae amended. "I am the first woman in his life, am I not?"

"So far as I know."

"I knew I was getting the acid test. What shall I do now?"

"Dress for dinner," he requested, indicating the maid who had come in. "Annette will help you. And look your best," he adjured her as he left the room, "which must be something I cannot even imagine. There will be other guests."

If that was meant to be a compliment it certainly was a stunning one and she liked the way it reflected the light as she examined it on all sides. The pup on her lap had gone to sleep with uncouth noises indicating intense satisfaction, while the maid stood ready to attend her wants.

Rae noticed, now that she came to think back on it, that she had never been alone for an instant since she had stepped into this revolving doorway just before luncheon. Whether it was by accident or design, she had always been in the presence of someone before whom she was obliged to continue in the part which she had so nonchalantly assumed.

In the dressing room to which the maid finally conducted her there was laid out the loveliest of the frocks she had purchased that afternoon. Evidently she was to wear it for dinner. She hesitated a moment between putting it on and bolting. If you could see the dress you would understand why she could not go away. After it was on—*mon Dieu,* as the maid said, reverting to her high-school French.

Rae had always been a high-powered attraction even in the clothes she could afford to buy for herself, but now in this apricot and gray, she had that something that sometimes even Elinor Glyn cannot explain.

Sir Hubert, the viscount, his wife and several other guests were in the private dining room to which the servant guided Rae.

She met them graciously. "So nice to have this special performance in the Shakespearean manner," she murmured cryptically.

"If you mean 'without scenery' you are violently mistaken," pointed out Sir Hubert. "Later I'll show you the bill and deduct it from your dowry."

"Dowry? Doesn't that presuppose marriage?"

"You mean, 'Haven't we presupposed marriage?' I hope so. But a discussion of that can be deferred."

No one present seemed to rank below a baron and they quarreled a little over the matter of precedence in seating arrangements. Rae was sure there had never been assembled so much nobility in one room on this or any other continent.

"Aren't they grand?" inquired Sir Hubert. "And just for your private information and so that you won't step out of character, I feel it my duty to inform you, Lady Vaile, that a *bona-fide* attaché from the British Legation at Washington is here with his own wife. You'll recognize them because they are not quite so English as the others."

A perfect dinner was served and eaten in a leisurely daze, as far as Rae was concerned. She enjoyed everything about it, especially the conversation with the young Mr. Remendley and his wife whom she found on her right and left sides.

They were indubitably the really English people Sir Hubert had spoken about and Rae had to direct the conversation into channels that did not lead constantly "back home." That was not so difficult as it might have been, as the Remendleys were only just recently married and, assuming that Rae was in the same case, were full of advice, questions and one thing and another.

"This is the first time we've been away for an evening since little Aubrey was born," Mrs. Remendley confided. "Of course you don't know anything about things like that."

"No," Rae returned absently; "we have no children."

A woman entered the room and came directly to Rae. She wore a trim white uniform. "My lady," she said, "your baby needs you."

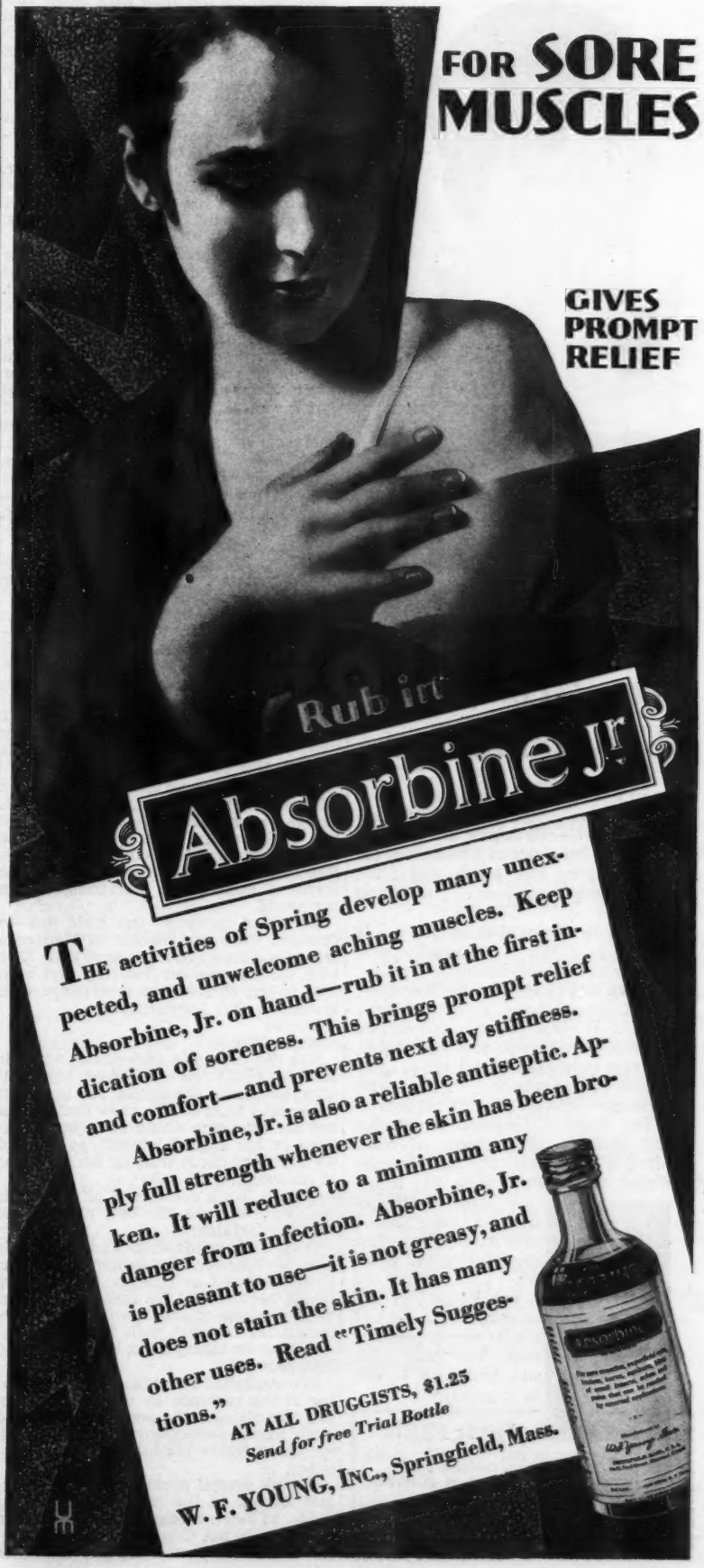
"My what?" Rae echoed, nonplused.

"Your baby needs you. He is crying and I can't put him to sleep. The chief trouble is hunger, I imagine."

Rae arose. It seemed the only thing to do.

"Our child needs me," she notified Sir Hubert. "You will please excuse me and make any explanations you think necessary to Mr. and Mrs. Remendley, whom I have just finished telling that we have been married within the month."

It made her feel slightly better, as she left the dining room, to realize that she had abandoned Sir Hubert in a predicament from which she hoped he would never be able to extricate himself.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Rae followed the nurse back to Sir Hubert's suite. Before she arrived she had figured out about what she might expect to find after she got there, so she was not surprised at the sight of the nice clean crib (with a silk canopy over it) in which, flat on his back, lay Corp dressed decently in baby clothes and a bonnet, but inclined to be sore as the devil at the indignity which had been put upon him.

He brightened perceptibly, however, upon catching sight of Rae and waggled his torso under his nighty in a way that gave a surprising, not to say indecent, effect.

Rae picked him up and held him for a while, smiling at the foolish ideas that seemed to spring from Sir Hubert's mind. It must be interesting, she thought, to be his dog.

Sir Hubert didn't come and didn't come. Rae got tired of playing with Corp and he went to sleep. Neither the maid nor the nurse was in evidence, but Rae guessed that the farce was over. So she took off her borrowed finery and opened the closet where her own frock had been hung.

The closet was absolutely empty save for a fascinating pair of pajamas she had bought that afternoon and a ditto negligee and a pair of feathered slippers.

Rae put them on for the sake of decency. But they weren't, very.

Clad in that clinging glory, Rae conducted a search of all the rooms for her own clothes.

No trace of them anywhere.

There were many other amusing contrivances strewn about, however, that took considerable time to investigate, objects of art that played tunes in their insides when one picked them up and a cabinet that fell apart completely when she touched it. It was obviously intended to do just exactly that, or Rae would have worried about it and tried to put it together again.

Finally she gave up the search for more adequate clothing and rang for the maid. One came, but not the one who had helped her dress earlier in the evening. She didn't know anything about Rae's clothes. Rae suspected that she was in the same frame of mind about everything else in the world.

She went, however—the maid did—to find out what had become of Madame's things and returned after some little time with the information that they had been sent to the cleaners' in accordance with Madame's own instructions.

Simple.

And effective.

Rae did not quite understand why Sir Hubert should wish to detain her until after the party downstairs was over, but apparently he did. She knew that he was not the type who would force his attentions on her against her will, so she had no hesitancy about trusting herself alone in his rooms.

With a laugh she turned off the lights and lay down on the bed, prepared to wait comfortably.

Corp, even in his sleep, had apparently been waiting for that to happen and he roused himself sufficiently to climb up beside her and put his nose on her arm. With a snuffle of absolute content he resumed his contract with Morpheus.

Having an example like that, how could Rae help it?

She awakened with the sunlight snatching at the curtains, an odor of coffee in the nostrils and the sound of a muffled male soloist accompanying himself with splashing water somewhere in the distance.

It took several minutes for Rae to adjust herself to the *milieu* and *mise en scène*, to swipe a couple of phrases from the French, but Corp helped a lot to restore a memory of what had happened the night before. He had apparently not changed his position since he had gone to sleep and now emphasized his satisfaction by stretching his legs and pushing his black paws against Rae's ribs.

Rae sat up.

The odor of fresh coffee came from a drip machine on a highly starched table in the next room. The shades were up in there.

Rae went to the door. Across the room the singing and splashing stopped and the bathroom door knob turned noisily.

Rae drew back with a little warning cry. Whoever had been doing the aria had obviously just emerged from the tub. But the door opened with reckless abandon and Sir Hubert entered—in morning clothes complete even to a boutonnière—a fresh gardenia.

"You do not bathe in a silk hat?" Rae inquired.

"Not always. I regarded this as a rather informal occasion—sort of *en famille*, so to speak."

They ate breakfast together. There seemed no point in precipitating an argument until after she had been fed and, besides, Rae was not sure that she had anything to argue about. He had not actually locked her in and it might be that her clothes had really been sent to the cleaners' through an error. And the fact that she had gone to sleep was no one's fault but her own.

There seemed to be only one way to play this comedy and that was as Sir Hubert himself played it. If he chose to be a clown with a straight face, she could do that, too. Besides, it seemed more interesting to take part in an extravaganza without any plot or explanations.

Rae finished her breakfast. "Now I suppose I'd better go back."

"Back?"

"Yes, to my job—if I still have one—and to George Bithers, who thinks we are engaged."

"But you can't go back to George—not after having known me."

"You are, you'll admit, a bit egotistic."

"I know my own worth, if that's what you mean."

"You're not suggesting that I stay here, are you?"

"Why not? It's quite comfortable. Pick your own part for the next comedy and, if necessary, I'll make it legal."

"What makes you think I would choose that kind of part?"

"It's a gift. I can always think faster than a woman."

"Wrong. I thought of it before I met you."

The telephone rang. Sir Hubert answered.

"It's for you."

"How can it be? No one knows that I'm here. At least I hope not." Distrustfully she put the receiver to her ear. "Hello."

"Is this Lady Vaile?"

"N-no—er, yes."

"This is Bertram Savanne and I'm getting tired of rowing around here under the bridge. The boat is leaking and I think it is going to sink in a couple of minutes. So when you jump, wear a life preserver big enough for two. Hello! Hello! Are you listening?"

She was, but not to the poet of the month.

How could she?

She had been carried over to the window to hear some conversation which Sir Hubert Vaile had successfully kept from uttering for years, mostly the bromidic platitudinous language we all use under similar circumstances.

So the telephone sputtered for a while and then went out.

Poison

(Continued from page 57)

divorce, he left her destitute, advising her brutally to commit suicide or become a prostitute. Not a nice man, Markham.

In her despondency the young countess appealed to his parents. So captivated were they by her that they took her into their home.

In 1866 Chorinsky was severely wounded at the battle of Königgrätz, but on learning that his wife was living with his parents, he refused to be taken home.

Mathilde, remorsefully conscious that her presence in the house made impossible a reconciliation between her husband and his parents, took her departure and settled in Munich, the city of her birth. Chorinsky senior allowed her an annuity of 960 florins and also gave her the interest of her husband's marriage bond of 12,000 florins.

Although Marie Miltitsch was the primary cause of Chorinsky's fanatical hatred of his wife, this sinister passion was kept alive and later intensified by Julie Ebergényi, under whose spell he had fallen on his return to Vienna after the Prussian war.

The lady's full name was Julie Malvine Gabriele Ebergényi von Telekes; and she was born in 1842, on her father's estate, Szécsény, in Hungary. She was a fascinatin' brunette.

In 1867, after the death of her mother, Julie left home as a protest against her father's intended remarriage to a commoner. High-spirited and that sort of thing. A few months later we find her installed in luxury in Vienna, leading the life of a *demi-mondaine*, and on the alert lookout for a titled husband. It was no doubt with this matrimonial ambition in view that she persuaded one of her paramours to arrange financially for her being made a canoness of the aristocratic Maria Schul Chapter at Brünn.

Chorinsky, who soon after his arrival in Vienna had become one of her lovers, was not content to share her favors—exclusive fella!—and offered to marry her. Julie's father was overjoyed and was willing to make any financial sacrifice to bring about the marriage. But alas! there remained the insurmountable obstacle of Chorinsky's existing marriage in the Catholic Church. As long as the Countess Chorinsky was alive nothing could be done to remedy the situation. Very distressin'.

During the summer of 1867 Mathilde was living near Reichenhall, a famous Bavarian spa, and one day she received in the mail a box of candied fruit from Brünn, accompanied by a note which read: "An old friend who has just learned your address sends you this little gift. He is still thinking of you with undiminished affection and he hopes to see you before long"—or words to that effect. The note was signed "Wammer."

This box of candied fruit was to be heard of again under the most sinister circumstances. Incidentally, Markham, it marked a milestone in the history of the technique of crime, for though the fact was never legally proved, there can be little doubt that those sweets contained cyanide; and the episode established the first modern record of poisoned candy being sent through the mails for the purpose of murder.

Mathilde, however, was not destined for this particular variety of death. She became highly indignant at what she regarded as an unseemly joke, and after some weeks gave the candy away to a peasant family, who ate it without any disastrous results.

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It is very possible, d'ye see, that the cyanide had been decomposed in the presence of sugar, liberating the hydrocyanic acid with the formation of harmless potassium-sugar compounds. Or it may be that to the stomachs of these sturdy Bavarian peasants cyanide was a mere condiment which they relished.

On October fourth of the same year Mathilde returned to Munich. Under the name of Mathilde von Ledske—the secondary title of her husband—she took furnished lodgings with a woman named Elise Hartmann, at 12 Amalien-Strasse, where she lived a quiet and retired life.

Thus matters stood on the morning of November 23rd, 1867, when Frau Hartmann went to the local police station and asked for advice regarding her lodger.

She informed the inspector that on November twentieth a woman had visited Mathilde and that on the next afternoon the same woman had called again. At six-thirty P. M. that day Mathilde had asked Frau Hartmann for the loan of a pair of opera glasses, explaining that she had been invited by her caller to attend the Aktientheater. She had also asked her landlady to call a cab for her. But when the obliging Frau Hartmann had arrived with the cab the door of her tenant's room had been locked and no one had answered her knocking. She had concluded that Mathilde had gone to the theater without waiting for the conveyance.

Frau Hartmann had noted that her lodger remained invisible the next day—the twenty-second—but had thought nothing of it. On the twenty-third, however, she had grown anxious and had gone to the Hôtel Vier Jahreszeiten, where Mathilde had told her the woman was staying, and made inquiries. Mathilde's visitor, it turned out, had registered as the Baroness Marie von Vay, but had returned to Vienna on the evening of November twenty-first.

The police inspector now authorized Frau Hartmann to force the door of her lodger's room—which she did. On the floor she found the corpse of Mathilde von Ledske, and hastened to the police station with the tale of her discovery.

Inspector Hütter proceeded immediately to the house. Police Surgeon Doctor Wensauer, who accompanied him, announced that death had occurred about two days previously. There were no signs of violence. The body was taken to the morgue and the room locked for inspection.

The examining magistrate, Doctor Geiger, who made the first official examination of the room, found the table laid with a cold supper consisting of ham, sausage, black radishes, fruit and cakes—not an epicurean meal; but then, gastronomic taste in Germany has never accorded with the gustat'ry principles of the late Brillat-Savarin.

On the table also stood a jug of beer, a small bottle of rum, and three glasses—one empty and two containing water. There were also two cups—one, which was at the place where, according to Frau Hartmann, the mysterious visitor had sat, was half full of tea; the other cup contained some tea with milk.

The teakettle, however, was nowhere in the apartment. The keys to the hall door and to the door of the clothes-closet were also missing. The kerosene lamp had not been lighted, but there was a candle on the table. The fact that it had not burnt down, but had been extinguished, practically eliminated suicide.

The dead woman's jewelry and money had been untouched, with the exception that a heavy seal ring was missing; and Frau Hartmann stated that several packages of letters had disappeared.

Karl Struwe, a student who occupied the room next door, stated that on the evening of the twenty-first he had heard an animated conversation between two women which had lasted until after six P. M. when the hall door had slammed. Quiet had reigned thereafter.

The post-mortem showed that Mathilde had been poisoned by hydrocyanic acid, which she had probably taken in the form of potassium cyanide in tea or some other liquid. Death had probably been instantaneous.

From letters and documents found in the apartment it was at once established that the dead woman was none other than the Countess Chorinsky, and Chief of Police Karl von Burchtorff himself undertook the investigation of the crime.

At the Hôtel Vier Jahreszeiten it was learned that the woman who had registered under the name of the Baroness von Vay had arrived on the Vienna express on the morning of November twentieth, and had departed for Vienna at eight-thirty P. M., November twenty-first.

A traveling salesman, Heinrich Umlauf, had arrived on the same train with the baroness and had accompanied her that same evening to the theater. Later, on reading of the murder of the Countess Chorinsky, he went to the police authorities and explained that he had met the woman for the first time on the Vienna express, and that on the evening of November twenty-first he had accompanied her to the railway station and seen her aboard the train for Vienna.

Umlauf, as well as other witnesses of the hotel, described the woman as young and attractive, and flamboyantly dressed in a black-and-white silk gown and a black Persian-lamb fur coat fastened with an enamel brooch bearing two death's-heads. She smoked cigars incessantly, making use of a meerschaum cigar holder bearing a count's coronet.

Cigar-smoking among the women of the Austrian aristocracy was at that time quite common. Thank heaven, Markham, the practice has not spread! Imagine wooing a lady who would first remove a cigar from her mouth to ask you if your intentions were honorable!

The chambermaid at the hotel testified that on November twenty-first the "Baroness von Vay" had dressed nervously and had sat at the window, preoccupied and sullen, until two-thirty P. M. At that time she had ordered a bottle of muscat and half a bottle of red wine, which she had poured into two smaller bottles, asking the porter to cork them for her.

Later in the afternoon she went shopping in the company of the Countess Chorinsky, having first ordered the hotel porter to buy her two theater tickets and to deliver them to Frau Hartmann's house in the Amalien-Strasse. The porter arrived there about six-thirty P. M., just as she was emerging from the front door, and gave her the tickets.

At seven P. M. she returned to the hotel, apparently excited and much exhausted, and asked for her bill, explaining that she had just received a wire from her husband asking her to join him in Paris. No telegram, however, had been received for her at the hotel; and the porter noted that she boarded a train for Vienna.

Among the papers found by Chief of Police Burchtorff in the dead woman's room was a will in which Mathilde stated that she had been abused and forsaken by her husband. Letters were also found that showed that her address and the name under which she lived were well known to her father-in-law. That same day Doctor Burchtorff was informed that the secretary of the Austrian Legation, Herr Zwerschina, had, at the request of

Count Gustav Chorinsky, endeavored to obtain information from the Munich police about Mathilde von Ledske.

These facts immediately created in Burchtorff a keen desire to have polite converse with this estranged husband of the murdered woman. He accordingly telegraphed to the Vienna police, asking them to inform Count Gustav Chorinsky of the death of his wife and to request his presence at the funeral.

On the twenty-fifth Chorinsky arrived in Munich with his father. The elder Chorinsky at once applied to the Chief of Police for further details about his daughter-in-law's death. The younger Chorinsky, pleading fatigue from the trip, remained at the Hôtel Bayrischer Hof. After the interview, Chorinsky senior declined to see the body and declared that he was returning to Vienna with his son the same evening, without waiting for the inquest.

Burchtorff was somewhat puzzled by this decision and insisted upon accompanying Chorinsky back to the hotel.

Near the hotel they encountered the younger Chorinsky, who was formally introduced to Burchtorff by his father. Gustav Chorinsky also declined to view his wife's body. And Burchtorff noticed that the young man was nervous and showed a marked reluctance to pass the uniformed police patrolling the streets.

Chorinsky senior expressed a desire to visit Count Trauttmannsdorf, the Austrian Ambassador, and Burchtorff politely insisted on keeping Gustav company until his father's return.

During a short stroll Gustav was unable to cloak his hatred of his murdered wife, and Burchtorff, seeing in his attitude a possible motive for the crime, decided to take immediate action.

He excused himself and, after arranging to have Chorinsky kept under strict surveillance, hastened to the examining magistrate, who immediately telegraphed to Vienna for further particulars regarding Chorinsky's marital affairs.

In the afternoon Burchtorff paid the Chorinskys a visit at the hotel and requested them to call upon him at police headquarters at six P. M. When they arrived the desired information from Vienna had been received, and the examining magistrate issued a warrant for the younger Chorinsky's arrest. He gave his word of honor as an officer that he was innocent, and protested vigorously against the custom'ry examination and the confiscation of his property.

His personal effects included a rosary, several talismans and prayers, and five photographs which he stated were pictures of his fiancée, Julie von Ebergényi. The shrewd Burchtorff at once took the photographs to the Hôtel Vier Jahreszeiten, and there several employees promptly identified them as pictures of the mysterious Baroness von Vay.

When told of this identification Chorinsky stated excitedly that Julie had been in Vienna on November seventeenth and eighteenth—and that on November nineteenth she had departed for Szécsény, and therefore could not have been in Munich on the twentieth and twenty-first. He also insisted that he had kept her in ignorance of his previous marriage and that she was unaware of Mathilde's existence.

That same day Chorinsky was taken to the morgue, where he formally identified the body of his wife.

In the meantime at the request of Burchtorff the Vienna Police Inspector Karl Breitenfeld paid an official visit to Julie von Ebergényi. She protested indignantly at the outrage of being cross-examined. Eventually, though, she agreed to accompany him to police headquarters.

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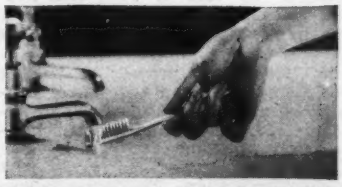

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3 *Pick up Baking Soda on the moistened brush.*

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5 *Then, brush the upper teeth, using a downward motion or, if you prefer, a circular motion.*

6 *Finally, brush inside of teeth thoroughly, still using the up-and-down motion.*

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Here she was questioned by Examining Magistrate Doctor Max Fischer, and after several hours confessed to having administered the cyanide to Mathilde in a cup of tea.

The magistrate's clerk, however, had barely finished writing down this confession when she suddenly retracted it, supplanting it with the story that Mathilde had committed suicide in her presence. As nothing could persuade her to alter this second statement, she was remanded to jail to await further examination.

A search of her apartment brought to light a meerschaum cigar holder bearing a coronet, a bottle partly filled with red wine and another containing muscat wine—both of which, according to the testimony of her maid, she had brought back with her from her recent trip. The dress she had worn in Munich was also found, as well as the fur coat with the death's-heads brooch.

The following day the maid testified voluntarily to the examining magistrate that on November twenty-fourth her mistress had given her a *"Maschine"* and a small parcel, requesting her under no circumstances to let them out of her possession. In view of what had happened, the maid thought it advisable to turn the two packages over to the magistrate.

The *"Maschine"* proved to be the missing teakettle; and the parcel contained the missing seal ring, several letters from Chorinsky, and a bottle half-filled with white powder, which later, under analysis, turned out to be pure cyanide of potassium. The teakettle bore an incrustation of carbonate of potash, and the theory of the prosecution at the trial was that the incrustation was the result of the cyanide of potash having decomposed under the influence of the carbon dioxide in the atmosphere, with formation of the carbonate—a somewhat doubtful chemical hypothesis.

On November twenty-eighth a retired customs officer, Theodor Rampacher, appeared before the examining magistrate and stated that, notwithstanding Chorinsky's many kindnesses to him, his conscience forced him to make a confession.

His story amounted briefly to this: Chorinsky had repeatedly endeavored to find suitable employment for him; and in September, 1867, Rampacher had gone to Brünn to visit his family. Chorinsky had supplied the necessary money for the trip, and at the same time had given him a small wooden box to be mailed in Brünn. The box had been addressed to Mathilde von Ledske. The handwriting on the box, according to Rampacher, had been disguised, and the sender's name was given as "Wammer." Chorinsky had asked Rampacher to make no mention of the box to anyone.

During the weeks of her incarceration Julie changed her testimony almost daily. Following her story of Mathilde's suicide, she invented a fictitious Baroness von Vay who closely resembled her. She even suggested that this *inconnue* had dressed herself so as to look exactly like her, and had gone so far as to provide herself with a cigar holder bearing a coronet. This hypothetical baroness had subsequently sent her a package, asking her to keep it secret, and she had given it to her maid without being aware of its contents.

A week later, when questioned about the box of candied fruits, Julie altered the circumstances concerning her mysterious *alter ego* to include this new discovery.

When confronted by Frau Hartmann, who unhesitatingly identified her as Mathilde's visitor on the fatal afternoon, Julie accused the landlady of having been bribed by her terrible *"Doppelgänger"*; and when Inspector Breitenfeld showed her the similarity between her own handwriting and that which appeared on the register of the Hôtel Vier Jahreszeiten, she accused her mythical twin of having forged her chirography!

The most convincing evidence against the two prisoners was the numerous letters which they had carefully preserved. Particularly damaging were two letters written by Julie to Chorinsky on November twentieth and twenty-first. In one of these letters she asked her lover to pray for the success of her enterprise, as it meant all their future happiness; and in the other she expressed the hope that the "white powders" were of good quality.

Chorinsky in one of his letters to her advised her to throw away anything that she might have in her possession as soon as the "sale" was concluded . . . Fancy preservin' epistles of that nature, Markham! *O sancta simplicitas!*

For several weeks after the arrest of the two prisoners some secret form of communication between them was evidently in operation, for the ever-changing testimony of each prisoner showed a remarkable tendency to corroborate the other's. Breitenfeld, suspicious of this subterranean collaboration, placed a stool pigeon named Amalie Drexler in Julie's cell. Among the letters which she succeeded in bringing to the attention of the authorities was one written by Julie, signed "Marie von Vay," in which this legendary lady confessed to the murder of Mathilde and apparently gave the true details of the crime!

But Julie, despite the attentiveness of Amalie, must have succeeded in smuggling several similar letters out of the prison; for during the trial no less than three duplicates of this confession were delivered to the presiding judge, each signed by a different person! Julie's astuteness was obviously not on a par with her imagination.

It is interesting to note that, according to these spurious letters of confession, the poison was administered in a glass of muscat wine, the remainder having been emptied into the teakettle and the glass carefully washed. This detail would, of course, explain the absence of any traces of poison either in the glasses or in the bottles, and would also account for the incrustation in the teakettle.

Inspector Breitenfeld, in his search for direct evidence against Julie, turned up a leading Viennese photographer, August Angerer, from whom Julie had purchased a complete outfit of chemicals for photographic work, which had included four ounces of potassium cyanide. Confronted by Angerer's testimony, Julie admitted the fact but declared she had purchased the outfit for a friend in Hungary.

Not satisfied with this overwhelming mass of evidence, Breitenfeld succeeded in finding a messenger who, at Julie's behest, had gone to the well-known stationery firm of Theyer and Hardmuth and ordered a dozen visiting cards bearing the name of Baroness von Vay.

Breitenfeld was also able to produce letters from Julie to her sister asking the latter to testify that she had been in Scézsény from November nineteenth to the twenty-second—a request her sister had refused.

As long as Chorinsky was able to communicate with Julie after their arrest, he continued to do all in his power to exculpate her. But after their secret correspondence had been stopped he suffered a complete mental collapse, and in a frantic endeavor to save himself,

accused his beloved of having committed the murder alone and without his assistance. His mad and abnormal infatuation suddenly turned to vicious, vindictive hatred—a psychological reversal of emotions which is to be found in many similar cases in criminal history.

On April 6th, 1868, the investigation in Vienna was completed, and on April twenty-second Julie was placed on trial before Supreme Court Justice Giuliani. The public prosecutor was Doctor Schmeidl, and Julie's attorney was Doctor Max Neuda, the most celebrated of all Austrian jurists. Doctor Neuda requested that the trial be held *in camera*, as, he naïvely explained, the defendant was too innocent to discuss her private life in public! Touchin', what?

At the trial, which created a tremendous sensation, no new evidence was adduced. Julie's ever-fertile brain, however, invented several new versions of the crime, one of them that she had fought an "American duel" with Mathilde and that, in choosing from the two cups, Mathilde had been so unfortunate as to select the one containing the poison.

On the twenty-fifth of April, Giuliani and his four assisting judges handed down a verdict of guilty. Quite correct. Julie was sentenced to twenty years of hard labor instead of being given the death penalty, notwithstanding her first confession. The court took the view that this initial confession was inadmissible as evidence on the grounds it had started with the words: "I have relieved my conscience this day by confessing in the next room . . ." The court held that this document was the *narrative of a confession* and not the confession itself —a technical nicety worthy, Markham, of your own sweet judicial procedure.

On May eighteenth of the same year the Supreme Court confirmed the sentence, and Julie was sent to the woman's penitentiary in Neudorf. In solitary confinement her mentality, always unstable and unbalanced, rapidly deteriorated; and in May, 1872, she was transferred to the asylum for the criminally insane, where she died a year later.

The trial of Chorinsky took place in Munich in June, 1868, and ended with his conviction as an accessory to the murder. He, too, was sentenced to twenty years of hard labor, and on July tenth was sent to the Rosenberg Fortress. *Le pauvre Gustav!* He loved not wisely but too well. I fear he was not fashioned for a criminal career. In a few months he became a hopeless lunatic and was transferred to the asylum in Erlangen. He died three years later.

. . . . . .

Vance lay back in his chair and sighed lugubriously. "The crime was frightfully bungled, don't y' know. Most distressin'."

Markham nodded. "It was far from the perfect crime."

"The perfect crime!" Vance permitted himself a mildly sarcastic snort. "We never hear of the perfect crime, because it succeeds . . . Still, there are crimes that are almost perfect—they fail only because of untoward circumstances over which the plotter has no control . . . It's very sad. I like to see genius succeed, whether it is in crime or art."

Two weeks later the subject of the perfect crime again came up for discussion, and Vance recounted for us a most amazing case which took place in Chile in 1909 —a case which had every earmark of the perfect crime but which failed because a common Spanish word was misunderstood by one of the subsidiary characters. It was the astonishing murder known as the Beckert case, and it set two countries into diplomatic convulsions. I shall relate the story next month.

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(Continued from page 67)

the keeping of such as these three young committeemen. Its shoes, the farina to feed it, the fires to warm it, were merchant concerns. Rarick's.

"Money, Mr. Rarick, is what we need of you."

His resentments, Rarick told himself, were absurd. What else had he to offer? Presently these three and the confreres who spoke their language would recede into the laboratories of their imaginations. They could talk to one another from these laboratories. Where did he come in? Why sit stiffly before this young barker up the Himalayas and bark back a bitter "Yes, young man" into his enthusiasms?

These three before him were in the heyday of their walking trip through the Pyrenees. Their walking trip was coming off, too. After all, it was something to sit there holding their creative destinies in the same hand that held the moneybags.

"Don't think, Mr. Rarick, that our ideas are all visionary. We don't propose to drive the commercial theater out of business. Nothing of the sort."

"Now, don't you!"

"No, sir. We propose to supplant in time, with thought, with discrimination, with genius, with money, the garbage of the present commercial theater by giving the people predigested intellectual, artistic and entertaining fodder. But it is not so much a matter of throwing out the commercial theater, Mr. Rarick, as cleaning out the Augean dramatic stables of their filthy dullness. That is why we dare to approach you with a proposition which will ultimately yield you full return on your money. Not that you are interested in exacting any such guarantee as that from us, but——"

Young rascal! Young walker in the Pyrenees. Young three there who presently, once outside his doors, would revert to the swift, ruthless, well-informed talk of their own world and who might even deride the holder of the strings of the moneybags.

"Of course, I am not here to bore you with our standards of production, the literary ideals we have set for ourselves——"

"Why not?" barked Rarick. "You can't put your cart before your horse."

"What Mr. Davies means," hastened Miss Adelbert, "is that we have long ago threshed out our policies. That has been taken care of. It's money we——"

"Can't see why the money concerns of such an organization as you describe are a thing separate and apart from its policies. They overlap. My selling policies regarding an article can be determined only after I am thoroughly familiar with the article itself."

"In the theater, Mr. Rarick, that scarcely applies. Our production policies have nothing to do with our financial ones. We need an initial endowment of one hundred thousand dollars to put them into what we firmly believe will be a successful practice. We want you to be the man to have sufficient faith in those production policies to endow our baby."

Impudent youth! Well, what rebuttal had he? Plays were foreign affairs to him. What had he, after all, to offer these youngsters except money? It would be dignified patronage. Miss Adelbert had already won for herself a somewhat esoteric position as one of those clever and respected actresses of the intellectual school. Trigoloff, of the crooked profile, was an author and a director, of rising fame in both fields. The young fellow Davies stood to the fore of a certain

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group of young rebels. What a pity—what a pity Jennifer and Avery were missing such interests as these.

A thought smote Rarick.

"Young people, take my boy into this enterprise with you!"

If he had said, "Young people, take my howling red-monkey into this enterprise with you," he could not have struck a more compelling silence across the faces of these three.

"I've a boy. Youngster. Bright as a new nickel. I'd like him to sharpen his teeth, come vacation, on a few young people like you. I'd like to see him interested in something that will acquaint him with some of the things I think he may be missing."

"Your son is interested in the theater, Mr. Rarick?"

"I wouldn't say that, Miss Adelbert," snapped Rarick. "It is I who am interested in interesting him."

"I see."

Of course, she did not see, nor did any of them, sitting there so politely mindful of the hand that held the moneybags. Nor did Rarick himself, for that matter. The need for his boy eventually to come into his affairs was more and more a pressing one, the inevitable contingency of inheritance hovered closer, yet here he was, trying to foist him off onto a vague art project.

As it was, Avery had barely time to spare to these college years. Rarick was not minded to start him from the bottom up. Why teach a walking child to crawl?

But little as Rarick could visualize his son cast into his future, the time was about at hand when he must be tossed, as you would toss a youngster who must learn to swim, out into the monstrous sea of five-and-ten-cent things. High tormenting tides of the big business awaited Avery. A mantle of tin armor was hovering over his young shoulders.

He was about to matriculate at that relentless university of highly limited enrollment which was to prepare him to be one of the richest men in the world. What Rarick had just suggested was as fantastic to himself as to the three who sat with masks of respectful attention drawn across their faces.

And yet, after the palpable absurdity of what he had suggested came flooding over Rarick, the idea persisted. Even a few months of contact with these inquisitive, pioneering young minds might help Avery to feel healthy alienation from the world of Jenny's make which was threatening to whirl around him.

"Let my boy in on the ground floor of this new theater idea when he comes out of college——"

"Why, of course, Mr. Rarick, if he is interested. We would want to see him. See what's on his mind. It could—er—of course be done. Always a place in a workshop like ours."

"On that basis then, and subject to specifications which Mr. Hellman will arrange at my dictation, you may consider that I will take under advisement the matter of endowing your group."

The three young people finally, walking on air, left Rarick sitting in an enormous chair which faced the organ.

An idea had, for the moment, completely captured his fancy. What if the boy had somewhere embedded in him a talent for this sort of creative thing? Not as a vocation. Naturally. But as an avocation. Something to keep him tinged with the adventurous quality of mind that flooded that young Davies.

Avery must not be cheated of his walking trip through the Pyrenees. There was plenty of time later for the two-feet-on-the-ground business of training him to be the son of one of the richest men in the world.

Presently Rarick began a letter to his son. Somehow, with the concrete pen on the concrete paper, the words began to clog in his brain. The dread of seeming ridiculous in his son's clear eyes began to matter above everything in Rarick's tired brain as he sat there, his pen drying above the paper.

It was difficult, practically impossible, to convey to his boy that the idea prompted by the three avid young faces, and most of all by the fellow named Davies, had not to do with their little enterprise itself; but somewhere behind it was a symbol—a symbol of some kind of release which he wanted for his boy.

One could not get that easily said, at least not without danger of appearing ridiculous to a college boy in his teens who could want a speed-boat as desperately as Avery had wanted his.

The letter was to remain in the limbo of unwritten ones.

The first time Jenny received Ramon behind the closed door of her boudoir, a thousand misgivings assailed her. The creak of a chair was sufficient to stiffen her in his arms, her eyes full of dreads.

"Jenny, that is not nice! Of what are you afraid? Cannot two people have tea in privacy? Why do you not lock the door, if in your great big house you have no privacy?"

"No. No. There must be nothing like that."

"But you make it like that with your nervousness."

"I want your coming here to be the most natural thing in the world. I am going to begin to make it a habit to have afternoon cocktails always served in here. That will make it seem less strange. It is a nice room, isn't it, Ramon?—all these soft yellows."

"Any room that contains you is a beautiful room."

She took his face between her hands. "Sweet."

"You do feel that way, Jenny?"

"You know that I do."

"Then what are we to do about it?"

A question like that could send the fears rushing back over her.

"I don't know, Ramon."

"We cannot go on like this, Jenny. It is not fair to me."

"I know that, Ramon. There must be a way."

"There must be a way—for me to live—if I am to go on neglecting my work this way."

Once, when he pressed her thus, she had unwittingly asked him, "What work?" and filled his eyes with reproach that looked near to tears. His stalkings in this fashion around the subject of money somehow sullied perfection.

"I have given up everything, Jenny. My teaching, my——"

"I know you have, Ramon."

"I love giving up everything, but it has its practical side, dearest, since we live in a practical world."

"I know that. There is a thousand-dollar bill in registered mail for you now, dearest."

It was like her to see that these transactions took place easily in currency. He kissed her.

"That is for the thought," he said; "the money is horrible necessity."

"That is for the kiss," she said, kissing him back. "How cruel and wrong and spiteful life can be, Ramon."

"Not if we do something about it, to see that it is not so."

It occurred to her as she lay there that everything there was to do about it

she would never dare to do. And yet it was sweet to contemplate doing it.

In just such proportion as her sense of disloyalty toward Rarick grew, her efforts to reawaken some sort of relationship between them began asserting itself. With the immemorial psychology of the guilty wife, she developed an entirely new attitude of solicitude where her husband was concerned.

She began the unprecedented business of leaving notes for Rarick explaining her whereabouts on those evenings when she was not going to be at home when he arrived. Elaborate, unclever and superfluous notes of evasion. It was with difficulty that she held herself in leash in order not to overdo these efforts to placate herself.

As it was, Rarick, always obtuse, only dimly noticed and was not seriously impressed one way or another. Jenny would think ahead for five or ten minutes how best to introduce casually the name of Ramon into her conversation, so that if rumor, by mischance, should come wagging, he would cast it off as a distorted version of something she herself had told him.

When she finally did trump up a way to remark casually that Ramon was a dear boy, absolutely invaluable as a last-minute escort, so good-natured and harmless, it was to fall on what amounted to unheeding ears. Jenny's prattle, particularly of late, was so constant. She was unusually nervous these days—talking more than usual.

The anomaly of her position as she lay there in Ramon's arms smote and smote her. A woman could want to remain secure in her marriage and yet be passionately in love with someone not her husband. It was possible to want two things desperately at the same time. Not that Jenny was in love with her husband, but she was in love with wanting to remain secure as his wife.

"I want to arrange my life, Ramon—ours, I should say, so that while we are waiting for our ultimate happiness, everything connected with us shall seem casual." She did not quite know what she meant by ultimate happiness.

"You are the one to be considered, Jenny. It is heaven to be with you—to drop everything—my work—but a man must live."

She did not again say, "What work?" His boyishness was irresistible to her.

"There must be no gossip about us, Ramon. Even if my children are grown, I am an ideal to them."

"So are you to me."

"It would kill me to hurt them."

"You are good."

"Thank heaven, though, I have reared them with sophisticated heads on their sensible shoulders."

"It is you who are not sophisticated, my love."

"I never want to grow sufficiently sophisticated, my Ramon, not to love our love as the dearest thing in life. Jennifer would be the first to want me to grasp at that part of life which has so nearly passed me by."

"I should like, Jenny, to look up the fellow who has that paragraph about her in Town Tattle about the affair at the Edgertons' and punch his——"

"Nothing like that, Ramon! Coming from you it would look obvious. If only her father doesn't see it! It will all be forgotten in a week, but meanwhile it is awful. Town talk. They say Berry had to marry Leslie to save her from a scandal and that Leslie had to announce it to save herself from Jennifer——Ramon, what was that noise?"

"How nervous you are, my Jenny! Only something creaking."

That indefinable air of exquisiteness

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REG. U. S. PAT. OF.

THE air of daintiness that hovers about a woman who is fastidiously groomed does not come by chance.

It arises from attention to those intimate phases of the toilette which are sometimes neglected—and sometimes misunderstood. Charm is more than beauty of face and figure. It arises from a well-cared-for body, from the health and vivacity which are so largely aided by meticulous cleanliness.

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"SUCH a handy little stove," say women everywhere. It *quickly* boils, broils and fries everything from eggs to steaks. Makes scores of tempting dishes, too. Makes delicious toast—boils coffee—heats water for shaving—heats curling irons, pressing irons—warms baby's milk—makes candy. Good for hundreds of uses.

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...when you're looking for a new icing

HERE is an unusually tempting Mapleine icing which combines delightfully with raisin, spice and chocolate cakes.

1¾ c. granulated sugar
⅛ tsp. cream tartar
½ c. boiling water
2 egg whites
½ tsp. Mapleine

Boil sugar, cream tartar, and water till it spins a thread when dropped from tip of spoon (or 240 degrees F). Do not stir after mixture starts boiling. Pour syrup gradually over stiffly beaten egg whites, into which a pinch of salt has been added. Add the Mapleine, continue beating till mixture is thick enough to spread.

Alice Bradley's "Mapleine Cookery" sent free upon request.

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MAPLEINE
For syrup...for flavoring

"I must get my household accustomed to taking my tea-hour for granted. It will make it so much easier for us, Ramon. Everything in my life hereafter will revolve around that, Ramon."

"Jenny, how soon will we have a nook somewhere—ours—alone?"

She hid her face in her hands. "Soon."

"You remember what you promised?"

"What?"

"I am to fix up our nook—and bring you to it after it is all complete."

"Yes."

"It is hard to say what I must say now, Jenny, except that, between us, everything must be said."

"Yes. Yes."

"I want to do that nook terribly. It would be doing something for—us."

"You darling."

"And yet, you see, my hands are tied. I do not do it. It takes money to fix up that kind of place, Jenny."

She lay in silence against his coat.

"Does it offend you to have me say that, Jenny?"

"No—only I hate the talk of money between us."

"I know, dearest, but it must be said. I have given up my——"

"There is the thousand in the mail."

"But I must live, Jenny. Besides, what is a thousand? You would not want me to build you a nook that was not worthy of our love."

"It isn't that he ever questions what I draw. But a large amount is noticeable and he is sure to think I am indulging the children against his wishes."

"Surely you have money of your own."

"Just a drawing account. I've never bothered. He is generous."

"But you say yourself you cannot even indulge your children."

"That is his one difficult spot, Ramon."

"It is not right. No woman should be dependent!"

"I've never thought about it in that light before."

"You mean to say no properties are in your name!"

"Of course, silly. I'm always signing papers. I'm one of the stockholders in the new Rarick Building. I'm a big stockholder in the Rarick chain. Don't forget that, dearest."

Jenny had not forgotten it. Neither had she forgotten certain easily accessible holdings which it did not please her to relate just now. She had no intention of permitting Ramon to furnish a place such as he described. Not for the present at least, she told herself.

Having one's cake and eating it, too, was almost as insanely paradoxical as it sounded. Besides, a mental picture that was repulsive to her had a habit of leaning into her bliss with this boy.

Was she one of the horrible wattled, painted women such as the dowager, Mrs. Emanie Bursilap, who at seventy years, after her own youth had fled from her as if in disgust, still kept young boys in luxury for the sake of maintaining the delusion of that departed youth? Was this thing between her and Ramon no better than that?

"Dear Ramon, everything will come out all right."

"I love to hear you say that, Jenny," he said, and kissed her eyes.

This time, of the volition of a force that was stronger than her fears, she turned the key in the door.

In the phraseology of Jennifer and Avery, between whom existed a gay nonsense code, any period of time fraught with comings and goings, telephone bells, messenger boys, arrivals, departures, bustle and rush, constituted a "day among the Raricks."

Hurried scrawls of notes or telegrams were interchanged between them:

Dearest Avery:
It's been a devil of a day among the Raricks down home here. How cum with brother Rarick up among the Campus Cut Clothes Boys?

Dear Jennif:
This day among this Rarick has been no go. This Rarick has a new gay speed-boat. This day among this Rarick has been spent feeling seasick in and about said speed-boat. It's a wamble. To be a wamble means to be built for land and live on water. That's me, too. I am built for where I ain't . . .

That was about as far as these two ever ventured across the chasm of the five years' difference in their ages.

Jennif was a peach but you couldn't let off steam to her, because when you tried to talk, she was always listening to someone who wasn't there.

You couldn't talk to Avery, whose mind was always on his own young stuff. Hard to make out what his stuff was. But there was something to Avery, all right. The boy ran deep. He had already learned his game of illusion. Life among the Raricks wasn't the joke he pretended it was . . .

The day among the Raricks that precipitated a galling scene between Jennifer and her father began as any run-of-the-mill day, for Rarick, for Jenny and for Jennifer, might have begun.

Jenny's Day

This particular one started with a pain in her side. An annoying neuralgic one against which she usually carried tablets in a gold and enamel snuffbox. One of these tablets she presently swallowed.

The flooding memory of the night before, when she had dared, because the chauffeur was new, to drive home from the opera with Ramon by way of the park, came sparkling over her in goose flesh. It made her shudder.

How strange, after all these years of the disillusionment of a love-life that had sputtered out like a feeble match, that a Ramon should find her desirable. It made her lie slim and straight in bed with arms folded across her breast in the beatific attitude of feeling herself desirable. What if that were not Rarick beside her but——

She shuddered with a rousing distaste of self. Horrible, horrible, to lie there imagining . . . There were certain scavengers of thoughts that must be kept locked in the inner boxes of the mind. It made one feel shameful to have a thought like that pop out. Just the same, the whole meaning of life would be changed and exalted if that were not Rarick lying there, but Ramon! How horrible of her. How poisonous!

What if Rarick should die? No. No. No! And yet she could never really see the wickedness of trying to visualize the effect upon herself of another's death.

It was difficult to visualize life free of the strain of obeying that trick in her make-up which demanded that she be thrice as solicitous of Rarick for every disloyal act with Ramon. The strain of keeping herself free from the shadow of a doubt in the minds of her children.

What if Rarick should die and his restraining hand were lifted off that household? What if she were suddenly released from the indefinable depressant of a man who had grown rich with his lips tight? Would Ramon be lying beside her then?

She swung out of bed, shuddering, and hurried toward her boudoir.

Her day began earnestly now, with a nine-o'clock appointment with the executive of a large firm of decorators who was coming to inspect the ballroom with an eye to erecting at one end of it a gondola-shaped stage on which Jenny proposed to give a charity fête called, "A Doge for a Day."

At ten o'clock, she had a henna rinse and shampoo. During this subsequent hour and a half in the hands of her hairdresser, maid, masseuse, her head in towels, her face under cream, Jenny went through the performance of an interview with her head housekeeper, Mrs. Dill. She was exacting in her enormous household management, known to be fair enough, but demanding careful and detailed accounting of weekly expenditures, which, even after years of the experience of living at the very peak of American high standards, remained titanic to her.

The days of her conservative girlhood, in the modest house where she had spent the first twenty years of her life, were deeply rooted. The servants' wages of twenty-five-hundred dollars a month, and the greengrocer, the caterer, the butcher and the laundry bills in proportion, were unabatedly startling tc her.

Certain traits that had been developed back there in the pressed-brick house, in St. Louis, had persisted in the wife of the thirteenth richest man in the world.

At eleven o'clock, Jenny emerged from the barrage of cold cream to accompany Jennifer to a fencing lesson. When Jenny fenced, a curious flame leaped into her eyes. Her mother's fencing inspired Jennifer with peal after peal of hilarity.

"You're the spirit of war let loose, Moth, only don't bite your tongue. Down with humanity; long live sin!"

Nevertheless, these hours exhilarated Jenny, not only seeming to help the pain at her side, but endowing her with a new sense of body buoyancy. She took an extra lesson a week, now. "Good measure for you," she told Ramon. "I must at least be one-hundredth as lithe as you are."

At twelve o'clock in this day of a Rarick, the executive committee of a hospital for crippled children met at the home of Mrs. Whitelaw Dobson. This home was one that Jenny had never entered on a social basis. Curious too, because Mrs. Dobson went out of her way to be gracious to Jenny.

It stopped there. To the exclusive Dobson functions the Raricks were not bidden.

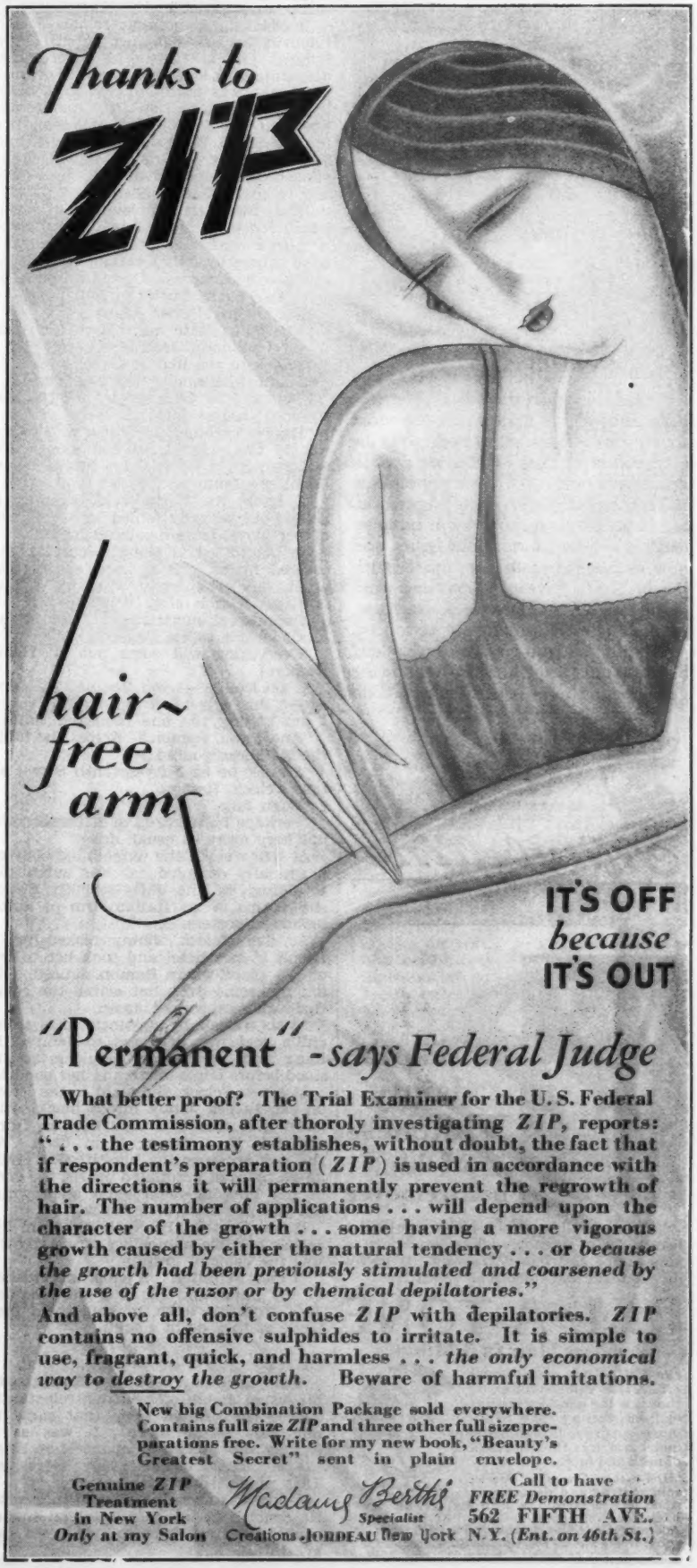
"Where do they get off?" gritted Jennifer between her teeth. "It's town talk that her mother, old lady Emanie Bursilap, aged two hundred and forty-six, keeps flocks of patent-leather-haired tame robins and feeds them meal tickets. None over twenty-one need apply."

The time had come when this horrid indictment could send a special kind of chill down Jenny's spine.

At one o'clock, Jenny entertained the members of the executive and visiting board of the International House for Defective Children. Again it was not a social group, but the list pleased her and she had typed copies of it sent to the newspapers.

At three, Jenny took a taxicab from the club house, and met Ramon at the tea room in the West Seventies. She had decided on this much of a definite policy: from now on, seldom, if ever, to appear with him at a public function.

Unquestionably the need of the small retreat of Ramon's fitting-up was becoming imperative. There was such a thing as being conspicuous even at inconspicuous little tea rooms.



"Permanent" - says Federal Judge

What better proof? The Trial Examiner for the U. S. Federal Trade Commission, after thoroly investigating *ZIP*, reports: "... the testimony establishes, without doubt, the fact that if respondent's preparation (*ZIP*) is used in accordance with the directions it will permanently prevent the regrowth of hair. The number of applications ... will depend upon the character of the growth ... some having a more vigorous growth caused by either the natural tendency ... or *because the growth had been previously stimulated and coarsened by the use of the razor or by chemical depilatories.*"

And above all, don't confuse *ZIP* with depilatories. *ZIP* contains no offensive sulphides to irritate. It is simple to use, fragrant, quick, and harmless ... *the only economical way to destroy the growth.* Beware of harmful imitations.

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One was said to be pretty—
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YET neither has a bit more *natural* beauty than the other. The sole difference which makes one the most sought girl wherever they both go is the same difference that Maybelline Eyelash Beautifier would make in *your* appearance.

Try this perfectly harmless preparation. See in your own mirror how it instantly darkens and transforms your lashes, and how, as though by magic, it imparts startling brilliance, inviting depth and wonderful expression to your eyes—and new, bewitching loveliness to your person.

Nothing else can give you such added beauty as can Maybelline. Insist upon the genuine and complete perfect satisfaction is certain to be yours.

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Del-a-tone Cream or Powder sold at drug and department stores or sent prepaid in plain wrapper, $1. Money back if not satisfied. TRIAL PACKAGE, 10c. Address: Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company, Dept. 56, 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago.

Ramon, waiting in the tea room, had a headache. Something repulsive had happened. His dancing partner, the Spanish girl, a volatile, gifted creature, desperately in love with a shiftless husband who was brutal to her, had fallen ill of a skin irritation that manifested itself on her face and disqualified her for the dance. The sight of the girl had been abhorrent to Ramon, who had advanced the improvident pair fifty dollars to cover doctor bills.

Jenny loved the complete way in which he surrendered himself into her hands.

"Life is confusing, Jennifer's Jenny. I have sympathy, but I cannot help being repulsed by sickness. Of course, perhaps some day I may fall ill myself."

"No, darling!" cried Jenny.

"You won't hate me if ever I do fall ill—and splotchy, Jennifer's Jenny?"

"I'll nurse you like an angel."

"I am a dog and you are an angel."

"You will be an angel to me, though, Ramon, always!"

"It gave me the shivers just now to see her. I was glad to give her money. It strapped me to let her have fifty, though, Jennifer's Jenny."

"I know that," she said, slipping a yellow bill, already folded into the hole of her glove, from her hand into his.

He placed a kiss along a lean, suède-covered finger. "It is hard not to feel upset, Jennifer's Jenny, when life is just one frusteration after frusteration."

His mispronunciation of "frusration" was adorable to her.

"Everything will come out all right, Ramon."

"I am looking at you, Jennifer's Jenny, across this ugly table top, but in reality I am kissing you one thousand times."

"And I you, Ramon." Across the table their glances poured.

"I must be at Fifty-seventh Street at four o'clock, Ramon."

"Darn four."

"Perhaps I shall drop in at Perroquet's, but keep away as usual, dear."

At four o'clock, the unmounted body of a specially designed car was submitted to Jenny in the Fifty-seventh Street showrooms of an Italian firm of automobile importers.

At five o'clock, Jenny picked up a friend at her hotel and took her to tea at the place where Ramon danced. He did not come over, but across the room their glances poured again.

At six o'clock, by appointment, a chinchilla coat was delivered to Jenny. It hung from her narrow shoulders as she stood before triple mirrors in her boudoir.

At seven o'clock, the maid in the Breton cap helped Jenny into a black satin gown that rose to a high neck in front and fell to a daring V in back. As she was ornamenting herself with graduated ropes of graduated pearls, the door of her dressing-room burst open without the preamble of a knock.

It was Rarick. His face, locked in the rather horrible immobility of a gargoyle, was the color of granite.

"I want Jennifer." A paper was crushed in his hand and his lips were hauled back from his teeth, making them protrude as they do in a skull.

Rarick's Day

That same day began for Rarick with his usual habit of twisting reluctantly out of the belated sleep that came to him just before dawn. It was as if Rarick shot off into space for these sleeps. They bathed, they refreshed. They pumped him with energy.

Jenny was already up when he awoke. He could hear her moving about in her boudoir, giving staccato orders to her maid.

Oh-h!
End that CORN!
"Freezone" will do it! A few drops on any corn instantly stops the pain, and shortly the corn lifts right off. Hard and soft corns alike yield to "Freezone". Get a bottle at any drug store.
FREEZONE

ITCHING RASHES
quickly relieved and often cleared away by a few applications of
Resinol

Won't You Join Our Rainbow Club?

COME—all of you—even the busiest may follow our Rainbow Trail and add materially to your income without neglecting other duties.

Don't worry about expenses but write to Helen Willard this very day. She will send you our bulletin, THE PIPER, every month and tell you how you may share in our opportunities to earn money.

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CRC-629

His opening thought had to do with an idea that had boomed into his brain during the night. Why not erect a concert auditorium, vast, aerial, dramatically sky-high, on the roof of the seventy-nine-story Rarick Building? There must still be time to adapt construction plans to that daring scheme. A Gothic auditorium of superb twilights. Three thousand seats, each one a *fauteuil*. A cathedral organ. Better call in Yardsley and Yardsley, the architects, at once . . .

Rarick Auditorium!

There was a note on Jenny's writing pad for him:

Am using your car this morning as mine is up for repair. Have given orders to send around sedan for you. Body of Italian car is here. Man will call to see Hellman. My o. k. will be on bill for chinchilla coat. Do you care to present Avery with one of those three-room portable camp sets? Nice for week-end trips.

Plans for Adirondack house annex are in your desk drawer, right.

The hospital committee will ask Hellman for an interview with you. Please give generous check in my name. These people important to me. Mrs. Carleton Murray, president. Do not snub. Not home to dinner. Charity dance tonight. Going alone.

He had no intention of seeing Mrs. Murray, whose philanthropies were obnoxious to him, or of presenting his son with some de-luxe camping paraphernalia, which he thought effete.

At eight-thirty, an attorney came to sit beside him while he had his breakfast in a small sun-room. The discussion was in regard to a pending suit against the Rarick chain for infringement of copyright law on a toy-edition pocket dictionary they were about to distribute in hundreds of thousands, at five cents the copy.

At nine o'clock, they rode downtown together as far as Times Square, where Rarick dived into the subway. He had been much headlined for this custom.

MAGNATE MINGLES WITH STRAP-HANGING CROWD

It saved him eleven minutes. Sometimes he wondered about those eleven minutes. In prospect, they seemed incalculably important to him. In retrospect, somehow, they never could be accounted for.

At nine-thirty, Hellman met him at the private door of his private office, took his hat and coat and handed him a drink of Vichy water.

That was part of being a man of affairs. You paid somebody to see to it that you were properly stoked with the amount of drinking water prescribed by your doctor.

Everything about Rarick's office was contrived to keep out sound. An artificial quiet resulted. Rugs ate in footfalls. The battery of push-buttons made only soft purring sounds.

The vast top of Rarick's mahogany double desk, sheeted in plate glass, carried out the noiseless effect. It was empty of even an inkstand. The windows overlooking New York Harbor were high enough to give the scene below of moving tugs, weaving Elevated trains, specks of people, the effect of silence.

Outside these carefully insulated four walls, two hundred stenographers crashed out furious and alarmed hurry calls for more hairpins, more dolls, more five-cent dictionaries, more toothpicks, and more lollipops to match the shapes of the tongues of the world.

See Your Teeth WHITEN
3 Shades in 3 Days

Amazing Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique Removes the "Yellow"

"Yellow teeth" are merely teeth coated with a mucin. This coating makes the teeth look dingy and uncared for. It catches stains from foods, drinks and tobacco, and discolors. It holds odors, fouls in the mouth and causes bad breath and "bad taste."

The average tooth paste has little or no effect on this coating. Being mucous-like, it merely slips back and forth on the teeth under the toothbrush. Gritty pastes and powders only cut furrows in it, and sometimes in the enamel, too!

Kolynos deals with this mucoid coating in a different way. A half inch of Kolynos on a dry brush—*the Kolynos Technique*—fills the mouth with a foam that is antiseptic, germicidal and mucin-disintegrating. Using Kolynos on a dry brush you use its *full strength!* Also, the brush bristles retain enough of their stiffness to scrub the tooth surfaces properly, penetrate the crevices, pits and fissures in the teeth, and massage the gums.

Solvent Action

The antiseptic Kolynos foam spreads itself all over the teeth and throughout the mouth. It dissolves and washes away the mucoid coating on teeth that "yellows" teeth and makes them look dingy. It cleans the teeth down to the naked enamel and leaves them gleaming white.

The foam bathes and stimulates the gums, helping to keep them firm, pink and healthy. It refreshes and purifies the entire oral cavity, making the mouth and breath sweet and wholesome.

Ask Your Dentist!

Kolynos not only removes the mucin that makes teeth dingy and yellow, but it also destroys the germs and bacteria that breed in the mouth and cause tooth decay and diseases of the gums. U. S. Bureau of Standards ranks Kolynos highest in germicidal value!

At Our Expense!

Try the Kolynos Technique for just 10 days. See your teeth 3 shades whiter in 3 days, and dazzling white and beautiful in 10! Mark the new sensation of freshness in your mouth—the new sense of oral cleanliness. Get a tube of Kolynos Dental Cream at any drug or toilet counter, or write today for a free two-weeks' supply!

The coupon brings you a two-weeks' tube free and postpaid! Clip and mail it today. The Kolynos Co., New Haven, Conn., Dept. Co J.

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new way ends pain

Gives instant relief

The healing power of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads is amazing. One minute after you apply them you would never know you had a corn. Pain stops instantly. The healing starts immediately.

Removing shoe pressure and the soothing medication is the reason.

Be done with risky methods, such as cutting your corns, or exposing your toes to acid burn from harsh liquids and plasters. Zino-pads are thin, protective, cushioning — guaranteed safe and sure.

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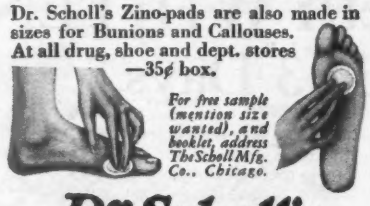

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241 Federal Schools Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.

At eleven, there arrived a president of a Cleveland bank and an executive of a real-estate concern on an impending deal that had to do with a Rarick Chain property trade on a Cleveland business block that had not yet been inundated with the shops of petty trade, and against which public opinion ran high. This particular situation was an old story and Rarick took a certain glory in signing papers that were to make way for a Rarick store on a Cleveland avenue that boasted a museum, a library and many mansions.

At noon, while the anteroom filled up with an assortment of charity committee representatives, department managers, and factory executives, two harried-looking architects with portfolios and long rolls of blue prints were admitted into Rarick's office by a secret door. When the architects finally buckled up their portfolios and the long debate came to its end, everyone present knew that presently there would arise Rarick's popular-price concert auditorium, built of the people's dimes and nickels.

At considerably past the luncheon hour an office boy brought five graham wafers in oiled tissue paper and a glass of half milk, half Vichy, and placed them silently on the desk beside Rarick.

At three o'clock, a woman evangelist whose name was constantly skidding across a coast-to-coast press, came to confirm a matter relating to her dream of a world tabernacle on a mountain top overlooking the Pacific.

At three-fifteen, a German manufacturer of Christmas-tree ornaments arrived with two eastern managers, and a five-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar deal was transacted across the empty desk top.

At three-thirty, Rarick, five members of the Internationalists' Theater Foundation Committee, Hellman and two witnessing clerks, bent over that desk for the signing of the Rarick endowment of one hundred thousand dollars.

At ten minutes to four, Hellman handed him a packet of letters to read upon his arrival home.

At shortly past four, after a cup of tea and two more graham wafers, Rarick let himself relax into the unicorn chair in his library. For an hour he lay back there, riding the quiet as a swimmer floats on his back, finally pressing a button to flood that quiet with an organ overture called "Field of the Cloth of Gold."

No matter how chromoesque musically, there was something about it that set Rarick's blood marching. He could see himself mounting—always mounting steps, a cloak streaming off his shoulder—mounting—mounting—peaks off in the distance, snow-capped. He could see himself mounting—clouds formed and were faces—the chorister face of Avery; a woman's face with lips desirable—up—up—Pyrenees of mountain tops.

Presently Doctor Gerkes came in and drank a glass of hot Burgundy which a butler brought without his request. He had just returned from Toronto where he had been lecturing. There was desultory talk of university endowments, railroads, the Abyssinian researches of a Viennese that promised to shake the theories of the alleged beginning of Tertiary man.

Then Gerkes had got off upon the subject of constructive philanthropies and from that to the more general discussion of vast personal fortunes and their dispensation.

It was like him to be able to think aloud on a subject so intimately relevant to Rarick, as impersonally as if he were discussing the map of Great Britain after the Würm glaciation.

What he had to say along lines that were fairly hackneyed, for one reason or another, set Rarick to thinking along lines that were new. A slight talk, scarcely more than the thread of a discourse, considering how far-reaching were to be its results.

"I am convinced that the basis of progress, Rarick, is prevention."

"Prevention?"

"Yes. Prevent cancer. It will save the more expensive process of curing it. Prevent slums. Prevent wars. Prevent disease. Prevent social abuses. That not only takes terrific moneys. It takes an excess of imagination. A man will give his money to cure cancer. It is another matter to make a man living in a cancerless world visualize the incalculable importance of cancer prevention."

"That's a pretty big thought, Gerkes."

"Nothing new about it. Preventive philanthropy is here."

"It's new if a fellow hasn't given it any particular thought."

"It's a more thankless job to prevent hookworm than to cure it."

"Doubtless. But the basis of progress, I've always held, is elimination, Gerkes. Get rid of excess baggage——"

"I maintain, avoid excess baggage."

"There's a world of practical wisdom behind that idea."

"I'm going to bury myself behind that idea some day—north—where the nights are long and cold and quiet—fit for a man to work in."

Out of a ten-minute silence that continued to be as inwardly exciting as anything that had ever happened to him, this came from Rarick:

"Wonder you don't marry, Gerkes, before you dig yourself into those arctic nights you're always talking about."

"Extraordinary you should mention that. Fact is, Rarick, I'm about to."

"Yes? Have I met the lady?"

"No."

"Oh."

Silence.

"Who is she?"

"An Eskimo."

"A what?"

"Eskimo. I met Illun twelve years ago on my first expedition to Mackenzie River. Her father is a fur-trader."

"Eskimo!"

"Yes. Then six years ago, I met her in Nome where she was attending high school. She's back at Mackenzie River now, teaching. We've drifted for years. Waiting. But I have about made up my mind that too much is enough. Life is passing us by. I'm going back, Rarick."

"For her?"

"No, to her. Curious thing from your point of view, Rarick, but Eskimos, accustomed as they are to rigors of climate, do not thrive in our so-called temperate parts. I do in theirs. I'm going to them."

"I see." Gerkes, Rarick figured as he sat dumfounded, would have received news as surprising to him as this was to Rarick, with the noncommittal attitude of one who is the complete cosmopolite. Besides, one did not betray anything so personal as surprise to Gerkes.

"The old folks still live out on the edge of the town. But Illun, who is teaching in the next village, lives with an American family of missionaries named Anderson. For solid comfort, Rarick," said Gerkes, "I recommend a well-built Eskimo house."

"I see."

"I've work to do, Rarick. This scheme of life down here lures me away from singleness of purpose. At my best, when I'm surrounded by the world itself, instead of its clatter, I've a single-track

mind. One thing matters pretty terribly to me. Facts. Then from there, truth."

"Fine. Fine."

"I need leisure. I need simplicity. I need the long white nights for work and my leisure for contacts with the strange wisdoms of simple people. I need to think. Life with Illun at Mackenzie River can give me all these. Can you understand this? Down here, everything is going out, precious little coming in.

"I need leisure, Rarick. I've books to write. Collections to assemble. There is knowledge and truth for me to unearth before I bow out in demise. I am one of those scientific-minded hounds with a nose to the truth scent. Facts are more panoramic, more majestic, more extraordinary than fantasy. I need leisure to run them down."

"And money?"

"Yes."

"Would you still go north?"

"More than ever. I tell you, I'm digging in, Rarick, for my long white night. A woman who is attractive to me. Books. Leisure. Simplicity. My big work now lies in assembling knowledge. I need money for men who are still young enough to get out into the fields; I'll feed my mind with their findings. I want to send an expedition to Abyssinia to do some digging there. I want to study certain of the flying bases between Nome and Shanghai. There are simultaneous weather observations I want made over a sustained period from a half-dozen Greenland observatories. My active years are done. Now I want to assemble and deduce."

"I'm going to give you the money for that, Gerkes."

"That's mighty fine of you, Rarick. I've wondered a bit about you and your plans for making your wealth reap. The root of all evil lies in the root. As I was saying, there is curative and preventive philanthropy. Forestall the root. The great trend of modern humanitarianism, Rarick, lies in preventive measures. The way to prevent fallacy is to know truth. Buy truth with your money, Rarick; it is cheap at any price. Bear that in mind when you decide to put your terrific house in order."

"I'd like to give you a million, Gerkes."

"The world, Rarick, is your debtor for that. Not I."

"I'll assign it as an endowment to you."

"No, don't do that. Organize a fund committee to finance my expeditions as I need and form them. One that will keep me in bounds, but at the same time give me free enough rein in my choice of actual and intellectual excavation."

"And you?"

"Leave me out, Rarick. I'm headed for my white nights of long leisure."

"Even there, you must live."

"I've saved a bit."

"How much?"

"I think I stack up to about fifteen hundred in the bank."

"You'll need more."

"Well, you might allow me about fifty a month, Rarick, if you've a mind to. It will cost me about that much to afford the leisure for work."

It occurred to Rarick, sitting there, sharing with his friend their unspoken pangs at the prospect of parting, that it cost his own family about eighteen thousand dollars a week, to afford leisure for play.

And after their long silence Rarick, spilling out a waistcoat pocket of pearls, emeralds, jacinths, girasols and diamonds, saw to it that his friend screwed a glass into his eye and appraised until it was time for him to climb into what he called his overalls, for an address he was to deliver that evening.

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COOLENE

Left alone, Rarick began to rip open letters off the packet that Hellman had handed him at the office. It was after he had read the third of them that he burst into Jenny's boudoir with it crushed in his hand and his lips flaring back in the fashion that made a skull of his face.

Standing in the multiplying embrasure of her mirrors, Jenny's hand, emerald-incrusted, fled to her throat. What had happened? Rarick knew something. Terror flew at her. Terror and a sudden loathing for the whole tottering structure of her affair with Ramon.

As a keeper of a gigolo she had risked everything. Why mince matters? Keeper of a gigolo! And at risk of security, prestige, eminence. The neuralgic pain that was lurking in her side seemed to leap into her throat; into her spirit.

What had she pulled down about herself? What terrible crash was this impending? Out of her recklessness, out of her failure to rest content with the security of her eminence, was she about to reap still more failure?

"Rarick," she cried out to him, ready, as it were, to fight for her life, "don't be a fool!"

How terrifyingly like a skull he was!

"Where is Jennifer?" he said along his dry jowls. "I want her."

Jennifer? Thank heaven, then it wasn't she! Jennifer, of course. Some nonsense of Jennifer's. This wretched nervousness of hers——

Jennifer, poor child. What now? Surely nothing——

"Where is Jennifer?"

"She must be dressing."

"Call her."

"What has happened, Rarick?"

"Call her."

"The child is probably in her bath. Is it as imperative as all that?"

"Call her."

"Tell Miss Jennifer," she said in French to the maid in the Breton cap, "to come here at once. Her father wishes her."

What row was this now? Jennifer, poor child, could you blame her? She had been distrait and erratic ever since that wretched business at the Edgertons'.

Jennifer needed change. The camp, perhaps! Could her father have got wind of that messy occasion at the Edgertons'? What a bore Rarick could be! No wonder his children shied from him.

"I wouldn't start rowing with Jennifer, this time of the evening, Rarick. What's wrong? Won't it keep until——"

The maid returned. "Miss Jennifer is dressing and is already late for an appointment. She will come to Mr. Rarick in the library tomorrow morning."

Rarick strode by the words, across the hall and, without preamble of knocking, into his daughter's suite.

"Rarick," cried Jenny, and strode after, "don't be a fool!"

Jennifer, evidently just risen from bed, was sitting on the edge of it, in a web of a nightgown that fell off her shoulder, engaged in pulling on a stocking.

"Why, Father," she cried, and jerked a bit of the web across her, "you mustn't come in here!"

He hated a display of undress even in the formal attire of the women of his family. This Aphrodite rising from the foam of lace and chiffon offended him less than the bare backs they wore, tapering into the waistline of evening gowns.

"Put on some clothes," he said.

From the layer of tousled bedclothing of more pink and more lace, his daughter regarded him through a jungle of hair that had fallen forward over her eyes.

"I think this is pretty thick, Father!" she cried.

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Her mother picked up a white tufted, swan's-down robe and tossed it to her. "Put this on, Jennifer," she said in the cold tones of her disapproval of Rarick.

What a bore—what a bore the man was! Joyless. Still a hardware clerk at heart. Little man, you. No wonder the flame that burned in Ramon was warming to her rigid heart. Thank heaven for Ramon! What was that paper?

Thrusting the crumpled sheet under his daughter's eyes, Rarick lost no time. "Explain that."

The letter was from Tom Edgerton.

. . . unless, Mr. Rarick, this situation is to result in tragedy for all concerned, I beg you to call instant halt to matters between your daughter and my son-in-law. To add to an already outrageous situation, Leslie is with child. I regret the imperative need to bring before you what I am sure must be your first knowledge of this dangerous dilemma. Unless you force it to an immediate solution——

A low cry escaped Jennifer. Pain. Rage. Surprise. She began to sob wildly.

"It seems to me," cried Jenny, frightened, "that Tom Edgerton had better mind his own eggs in his own basket."

What was this? What was this? As Jennifer had recited it that muddled morning after, both the Jennys had sat in merciless indictment upon the behavior of Berry and of Leslie, too, for that matter. Jennifer had hurled at him merciless invective, wallop and relentless appraisal.

Surely in these subsequent weeks, Jennifer had not been seeing Berry! The idea that Jennifer was cruelly hard hit was preposterous. What was this? Had Jennifer for the first time violated her mother's confidence? That little fool there, that little fool man, there, what did he know about handling her?

"I want to know," shouted Rarick, standing before his daughter as she struggled into her robe, "what there is between you and Berry Rhodes!"

"And what if I don't choose to tell you?" she cried.

"Don't rag her, Rarick."

"Shut up," he said. How his jaw slid around in that circular grinding movement. Thank heaven it was Jennifer and not herself on the rack before him. She could defend Jennifer.

"Either you tell me the exact situation," went on Rarick, "or I'll have the Rhodes dog here himself."

"If you do," cried Jennifer, "I'll kill myself."

"Jennifer, you must learn to talk quietly to your father."

"How can I talk quietly to him? How can I talk at all to him? How can I talk to anybody? Get out. Get out. Leave me alone. Get out."

Her father caught her by the wrists, jerking her toward him. "What is this man to you?"

She began to sob, her face beautifully and wildly dark. "As if you would understand, if I told you."

"What is he to you?"

Suddenly she let her wrists relax in her father's grip and dropped her head forward until her brow was almost against his hands before her incredible words came.

"I love him, Papa," she said. "Help me, Papa. I don't want to love him. I want to hate him and I can't. Help me, Papa. Please, please, Papa."

His heart was in his mouth. His knees trembled. The "Papa" had almost unnerved him. The silly revealing child's word. Papa. He was too racked to make a sound. Papa, help Jennifer . . .

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Cosmopolitan Educational Guide

Vocational Schools continued from page 22

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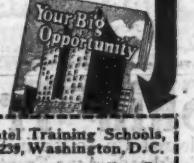

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"Oh, my darling," cried Jenny, stung to quick tears, "and Mother never knew. My baby, what has come over you? This isn't like you!"

"I know it isn't, Mother. It's not me. That's just it. I'm not myself. I want to hate him. And I love him, Mother. Isn't that terrible?"

"My dear. My sweet. It is just an infatuation. He isn't worth your little finger. My dear—my sweet."

This barebacked woman, with her carroty hair, was wresting the situation from him. She was superb as she drew Jennifer's head to her narrow breast. Superb with being her mother, while he stood dumb before the emergency of his daughter even though at her words, "Help me, Papa," his anger had dissolved into the flood stream of his heart. Still he remained there, dumb, while Jenny was wresting from him what had been perilously near being a moment of contact with his girl.

"You help me, Mother."

"Why, darling, Mother never realized——"

"I'll break every bone in his body," Rarick began suddenly.

"That would be helpful, Rarick," said Jenny. "One of your typically diplomatic moves."

"I'll break every bone in his body."

"Mother, Mother, make him understand! There's really been nothing between Berry and me—if he goes to Berry, I swear I'll kill myself—I tell you I've been the one. I am the one——"

"Shh-h-h, my darling, I understand."

"You see, Mother, it hasn't been Berry, it's been me, pursuing."

He, Rarick, was out of it now. It was Jennifer and her mother. Jennifer in the cradle of her mother's arms, like a child.

"Yes, yes, Mother knows."

"Down inside him somewhere Berry's got a sense of honor. I'm the rotter, Mother. I haven't let him be. After that night—even. I've kept wangling him. To meet me. To be with me. Every once in a while I think I'm cured and try not to see him. I've tried to be cured, Mother. I'm sick, Mother. You try to make Father see that. I'm like a drug fiend. I love him and I don't want to love him. He's snide. He's swine, I keep telling myself. And now that Leslie's going to have a kid, that makes me twice swine. I—I think I am going crazy, Mother."

She was like something wild, crouching beneath the wing of Jenny's protecting arm.

"Shh-h-h, darling, I see."

"Make him see."

"Yes, yes, I'll make Father see. Mother knows. Mother understands. Jennifer's nervous. Jennifer has had a bad dream and Mother is going to take her away—far—up to the Canadian camp, and get her rested and cured."

Jenny had wrested his moment from him, all right. A cry raged in the silence of his heart. There they crouched from him. The Jennys. "Papa," she had mouthed, like a child. So far as he could remember, she had never, even in her little-girlhood, called him that before.

What a curious thing to have happened. This little girl, this sick little girl, this pure, good, smart, terribly alien little girl, calling him "Papa." And Jenny had wrested his chance. Curse her. No. No. No. Bless her. This barebacked woman was divine at the moment as she babbled sentimental mush to this girl!

"Shh-h-h, Jennifer—you're going to get well."

Her sobs began to subside as she looked out fearfully at Rarick from the

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wing of her mother's arm. "I'll get well if he will leave me alone."

"Sh-h-h, Father will leave you alone, won't you, Rarick, if I promise to help little Jennifer, who wants to get well, to be rid of the idiotic notion that she is in love; won't you, Rarick?" asked Jenny.

"I won't ever see him. I don't want ever—to see him again."

"Sh, that's right. She won't ever see him again, Rarick. Don't cry, sweet. Mother will help you. Nothing has happened between them, Rarick, and for you to see Berry would be not only absurd but dangerous. Your answer to Tom Edgerton will only be the fact that Jennifer won't ever see Berry again. Isn't that right, baby?"

"Yes, Mother."

"We're going away for a little while. Up to the Canadian camp—to fish—and get well. I'll wire we're arriving." (Ramon could come up for a week!) "Aren't we, Jennifer?"

"Yes, darling."

"You hear, Rarick," said Jenny, always rocking, always crooning. "We're going up to the lodge—to rest—to get well."

He sat dumb in the pool of his defeat, glorying in a curious crooked way in the power of this angular, eccentric woman he called wife, to mother his children, yet filled with a crushing, impotent anger that baffled and tortured him because he could not define it.

"You go now, Rarick, while Jenny puts Jennifer to bed and gives her a bromide to make her sleep—sh-h-h, my sweet."

"Put me to sleep, Mother. Don't let me finish dressing to go to meet him."

"Sh-h-h, now go, Rarick, while Jenny puts Jennifer to sleep."

Rarick pressed the hand of his daughter and went stumbling from the room.

Doctor Gerkes was coming down the hall toward the small rear staircase he used for his exits. He had just had his dinner. A butler was hurrying away the remains of it on a tray. Gerkes was in his nondescript topcoat, his collar already turned up against a fine mist that was falling into the twilight.

Where might he be going? Wherever it was, the desire smote Rarick to join him.

Gerkes was going for one of his walks around the reservoir in the park. He did a great deal of his work that way, pounding the footpath that enclosed the boxed-in waters, formulating in his mind and hurrying back to write.

"I'll join you," said Rarick, who was not much of a walker.

"Come along," said Gerkes, practicing a rule never to be surprised. They descended by the grand staircase instead of Gerkes' rear one and two butlers swung them solemnly out of doors into the prickled gray wash of drizzle.

Rain hung in the air like a curtain. It made of the evening a bead portière. Through it, lights climbed mistily up skyscraping buildings with receding terraces.

Rarick stood on his top step, no higher than a match to his house. Traffic rolled by, filled with the silhouette of lives that he supplied with their five-and-ten-cent needs.

It struck Rarick, in that moment while he paused for Gerkes to light his pipe, that his own house was little more than an omnibus filled with the hurrying figures of those who were also alien to him, except in so far as he supplied their five-and-ten-thousand-dollar needs.

Jennifer as she had sped past him, in that instant before Jenny had snatched, had called, "Help me, Papa." What atavism was that?

Crash, was how his brain felt. The confusion of what seemed to Rarick the falling of huge copper disks through jazz-splintered space that was bottomless. And the space was divided into days. The days of the Raricks.

A battalion of red lights flashed down the Avenue and in the sudden, and by contrast, deafeningly quiet halt of the traffic, the two men rushed into the park.

There were times when the sensation of the falling of the copper disks through the space that was divided into days seemed to Rarick to go on plunging through the nights. It was as if his body were some kind of infinitude filled with a consciousness of tumult that was almost unbearable.

Even here, in the stretches of a park that held out arms of trees to receive them into quiet, the tumult continued to shoot through him in disks.

Ballet Mécanique. The world of the Raricks, still rent with Jennifer's cry of "Help me, Papa," operated on a huge central piston like a ceiling-high steel wheel in a power house. Ballet Mécanique.

His life, his being, his brain was a power house for mechanical production. Production. Overproduction. Bing. Bang. Razzle-dazzle. Ten-cent hats for ten-cent heads. Five-thousand-dollar speedboats for juniors. Production. Bing. Bang. Razzle. Dazzle.

His brain was a switchboard as high as his house was high, as square as this reservoir, around which they were tramping, was square. Pip. Pop. Lights dancing in and out across the switchboard. Power. Man power. Horse power. Candle power. Water power. Brain power. Ballet Mécanique.

Out of the switchboard of the brain ran a thousand little snaky tubings, to be plunged into plugs. More red lights. Salted peanuts from Tennessee. Paper snakes from Nürnberg. Scalloped doilies from Brooklyn. Leatherized bags from Oshkosh. Pearl buttons from Seattle. Candied prunes from Santa Clara. Pasteboard turtles from Tokio.

Production. The world had a thousand million eyes that were lights on his switchboard brain. Give me wire nails out of Pittsburgh. Raw silk out of Shanghai. Washable baby ribbon out of Lyons.

Ballet Mécanique. A hot copper disk ripped off the left plate of Rarick's temple as he bent into the light curtain of rain. And another. Disk after disk after disk, a flying world of them.

Ballet Mécanique. The jumping pistons. The coughing steam. The high cries of steel wheels under trains taking the steel curves of rails. The racing of leather belts over heads bent to the tricky business of inserting the bit of object into the machine at the instantaneously right instant. Pistons galumphing, steel elbows jerking. Wise old steel jaws yawning for pulp and spewing out products! Red light. White light. Up. Down. Galumph.

And off the wheel-sized disks, that were exploding off the temple of Rarick, began to spin images of the snow-white, copper-banded yachts of the rich. Rows of casinos along white Rivieras, filled with overheated men and women, breathing over baccarat.

Boys, all with the chorister faces of Avery, racing in cigar-shaped speed monsters that were doomed for collision with the disks. Hordes of Jennys in tight gowns with no backs, climbing up the sides of gold amphitheaters that had been greased, and falling back upon one another in riots of finery.

Niagaras of ticker tape and men with kidney circles under their eyes, disappearing beneath the paper snow that slid between their fingers. Motor boats.

Four - hundred - thousand - dollar ballrooms; town cars; sapphire anklets; six thousand dollars' worth of cotillion gewgaws; private cars to football games; eight-thousand-dollar steamship suites; bracelets, cymbals, shields; and smothering under the bracelets and the shields, the voice of a man's daughter, remote—"Papa, help me——"

"Do you know," said Gerkes, speaking for the first time as they turned homeward, "that certain anthropological researches are proving conclusively that man owes the dawn of his brain power to the Ice Age? When roots and berries, hitherto their principal food, disappeared, they were obliged to hunt bison or caribou, and flesh was as easy to chew as raw oysters. What happened? That threw the jaw into disuse and gave the brain a chance to become the larger part of the head . . ."

Three weeks later, the Jennys did the trip down from north of Quebec by motor, a second car, containing two maids and the luggage, following.

A premature burst of spring was already on the heels of a languid winter, so that much of the trip was taken on dry roads and to the first freckling of foliage.

Lovely. Lovely. Lovely. Particularly lovely to a pallid Jennifer who had a habit nowadays of seeing through a glass, not so much darkly as dimly. Low vitality, her doctors easily termed it.

Jenny, whose effort all the way down from Canada had been not to seem too excited, was grateful too for the loveliness. It helped to account for the exultant something that kept rising and overflowing in her. Ramon was along!

He had spent two of the three weeks with them at camp. Jennifer had been glad for her mother's sake. Her incredible mother, who could while away time, apparently for want of something better, with this boy, who was pleasant enough timber for an evening's flirtation, but who had actually sufficed to keep her mother amused during their stay at camp.

Could it be that he was smitten with her mother? The slim thought trailed through her tired mind and petered out as she sat looking at the flashing of spring . . .

How good her mother had been. How heavenly good!

The indulgent compassion of this woman where her children were concerned! What if she petted them even more than she pitied or understood them! What if to try to explain to Jenny the minute phases of her torture was to bring down upon herself an avalanche of automatic maternalism that sometimes made her wild with frenzy!

"Mother, please, please don't keep on talking. You've said that over and over again. I know you think there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. You've told me. What good does that do me if I don't care what is in the sea? Mother, please!"

Not even such an outburst could puncture the quality of Jenny's compassion. "He's not worth the finger nail of your little finger, much less the mental anguish you are wasting on him."

"I know. I know. I know it all by heart. Only don't keep on saying it, Mother, or I'll go screaming mad."

"I know, dear. I know. I know."

"You know!" laughed Jennifer scornfully, one midnight when, clad in pajamas, she had been walking the floor of the log living-room of the main camp and her mother, hearing her, had tiptoed down. "You know! What do you know of anything that I am going through!"

What did Jenny know? Thank heaven Jennifer did not know what she knew, but just the same, sitting wrapped in fur, she hugged herself with knowing. What did Jenny know? She knew the torment and the ecstasy of Jennifer because they were boiling within her too.

Upstairs, since they had not troubled to open the men's dormitory camp, in a beautiful old spool-bed, Ramon, who had arrived a few days before, was asleep under sheets that she had personally laid out for him; under thick silk puffs that she had personally chosen. What did Jenny know of the excruciating pangs of love? Impudent Jennifer, to assume that she knew little.

"My darling, you are all unnerved."

"I know I'm your darling, Mother, and that I am unnerved, but don't keep telling me about it."

"My darling, do you know what a serious nervous breakdown you are sure to have if——"

"Pretty question. Oh, no, I don't know. I think, instead, that I am lying in the arms of my lover—his lips are soft."

"Jennifer!"

"Oh, Mother, I'm flighty. I didn't mean that. I loathe his lips."

"Of course you do, darling. He's a dog. My poor darling."

"I'm a fine darling."

"I'll get you well, my sweet. You're in a trance of infatuation now. You can't help it. Mother understands."

Strange words for one Jenny to be using to another.

Scene after scene Jenny had lived through with Jennifer those weeks, walking her through woods of wild beauty until their limbs sagged. Tiring Jennifer. Exhausting her until, the last week of their stay, Jennifer was sleeping through entire nights.

Ecstatic nights for Jenny, wakeful even in her tiredness; lying there under the same roof with Ramon . . .

Riding homeward through the woods that were preening themselves for outburst, the something that Jennifer had promised Jenny was dead within her began to lift its head. Through woods of running sap she was riding back to the city that contained Berry!

Berry was at the end of this beautiful trail. Would be within easy telephone call. Within messenger call. Berry! Poor boy, how bewildered he must have been these weeks since that night she stood him up as he waited for her at a west-side gate to the park.

The letters she had written him since and never sent! The gravitation of the universe was toward Berry.

Mother had been a brick, all right, but oh, how futile! As if you could stop Niagara with a handkerchief. As if you could douse a house afire with a squirt of *eau de Cologne*.

Jennifer had learned to sleep in camp. That meant Jennifer was getting well, was coming out of the trance of the infatuation for Berry. Jennifer had promised.

Darling, dumb-bell Jenny, when the truth of it was that Jennifer was flying back on purring motors to the land of Berry. He was in New York. Madness of her to have let them put miles between them. He was in New York—enchanted destination.

It was difficult, it was impossible, sitting up there beside the chauffeur, spinning through spring, to discipline one's thoughts when the craving set in to see Berry. It was hard to sit there and say to oneself as a child repeats a catechism, "No-good Berry. Cad. Snide. Here is a man about to be a father. Jennifer, have you no pride? No decencies?"

No. No. No. And I'm glad. The

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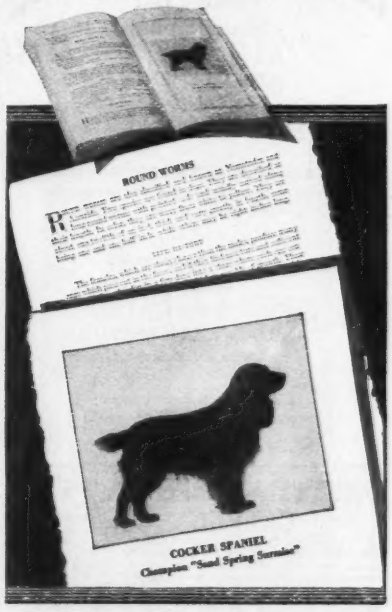

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days were fiery furnaces of desires for Berry. The nights. The weeks. The ride all the way to New York was one such fiery furnace.

Thank heaven, Jenny was content to sit with that beautiful "nobody-home" of a Ramon and let her alone.

At Albany, she could already begin to feel, in anticipation, that moment of the rounding of her fingers about the pink enamel French telephone in her boudoir that would bring Berry's voice to her. They had sent her scuttling away like any finishing-school girl to get over a love affair—as if miles were a panacea!

Two hours below Albany, Jenny placed her hand on her daughter's arm.

"Jennifer, dear, we'll go down along the west side, by way of the river drive, so we can drop Ramon at his apartment before we go home."

Darn. Darn. Darn. That would delay them ten minutes. Her fingers ached for the pink enamel telephone . . .

On the other hand, to Jenny, the river drive meant a detour and ten minutes longer with Ramon.

It was not quite dusk when the car slid up before their doors. A messenger boy was running down the steps; in fact, the doors that had swung open to emit him, remained open to admit the mistress of the house and her daughter.

It was strange that in a household where the telegraph boy was a figure woven carelessly into the pattern of every day, the sight of this one should have bitten into Jenny's heart with a pang of scare.

"Was that telegram for me?" she asked.

"No, madam, for Mr. Rarick."

"Where is he?"

"In the library. Shall I have him told that you have returned?"

"No."

"If you don't mind, Mother, I'll rush on up to my room to rest—alone."

"Yes, Jennifer."

For some reason which she was later never able to analyze, Jenny, instead of following Jennifer, went up the broad staircase and hurried to the library.

Its beautiful quality of dusk, as she entered, was being rattled into by the mechanical organ, as if someone had forgotten to turn it off, the stained-glass story of "Traviata" marching before Rarick, who was seated in his unicorn chair, a telegram bunched in his hand.

With one of those flashes out of the blue about which one hears but which one so seldom sees, Jenny looked at her husband calmly and said, "Avery is dead."

He began to nod his head, regarding her all the while with eyes made out of two white moth balls.

She started to laugh. She could not stop. She could not stop because Rarick, sitting there, could not seem to stop nodding. And nodding, didn't he look for all the world like the bisque bull that used to stand on the mantelpiece in the house of her parents? It had been a black-and-white china bull, with a head that nodded.

Rarick, replying to her that Avery was dead, kept on nodding like that bisque bull . . .

Rarick's conviction that his wealth has smothered his son to death causes him to make a startling decision in order to protect Jennifer and Jenny from the weight of his millions—in Fannie Hurst's July Installment

Old Man Tooker's Investment (*Cont. from page 49*)

he related to Len Tooker the tale of the slaying of his colored boy, Eben.

"This is quite a coincidence," the ranger admitted. "You say you've trailed him from your ranch?"

"Every foot o' the way an' never lost the trail oncet. He tallies with the description, he looks like he'd do it, an' his horse was a cream an' white pinto, which is a mighty rare color combination. There's his horse. He looks like a cream an' white pinto to me.

"The man won't give no account of himself, I've give him a fair trial, me bein' judge an' jury, an' I'm about to carry out the sentence o' the court when you interfere. Understand, I'm admittin' your right to interfere."

"Thanks, Mr. Henderson. Unfortunately, I am not admitting your right to deal out justice."

"What's the sense fussin' with him, ranger? He's murdered in cold blood the best cook an' body servant any man ever had, an' it's my Christian duty to see he don't do it again, which he's likely to do in liquor."

"How far is your ranch from here, Mr. Henderson?"

"Three hard days' ridin' over a mighty hard road."

"Suppose," said Len Tooker, "we examine his pony's shoes," and without further ado he caught up the cream and white pinto and led him down to the tree. Here the ranger squatted on his heels and rolled a cigaret. When he looked up he saw that Old Man Henderson was red and embarrassed.

"I reckon there's somethin' wrong, ranger," the old man admitted. "I been followin' a horse shod with toe clips on his front feet, an' this here anamile's shod with plates. No cowboy ever shod this horse."

"No," Len Tooker agreed, "this isn't the horse you've been following, so the chances are this isn't the man you're looking for."

"Is he the hombre you're lookin' for?"

"I imagine he is. I've trailed him from Los Alamos, which is east of here, and you've trailed him from a point west of here. I claim he's my man by reason of a process of elimination. Just around the shoulder of this hill I stumbled across another man, in a dry camp.

"I'd just started to frisk him when I heard your man let out a most fearsome yell, so I forked my horse and came a-running. From the top of the little rise yonder I saw you giving him the lift, so I shot him out from under your hangman's noose, it being my official business to institute inquiries when I happen upon such high-handed procedure."

"You innercent fool!" Old Man Henderson yelled. "Handcuffed as that other feller is, I bet he's forked his horse an' is beatin' it out o' the country right now. Come on an' let's secure him."

"I scarcely think he has done that, Mr. Henderson. And I didn't handcuff him. He drew on me when I woke him up. While I'd never seen him before, I figured him for my man—particularly after his wanton exhibition of bad manners in pulling his gun on me before I could even say good morning to him.

"You'll agree, Mr. Henderson, that I was justified in jumping to the conclusion that he was running from the law, otherwise he would not have gone on the peck. I would have preferred he hadn't, but when he did I saw I had to quiet him—and I did."

"I didn't hear no shot, ranger," said Old Man Henderson.

"I didn't shoot," Len Tooker replied patiently. "I rapped my gun over his head. I didn't intend hitting him so hard, either, but for some reason or other I did—and he went cool on me. Well, after discovering I'd been too enthusiastic, it occurred to me to hunt his horse. I figured he had a horse, because he'd been asleep with his saddle for a pillow; it seemed reasonable to suppose he'd hobbled his horse to graze.

"Well, I found the horse, which was the sort of horse I was looking for. I knew the horse well, on account of seeing him often over in Los Alamos, where he was formerly owned by an eastern lady who's visiting over there. When I saw this horse hobbled and grazing, it seemed to me his cream-colored patches were a deeper shade of yellow than the horse I expected to find.

"However, I knew the lady in Los Alamos had had her horse shod with flat plates, she using him on dirt roads only. So I examined the horse's feet and saw that he was not shod with plates. This seeming to indicate that I had made a fatal mistake, I was more or less troubled in my mind until I heard this victim of yours let out a yell that brought me on the run to investigate."

"This is sure a mix-up," Old Man Henderson opined. "Two fugitives mounted on cream an' white pintos—which they're the only two in Texas, I vow—trailed by two men seekin' jestice, camp within two hundred yards of each other."

"Well, it seems the wrong pursuers each got the wrong man. However, I imagine your Eben is avenged, so I'll trade you your live man for my dead one and throw my dead man's horse and outfit in for boot. I do not know who he is—or, rather, was—so we'll assume he hasn't any heirs and that his horse and outfit are yours for exemplary damages."

"I'll take the horse an' outfit, ranger, but you keep the late lamented."

"Then suppose you help me dispose of him," Len Tooker suggested. "I have no grave-digging implements, but we can tuck him into a cleft in the rim rock and wall him up with loose boulders. And I suppose we can cut a lot of red tape by not saying anything about it."

Old Man Henderson said he thought that was the practical thing to do, so they did it, and the boss of Horse Heaven knelt and prayed for the killer's soul. Then he and the ranger and the prisoner had some breakfast which Len Tooker prepared and they rested there until the following morning, when Old Man Henderson mounted his big roan and started back for his ranch. On the way home he picked up his Butterball horse and when he turned a cream and white pinto into the corral no one was so dull as to ask obvious questions.

When Old Man Henderson disappeared, Len Tooker's prisoner's face brightened. "I'm certainly glad to see the last of that old rooster," he declared. "For a religious man he sure beats my time." He eyed the ranger humorously. "What made you tell him you wanted me for murder? You know blamed well I'm not a murderer."

"Just to sort of cinch my claim to you and pass the time of day in light fiction. It sounded better to the old man to hear you were a killer instead of a plain fool. He'll feel more noble for having stretched the neck of a man that deserved it, even though he did it by mistake, than he'd feel if he knew he'd stretched the neck of a chap that didn't deserve it."

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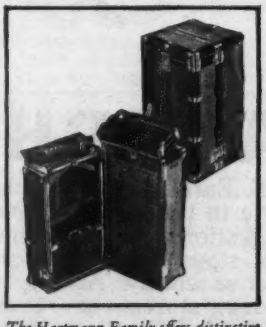

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The boyish prisoner fingered his neck and wriggled it slowly.

"That's a beautiful pony you have, my friend," said the ranger.

"Isn't he, though? The minute I saw him I had to have him, and when the lady told me she was going back East and wanted to sell him I couldn't get my money out quick enough."

"He's too prominent a horse for a man in your line of business."

"What you mean?"

"You have, in a scabbard on your saddle, an excellent running iron, and in a leather case, tied back of your cantle, you have a small gasoline torch and a canteen of gasoline. You're a brand-blotter and you've been getting away with it because you've been too smart to light a fire to heat your iron and have the smoke betray you. So you hit on this scheme of a gasoline torch.

"If you'd confined yourself to mavericks the Horse Heaven outfit wouldn't have complained about you, but when you took to brand-blotting the stupidest cow waddy in Texas knew you were at work and that you were a greenhorn and a fool. Old Man Henderson killed one of your blotched yearlings and skinned him; his old brand showed blue under the hide and your recent additions showed red. Who are you working for?"

"Myself," the prisoner admitted. "I thought I'd set up my own brand. I understand that's how practically all of the big cattlemen got their start."

Len Tooker rolled a cigaret and mused. "Well, from all I can learn, son, there's considerable truth in what you say. But a fellow *can* reform, you know.

"However, getting back to brand-blotching. The men that did it in the old days were pretty resolute hombres; they shot from the hip without much provocation, which is why some of them survived to become rich cattlemen and turn respectable.

"On the other hand, quite a number perished suddenly. Very few went to jail. It was so much easier to lynch them. Are you fixing to get yourself shot or lynched, young man?"

"No, not any more, ranger. I know just how it feels to be lynched. I'm the only man I ever heard of who has had the experience and lived to talk about it."

"You should be mighty grateful to me for saving you."

"I am. I'll never get over being grateful to you. I don't see how I'm ever going to catch even with you."

"I'll tell you how. What's your name?"

"Jim Eastman."

"Well, John Henry Hobart Denton, I'll tell you how to pay your debt. You give me a bill of sale for your brand to the Horse Heaven outfit, so they can gather them up in the next round-up and claim them. The JHHD Bar brand was worked over from the HH, so they have a moral claim which you can make a legal one.

"I have the bill of sale with me and if you will take my fountain pen and sign it, I will sign as a witness. Then, if you will give me your word of honor never to indulge again in this line of endeavor and will lead an honest life, this case will be dropped right here."

The prisoner stretched his painful neck and grinned. "Aren't you a good deal like Old Man Henderson?" he queried. "Like him, you presume to take the law into your own hands."

"Well, if you object, I'll see to it that you are fed and boarded at the expense of the Lone Star State for the next five years."

"You can't prove I ever blotched a brand."

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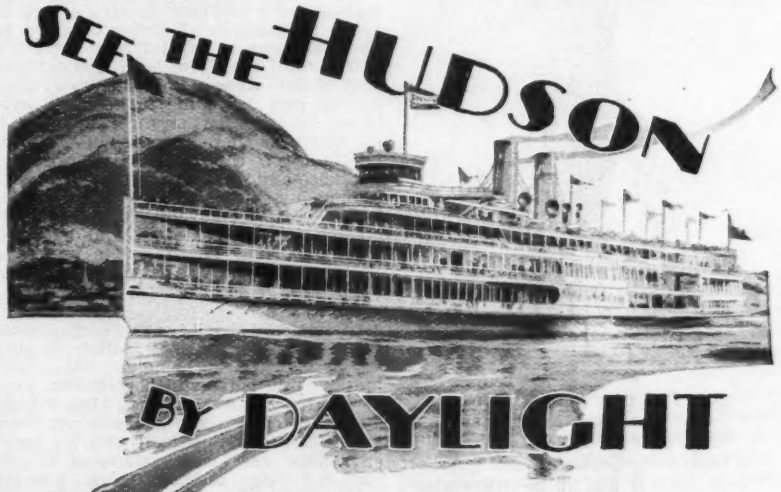

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"Who told you my name was John Henry Hobart Denton?"

"Your respectable father. He even sent the governor of Texas your photograph and asked the governor to do what he could to locate you. He said you'd been reading western novels and had got all het up with the notion of going down into the great unfettered Southwest and becoming a rough, tough, flea-bitten cowboy.

"Because you sent him a picture post card from Austin, he knew you were in Texas and liable to get into serious trouble making believe you were a bad man; so the governor circularized the ranger force and sent us each a copy of your photograph. It never occurred to me you were in my territory until the foreman of the Horse Heaven outfit told me about some idiot blotching their brand and asked me to keep my eyes open for suspicious strangers.

"When he showed me one of the fresh hides I saw that your brand was four initials—and while I've seen a few brands in my day I never yet knew a real cattleman to have four initials and even if he did, he kept it a secret and only used two of them. Generally he prefers a number. Suddenly it dawned on me that J. H. H. D. stood for John Henry Hobart Denton.

"The next thing I heard was that some drug-store cowboy had fallen in love with Miss Daisy Pringle's cream and white pinto horse and bought him, paying three prices. I showed Miss Pringle your photograph and she said you were it, so I got on your trail with my partner. We were right interested in you because your mother's been grieving about you, son, and for the additional reason that your old man offered a reward of a thousand dollars for you.

"I could understand the old man's anxiety, he being a banker and your mother and sisters prominent in society. The idea of you aspiring to develop into a big cattleman when you're only a black sheep! Why, dog-gone you, you're not worth putting in the *Calabozo*. They'd make you a trusty the week after you got in. You're harmless."

John Henry Hobart Denton blushed painfully. Suddenly he commenced to weep, and Len Tooker smoked quietly.

"Well," he demanded gently, after John Henry had cried himself out, "do you or do you not accept my program?"

"I accept," John Henry replied brokenly.

"There's hope for you. You're beginning to exhibit intelligence." Mr. Tooker chuckled. "I wired your old man to come down and get you. I told him you and I would meet him in Los Alamos on the fifteenth. Saddle up, John Henry Hobart Denton, and we'll drift. We have just time to keep our appointment."

In Los Alamos Len Tooker turned his prisoner over to a middle-aged gentleman, who immediately took out his wallet and commenced counting one-hundred-dollar bills. But Len Tooker waved them aside.

"You keep your money, Mr. Denton," he suggested. "The State of Texas pays me my wages. Besides, I have a lot of sympathy for your son John.

"When I was somewhat younger than John I got all steamed up on dime novels and ran away down into Indian Territory to kill a lot of peaceful Indians that had never done me a moment's harm. And I've achieved, in a measure, my early ambition.

"As a Texas ranger I've had to kill a few Indians, although not pure-breds. They had a slight admixture of Spanish or American in them—just enough to make them ugly."

He shook hands with his prisoner. "Good-by, John Henry. You be a good boy and grow up and mind your daddy and never forget that honesty is the best policy. Those who forget that most generally get hung."

"Can't I do anything for you to show my gratitude, ranger?" the elder Denton pleaded.

"Not a dog-gone thing, sir." He gazed solemnly at the banker. "I suppose you could lose a couple of hundred thousand dollars without crying over it?"

Denton said he could afford to lose a couple of millions to purchase peace of mind.

"Well, then," said Len Tooker, "as a favor to me you might buy this boy a cattle ranch in some likely locality, stock it up for him and let him go to it, win, lose or draw. He likes cattle, I think, so why not indulge him? And he doesn't like the life he's doomed to, so why sentence him to it? Give him something he likes to do and the chances are he'll not get into mischief."

"Thank you, ranger. A good idea. I'll consider it. By the way, there's that horse. You may have him."

"Oh, no. John Henry's in love with that horse, so you take him with you. Why, that's John Henry's top cow horse."

"I'll never forget you as long as I live," John Henry murmured tremulously. "It took me a year to learn to rope and hog-tie a yearling, preparatory to getting into the cattle business."

"I judged it took you longer than that, son. And you can stand more experience, I notice. That's one thing that interested me in you, John Henry. I said to myself, 'A boy that gets a notion he wants to learn a trade and then works at it hard a whole year to make himself fit for his work has got a lot of stick-to-it-ive-ness in his make-up, which, if directed along the right lines, will enable him to go far.'"

"What's the matter with your neck?" John Henry's father demanded. "You hold it on one side like a cockerel inspecting a worm."

"He fell off his horse and buckled his head under him. Like to broke his fool neck," Len Tooker lied smoothly. "I imagine it'll straighten out in time."

The years passed. Old Man Henderson continued to acquire more lands and cattle and often recalled the day he half lynched the wrong man. He never did get over being heartily ashamed of himself and was always busy reconstructing his primitive ideas of equity and justice.

He died without heirs at law and (for reasons best known to himself) he willed all his assets to Len Tooker, the man who had saved his peace of mind. So Len Tooker resigned from the Texas rangers and took over Old Man Henderson's range and long-horned cattle.

He developed into a good cowman, too, and made money when other cattlemen showed a loss.

Moreover, Len Tooker had the only white-faced cattle in that country; hence rustlers passed his cattle by until, eventually, the old-timers took to copying him and white-faces became common—whereupon Len Tooker presently discovered that the tally of his calf branding was oddly inconsistent with the tally of his round-up of those calves two years later.

Even after allowing liberally for cattle overlooked in the round-up and for natural deaths, he was still short. Nor were the carcasses discovered on his range at all proportionate to his liberal estimate of natural wastage.

Seemingly the local authorities were unable or unwilling to do anything in the matter, so Len Tooker decided to investigate on his own account. He announced himself as a candidate for sheriff and his sole platform was a promise to rid the county of cattle thieves. Immediately the cattlemen rallied to his support and with the help of other law-abiding citizens they elected Len Tooker.

The day he took the oath of office he turned over the management of his ranch to his foreman and devoted himself exclusively to the duties of his office. Whatever his methods were, they were salutary. He captured one gang in its entirety, after a bloody battle, and succeeded in having them sent to the penitentiary; if there were any rustlers left, they ceased thereafter to operate.

Having accomplished what he had set out to do, Tooker resigned his office.

However, retirement to his ranch could not dim the luster of Tooker's achievement. He had become a political power in his county and, as the choice of the better element and against his will, was sent to the state legislature, where he introduced several wise and necessary bills, fought them into the statute books and completed his term as state senator more popular personally and stronger politically than he had ever been.

The years passed and presently the alkali dust no longer showed prominently when it settled on Len Tooker's silvery head. He was still a prominent citizen, always a political factor to be reckoned with.

When, eventually, he ceased to ride a horse and purchased an automobile, he had conferred upon him the inevitable title. Men alluded to him as Old Man Tooker!

During the war Old Man Tooker made a lot of money, but, like thousands of his kind, he believed that the war-time prices of beef would continue for several years. So he speculated. In his early sixties he aspired to be a cattle king.

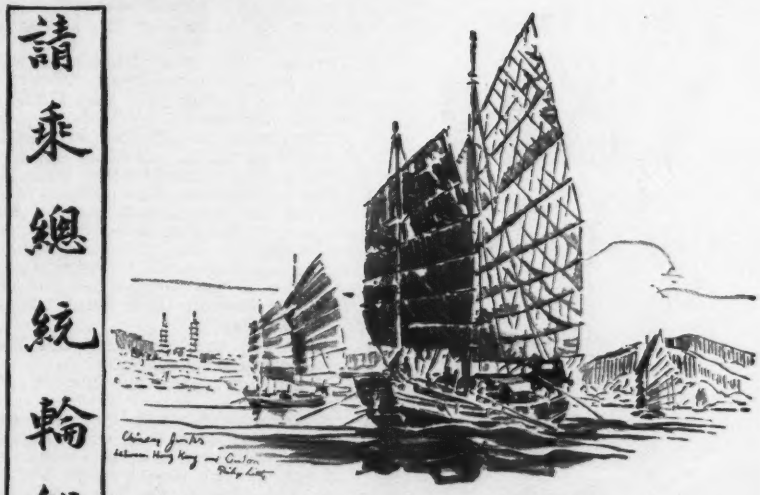
Suddenly the bottom dropped out of everything, cattle included. Cows that had cost Old Man Tooker seventy-five and eighty dollars dropped, almost overnight, to thirty, nor could he move them even at that figure. He held them over two years—two very dry years—and lost thousands of them.

He borrowed money on his old home ranch and set himself doggedly to the task of fighting it through. But politics was his undoing. He got behind the wrong man for governor, and one day the president of his bank called him in and told him so.

He did more than that. Knowing Old Man Tooker's power to sway votes, and realizing that his activities must be curtailed, he told the old warrior bluntly that the latter's political choice was not agreeable to the bank; he reminded Old Man Tooker that the bank held quite a lot of his paper, overdue and falling due, and while the bank would deprecate having to close in on him, nevertheless, since the man Tooker was supporting for governor was inimical to the banking interests of the state, naturally—well.

Meanwhile Old Man Tooker stared at him, steadily, unwaveringly, bleakly. Finally he said: "Let me get this straight. Are you giving me my orders?"

The banker nodded. "I hate to, but—I have mine. This bank is not alone in the move to defeat your friend for governor. It is known that we have the means to control you and it has been suggested that we exercise our power. If we failed to do so, things might happen to us. The last four years of bad



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business have left us in a condition not quite so healthy as formerly. We could be crowded, you know."

"Maybe," Old Man Tooker agreed; "but I can't. I'm not that sort of invertebrate. I hear your orders and I refuse to obey them."

"This bank," the other replied quietly, "has bought up the mortgage on your ranch and a second cattle loan you floated in Kansas City. There's only one way you can protect yourself and that is by trotting in here with a certified check for half a million dollars. Everything you owe will be due and payable prior to the election and the day after the election legal steps will be taken to collect."

"That will wipe me out," Old Man Tooker complained mildly.

"That's how I see the picture, Mr. Tooker."

"A little hard on a man my age, but no matter. I've been wiped out before, but I always had one asset left and nobody was ever able to levy on that. I'm a man. I'm free, white and sixty-one years old. You go to the devil!"

And he stalked out of the bank, went to a political rally and told the audience exactly what it was going to cost him to support the Democratic candidate for governor. For he was ever a fighter, and since he had to perish he swore he would carry a piece of the enemy's ear into dissolution with him. He would alienate his friends and followers from that bank; he would give the bank a black eye that would cost them dearly. And it did.

The bank denied Tooker's accusation, of course, but that was of no avail. For twenty years men had been wont to say in that county, when lauding another man: "Why, he's as honest and truthful and brave as Old Man Tooker."

Well, Old Man Tooker won, but he paid the price of his courage—his stupidity and lack of common sense, most people called it. The day after election a runty man drove out to his ranch and served him with copies of the summons and complaint in two suits of foreclosure, one on his cattle and the other on his ranch.

He had ten days in which to reply to these suits, which he did. The cases were immediately set for trial and ten days later Old Man Tooker came into court and confessed judgment. He had not, in the interim, been able to refund his loans by borrowing from other sources.

However, the judge was a friend of his. He couldn't do much but he did what he could. It was possible Tooker might yet raise the money to pay the chattel mortgage, so with the consent of the plaintiff, who hesitated to refuse when His Honor suggested it, a stay of thirty days before execution of the judgment on the cattle was agreed to. The ranch, of course, could be redeemed by payment of the mortgage and accrued interest within a year after foreclosure.

Old Man Tooker's voice was unusually soft, with a note of pathos in it, as he thanked the judge and the plaintiff's counsel; when he strode out of the courtroom there was noticeable, for the first time, a stoop in his shoulders.

He was finished—cleaned—mopped up! Just an old cowman, unable to enter the lists again in life's competition, a wreck fit only for the poorhouse. He had lost all but his manhood, his reputation for courage and loyalty to a friend, his independence.

His independence? Ah, no, he had lost that now. Nothing but his courage left now, of use only to himself.

Crossing the courthouse square he fell, and his old friend, the sheriff, picked him up.

Old Man Tooker looked at him dazedly. "Nothing wrong, Bill," he murmured. "Just a little weak. Got a dizzy spell. I—I—I've just been through a hard half-hour, but I—I'll be all right. You might take me over to the hotel, Bill. I think I'd better go to bed for a couple of days and think this thing over quietly."

The sheriff took him to the hotel, put him to bed and called a doctor, who presently gave the sheriff his verdict.

"He'll not live. There is nothing organically wrong with him, beyond what is customarily found in a healthy man of his years, except that his heart's broken. He has nothing further to live for, so he will die. Soul-shocked, I tell you. He'll not eat and he'll not sleep much and he'll gradually wither away and quit."

And that doctor was right. Two weeks later Old Man Tooker was still in bed at that hotel, only he was in a suite now and with a trained nurse in attendance day and night. His bank account had been attached and he could not pay for all this luxury, but his friends did. And that hurt. He lost weight rapidly; he lay in a daze, not eating enough, as the sheriff expressed it, to keep a dickey bird alive. He evinced but one sign of suffering, however. He did not care to see his old friends.

The third week passed and doctors and nurses agreed that Old Man Tooker would never live to greet the day his old friend, the sheriff, would come to serve upon him a writ of execution for his cattle under the judgment obtained by the bank on the chattel mortgage.

On the twenty-ninth day following the scene in the courtroom there came a knock at the door of the parlor in Old Man Tooker's suite. The nurse opened it and beheld a well-dressed, middle-aged man, whose tanned features, broad-brimmed hat and boots denoted the cattleman. He held his head on one side in a peculiarly deferential manner.

"I want to see Mr. Len Tooker," he said. "May I, please?"

"I'm afraid not. He doesn't wish to see anybody, Mr.——"

"Never mind my name."

"But who shall I say wishes to visit him?"

"He wouldn't know. I doubt if he'd remember me. But I want to see him awfully bad, miss. I hear he's dying."

"I'm afraid he is," the nurse admitted. "Nobody can do anything for him."

"I can cure him," the visitor declared eagerly. "I know what's wrong with him. It'd be wrong with me, too, if I ever had happen to me what's happened to him."

"Are you a doctor?"

"No. But I can cure him."

"How?"

"I can't tell you, miss. It's a secret. I wouldn't want anybody to know it for the world—and I don't think Mr. Tooker would, either. He's a very proud and independent man, they tell me." The visitor came closer. "I was in Kansas City at the convention of the American National Cattlemen's Association and there I heard some Texas cattlemen discussing Len Tooker. So I butted in on the conversation and learned all about what had happened to him—and why. And I came down here to cure him."

"You may not see him," the nurse declared with finality. She had come to the conclusion that this stranger was mildly insane.

"I'm sorry," he replied, "but under the circumstances I'll just naturally have to override your authority." He thrust her gently aside and stepped into the room.

Two long strides and he was at the door leading into the bedroom; he entered, closed the door in the nurse's face and locked it. Then he locked the door leading from Old Man Tooker's bedroom into the hall and sat down gingerly on the edge of the bed. Old Man Tooker looked up at him with a faint show of irritation, but said nothing.

"I heard you were ill, Mr. Tooker," the stranger began, "and that there wasn't a thing organically wrong with you. The doctors are right. There isn't. But you've got an awful disease, just the same, and it's known as withering of the bank roll.

"Still, it's not so serious that a check won't cure it, but as my check isn't known in this town and I didn't have an opportunity to get it certified I brought the cash." He leaned over, lifted Old Man Tooker up on his pillows and resumed: "Now, I'm going to deal you a hand, Mr. Tooker, and if it isn't a royal flush I'll go away peaceably and never come back any more."

He drew out a brick of new, crisp yellow-backed thousand-dollar bills, held together at each end with an elastic band. He slipped off the elastic bands and commenced dealing the bills with the ease and rapidity of a trained gambler dealing cards—and he dealt them all to Old Man Tooker, who counted them as they fell and was presently aware that half a million dollars in gold certificates lay piled helter-skelter upon his lap. And on the instant Old Man Tooker was cured!

"Who are you?" he yelled. "You're a friend of mine but I don't recognize you."

"You ought to," the visitor complained. "I've got a permanent wave in my neck that puzzles the best doctors in the country, but it shouldn't puzzle you."

"Oh!" gasped Old Man Tooker. "Oh! So it's my black sheep!" And he achieved the miracle of a smile. "You've cured me, John Henry, and if you'll wait a jiffy until I can get dressed and call on that coyote of a banker, I'll cure him. Yes, sir, I'll slam him across the snoot with this gorgeous nosegay—oh, John Henry, John Henry——"

Old Man Tooker closed his eyes tightly, gritted his teeth and held John Henry's hand with a firm grip. After a while he said:

"Your neck's canted to the right. That's because Old Man Henderson's hondoo took you under the left ear. Now, if I was to try hanging you again with the hondoo under the right ear I might cant that neck of yours back into line and we'd all be happy."

"I wouldn't let you, Mr. Tooker. That crooked neck has kept me in the straight and narrow path. Every time I'd see myself in a mirror I'd remember. My oldest boy is named Tooker Denton and my oldest girl is called Lennie—long for Len, you know.

"The old man took your tip and bought me a ranch and I ran it at a profit and paid him back, and when he died he was so happy he left me some money—so much, in fact, that the present depression in the cattle business hasn't worried me at all. And don't let it worry you. You'll come back in five years, if you hang onto your cattle.

"All you need is what I once needed—a helping hand. You gave it to me when I needed it and now I'm trying to repay the debt."

"I'll secure you, John Henry."

"I wouldn't be low enough to talk about that now, Mr. Tooker, but seeing as how you're such a proud and independent man I'll charge you four percent and your note will be good enough for me."

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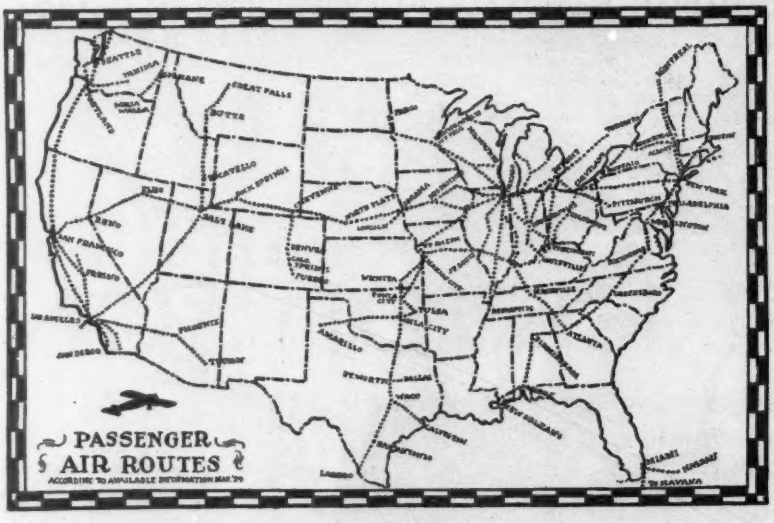

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These schedules are furnished according to the latest available information but are subject to change without notice.

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"My clothes are in that closet," Old Man Tooker shrilled. "Get 'em for me, John Henry."

So John Henry helped him dress, and then they walked a block to the bank and took up the old man's paper.

"You want this dog-gone banker killed?" John Henry queried, as Old Man Tooker tucked into his wallet the two satisfactions of mortgage.

"Not unless you want that neck of yours straightened. If that's your game, John Henry, go to it with my blessing."

"I didn't think you would, Mr. Tooker, but nevertheless the president of this bank most certainly built a fire under himself—and now I'm going to pour some gasoline on it," and he led Old Man Tooker into the president's office.

Upon the presidential shoulder he laid a gentle accolade. "You're fired, mister. I've bought the controlling interest in this bank from a lot of your stockholders that got hard up. I suppose you know that the fellow that owns two-thirds of a corporation can do what he blamed pleases with the corporation, don't you? Well, I own two-thirds and I'm going to bust you like you tried to bust my friend, Mr. Tooker.

"This bank isn't so sweet as it might be, so I'm going to sell it cheap to a new bank I'm going to organize, and elect Mr. Tooker president. He'll bring more business to my bank than double the force you have here can handle, and I'm going to give it a name that everybody in this part of Texas knows and loves—a name that will give the shebang a heap of character. I'm going to call it Old Man Tooker's Bank."

"Now laugh that one off," piped Old Man Tooker. "John Henry, come away from here. This place is poisonous!"

This is How the Pope Spends His Day

(*Continued from page 55*)

who had been in his family when he was born and had looked after him all his life. For four years she cooked with her own hands his simple meals, but three years ago she became so old she no longer could take care of things, and finally the Pope sent her to a sisterhood home in Rome, where he pays her expenses out of his personal funds.

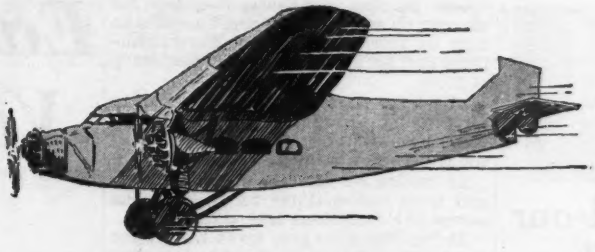
An Alexian lay monk cooks for him now in a low-ceilinged little kitchen that is halfway between the third and fourth floors. Another monk serves him and the third brother keeps the apartment clean. The two secretaries live in two-room apartments adjoining and dine by themselves.

At seven sharp every morning the Pope arises, has a cold bath and shaves himself. He always dresses in a white robe with white cap and scarlet cloth slippers.

At seven-thirty he enters his private chapel, celebrates Mass and then hears the Mass of his secretaries.

At eight-thirty he breakfasts on hot milk and coffee and bread and butter. He eats all his meals alone, but as a rule one of his secretaries goes through the most important correspondence with him while he is dining.

At nine his official day starts when he goes to the floor below to his official chambers. Here in his library study, with its shelves containing two thousand books on church history which the Pope himself has chosen from the priceless Vatican library, he begins his long day of appointments. First comes Cardinal Gasparri, Pontifical Secretary of State. Every day



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except Tuesday and Friday they talk for an hour on state affairs. On Tuesdays at nine he receives Monsignor Borgongini-Duca and on Fridays the Undersecretary of State.

At ten he starts his regular audiences. First come the chiefs of the different Congregations—that is, the departments in the church government.

At twelve he receives outside visitors and from twelve-thirty on he holds his semipublic receptions and audiences.

At two-thirty he goes up to his private apartments and has his dinner. It is very simple, consisting of:

Soup
Meat and one vegetable
1 glass Italian wine
Small coffee

The Pope's favorite dish is rice with butter. He eats no sweet or dessert and never smokes. At dinner and supper he takes one glass of wine.

At three he goes down by his private elevator—one of the two elevators in the Vatican—to a subterranean passage where he enters his motor car and is driven by a private underground way to the adjoining Vatican Gardens. Leaving his car, he has a brisk walk for an hour, accompanied only by one of his secretaries.

His first stop is a little pond and here he sits on a bench, takes from his pocket a piece of bread and throws crumbs to the fishes. Here an old gray tomcat always awaits him. For long minutes he pets and talks to this friendly old fellow. Often he brings him a bit of meat from his table.

His next stop is before a cage containing two great Alpine eagles—and his mind swings back to the great days of his youth when he was one of the foremost Alpine climbers of all north Italy. He was free then, too.

Then he stops and prays before a wonderful replica of the caves at Lourdes. And then at the far end of the garden near the great wall he prays at a lovely little shrine to Saint Teresa.

On rainy days he is driven direct to a roofed-over walk almost a hundred yards long which he had built against a stone wall. At seventy-two he demands hard, vigorous exercise, rain or shine.

At four, after an hour of walking, he returns to his private apartments. After a few minutes' prayer he reads for an hour.

At five-thirty he goes down to his official library and his second series of audiences begins.

At eight he returns to his private apartments, goes to his private chapel and recites the rosary with his secretaries.

At eight-thirty he has his supper. As a rule it consists of:

Minestrone
Meat and one vegetable
Fresh fruit
1 glass wine

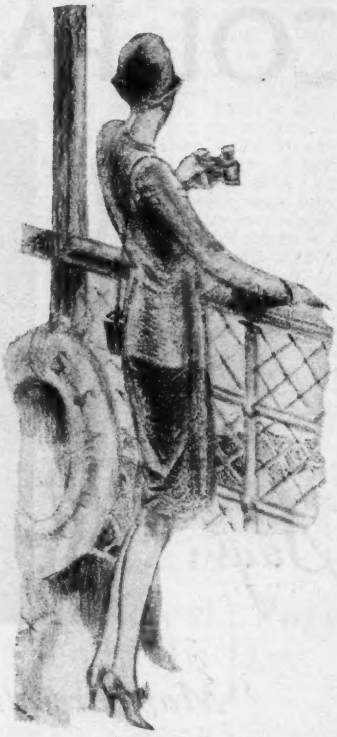
After supper for an hour he works with his secretaries, and then at ten he goes to the floor below to his library, to ponder over the most important matters at hand. His secretaries and the whole household have retired for the night, and here in his library alone he does his best work.

"These are my finest hours," he says. "I am undisturbed and in absolute quiet and peace I can go through my papers and reports and make my decisions."

Between one and two in the morning he turns out the lights and slips upstairs to his bedroom. For eighteen or nineteen hours he has been pouring out his life for the service of his church and the 300,000,000 worshipers who look to him as their spiritual leader.

He has made the job of Pope the hardest job in the world—and himself one of the hardest-working men in the world.

Earn Your Vacation Money!



SEND today for details of our spare-time, money-making plan and by the time your vacation comes around you can have plenty of money toward a joyous, happy voyage, or a wonderful trip to seashore, mountains, woods or lakes, with the right clothes and extra cash to do it up just right!

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SIX-SIXTY-SIX AND SIX-SEVENTY

A remarkable and exclusive Durant transmission, now available for the first time in popular priced cars.

Its advantages in acceleration, speed, power, handling ease and economy of operation will instantly appeal to you.

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$895
and upwards all prices at factory
LANSING, MICH.
112 IN. WHEELBASE

SIX-SEVENTY
$1195
and upwards all prices at factory
LANSING MICHIGAN
119 IN. WHEELBASE

DURANT MOTORS, INC., DETROIT, U. S. A.
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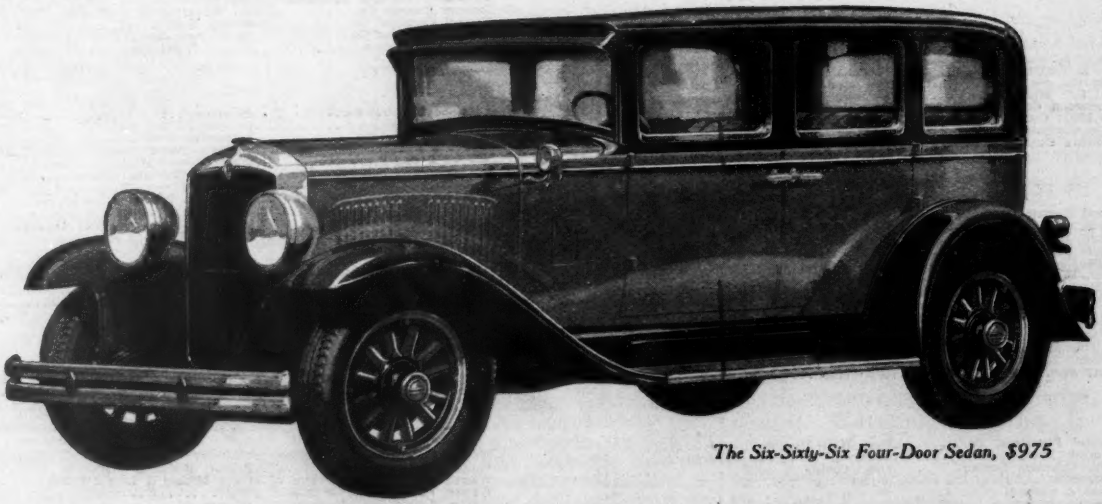

The Six-Sixty-Six Four-Door Sedan, $975

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A GOOD CAR

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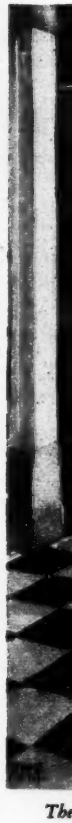

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Hearst's International–Cosmopolitan for June, 1929

Mme. Payot.. *Noted Parisian Beauty Specialist*

Tells an easy way to keep skin lovely

"Recently I discovered a way in which the success of my work as beauty specialist could be increased. I recommend to my clients Palmolive–the soap of palm and olive oils which, separately, have great cosmetic value –and which, in the blending of Palmolive Soap, are doubly effective. It supplements excellently the effects of my Creme No. 1 and Lotion No. 1."

Dr. N. G. Payot

12 RUE RICHEPAUSE
PARIS

Madame Payot, in her artfully decorated Paris salon.

FOR many years the elite of Paris have listened to the beauty advice of Mme. Payot, teacher of many famous beauty specialists who now carry the great Payot methods to cosmopolitan centers throughout the world.

Today, Mme. Payot advises the daily use of palm and olive oils in soap, in a simple 2-minute treatment, and warns against the harsh effects of the wrong kind of soap. Here is beauty news, indeed!

Madame Payot's discovery

"I found," she says, "that some women habitually use soaps that harm the skin . . . that I am constantly working to overcome the bad results of improper home cleansing.

"So, I commenced to recommend to my patients the soap made of palm and olive oils—which, separately, have great cosmetic value, and which, in the Palmolive blending, are doubly efficacious in the case of blackheads, open pores, greasy skin, etc.

"The difference was immediately apparent," says this distinguished exponent of beauty culture. "This home cleansing rule gives the correct foundation for the use of my Creme No. 1 and Lotion No. 1."

Lovely Americans travel all over the world to hear over and over again the merits of this most popular of home facial treatments. They go to Jacobson, of *London;* to Pessl, of *Vienna;* to Elise Bock, of *Berlin* –and everywhere they are given this same advice on complexion care: wash for beauty with Palmolive Soap.

Her 2-minute treatment

Here is the famous Palmolive treatment, recommended all over the world, as Madame Payot would advise it: make a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands massage this well into the skin two minutes, allowing it to penetrate the pores. Then rinse, first with warm water, gradually with colder. A final rinse with ice water is a refreshing astringent.

For a dry skin, a touch of cold cream before adding powder and rouge; for oily skin, an astringent lotion.

A simple treatment, yet it undoubtedly explains why Palmolive is one of the two largest selling soaps in France—known the world over as home of exquisite cosmetics. Here in America, and in forty-eight other countries, it is more generally used than any other soap.

The Payot Salon in Paris, beauty shrine of Europeans and Americans alike, with its chaste elegance of mirrored walls and angular paneling, is an interesting example of the increasing use of modernist decoration.

4607

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR–Broadcast every Wednesday night–from 9::30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time–over WEAF and 37 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

The Commander Victoria for Four—with six-cylinder motor, $1375; with straight-eight motor, $1525.
Prices at the factory—bumpers and spare tire extra.

THE spirit of swift and tireless motion was never so gracefully expressed as in today's Champion Studebakers. Never before had coachcraft the inspiration of such motor car performance, for Studebaker holds *every* official stock car record for endurance and speed. Sinewy endurance—silken smoothness of power-flow—velvet travel-ease—all are strikingly apparent in the poised and eager beauty of these smart, modern motor cars. They are true Champions—these great Studebaker Eights and Sixes —and their looks reveal it. Their behaviour proves it. And Studebaker One-Profit prices, today more than ever before, set the thoroughbred qualities of the new Studebakers into still stronger relief.

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions

The NEW Remington Portable

With Eight New Features

EIGHT years ago, the Remington Portable was launched—to revolutionize its field and become the world's largest seller.

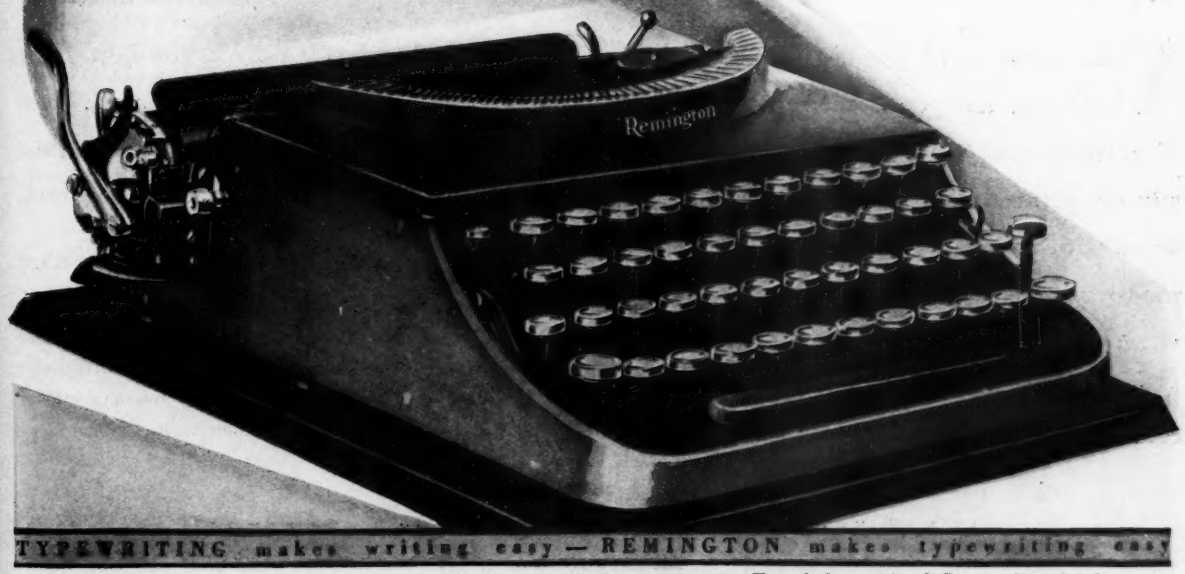
It was the *first* portable typewriter with standard four-row keyboard. Big machine dependability, speed and quality of work. The famous Remington feather-finger touch. Every essential refinement found on a regular office typewriter—but only one-fourth the size and weight.

The public demanded nothing better. But for eight years, Remington engineers have been working to produce its successor—the *perfect* portable typewriter—the one you've wanted without knowing it!

Here it is . . . with

1. *A new streamline body*—added beauty and even greater strength.
2. *Type bars always in writing position*—no raising or lowering.
3. *Perfect visibility*—nothing between your eye and what you write—no shadow on your work at any time.
4. *A new carriage-return lever*—easier to operate.
5. *A new paper bail*—holds paper tight to extreme bottom of page.
6. *A new carriage lock*—protects machine from accident or misuse by others.
7. *A new margin release*—on the keyboard.
8. *Paragraph key*—brand new—makes neater work by indenting paragraphs uniformly—simple as a space bar, five times as fast—invaluable for tabulating.

Added to this . . . new color combinations. But NOT added . . . a single cent in price! As always, $60—terms as low as five dollars monthly. Write for booklet to Dept. 22, REMINGTON RAND BUSINESS SERVICE, INC., *Typewriter Division*, Remington Rand Building, Buffalo, N. Y.



TYPEWRITING makes writing easy — REMINGTON makes typewriting easy

Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan for June 1929

The high-sign of refreshment

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

YOU never need go far or wait long! Look up, and you'll catch the high-sign of refreshment—a red flash to stop for a minute, pause for an ice-cold Coca-Cola, and be off with all the pep and pick-up of a sport roadster. ▼ ▼ ▼ In answer to the signal, all men show their friendly, sociable side. Everybody thinks alike about an ice-cold Coca-Cola. The care with which it is prepared makes it pure as sunlight. The wholesome zest of its tingling, delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment makes a little minute long enough for a big rest.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own bottle—the distinctive Coca-Cola bottle. Every bottle is sterilized, filled and sealed airtight by automatic machines, without the touch of human hands—insuring purity and wholesomeness.

OVER 8 MILLION A DAY

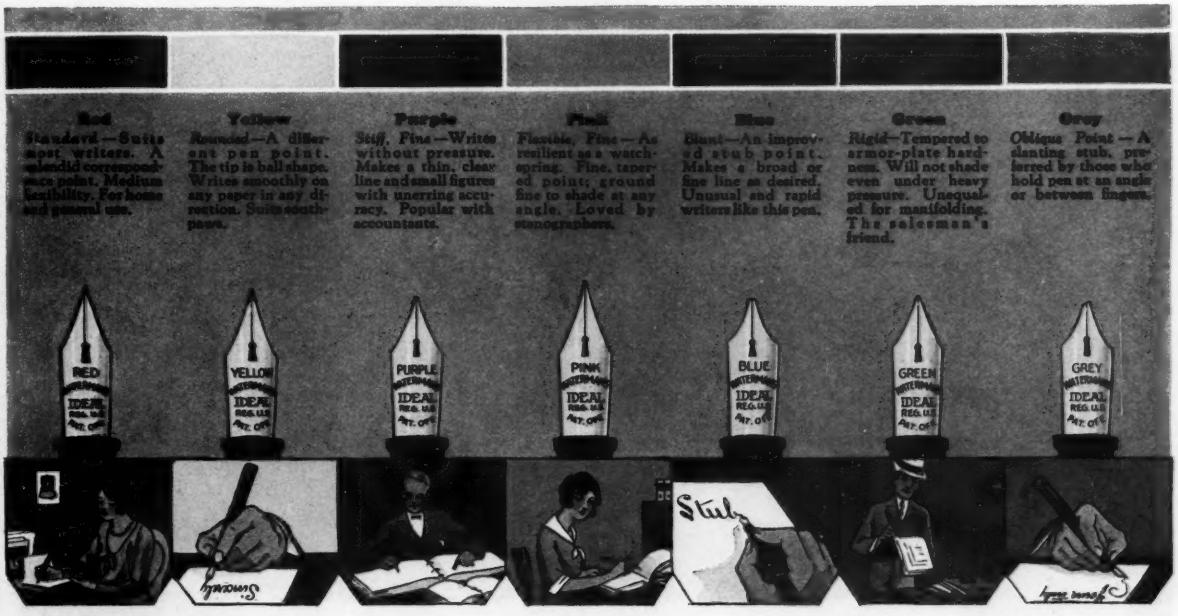
IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan for June 1929

Waterman's No. 7

Seven Points

Seven Dollars


Red
Standard—Suits most writers. A splendid correspondence point. Medium flexibility. For home and general use.
Yellow
Rounded—A different pen point. The tip is ball shape. Writes smoothly on any paper in any direction. Suits south-paws.
Purple
Stiff, Fine—Writes without pressure. Makes a thin, clear line and small figures with unerring accuracy. Popular with accountants.
Pink
Flexible, Fine—As resilient as a watch-spring. Fine, tapered point, ground fine to shade at any angle. Loved by stenographers.
Blue
Blunt—An improved stub point. Makes a broad or fine line as desired. Unusual and rapid writers like this pen.
Green
Rigid—Tempered to armor-plate hardness. Will not shade even under heavy pressure. Unequaled for manifolding. The salesman's friend.
Grey
Oblique Point—A slanting stub, preferred by those who hold pen at an angle or between fingers.
RED
YELLOW
PURPLE
PINK
BLUE
GREEN
GREY
IDEAL

Why "Number Seven"? To have a sharply distinctive name for a sharply new idea—a color band around the cap to signal at a glance the kind of point. A system original with Waterman's that is revolutionizing pen selection.

Why Seven Points? To permit wide selection by meeting every pen-fancy and pen-need. One of these points will precisely fit *your* taste, whoever you are.

Why Seven Dollars? To put the most reasonable possible price upon a pen embodying the greatest possible quality—larger ink capacity, simple self-filling device that locks, stainless and perfectly balanced Ripple Rubber holder, and Clip-Cap.

Waterman's number 7 with 7 points at 7 dollars means accurate selection made in a few moments—and satisfaction for life.

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ELGIN PARISIENNE WATCHES

DIAMOND-SET DESIGNED BY CALLOT SOEURS . . . $75.

Bright with the frozen fire of fine selected diamonds . . . set in solid 14 karat gold . . . three new ELGINS whose cases are Callot-designed. Callot Soeurs! One of the greatest style names of Paris, one of its most exclusive houses. Under the tinted, tented ceiling of its Oriental salon, costumes are designed for the world's beautiful and celebrated women. Gorgeous costumes . . . and now gorgeous watches. Exclusive jewelry . . . but more than that. Accurate, unfailing, time-true. Paris on the face of it, but each a true American watch at heart. Made with the same skill that has placed ELGIN watches in railroad service on every line, ELGIN watches and instruments on every flying field. Besides these Callot models there are other Parisiennes both plain and enamel at $35, designed by all the important Paris couturieres. And other diamond watches ascending to the glory of 20 diamonds at $250. Ask any ELGIN jeweler. (ELGIN watches are American made. © ELGIN, 1929. All prices slightly higher in Canada.)

Hearst's International–Cosmopolitan for June 1929

Spring brings beautiful colors for the New Ford car

MATCHING the fresh brilliance of Spring itself are the beautiful colors of the new Ford. They are rich in tone, yet carefully chosen, with a quiet good taste that endures.

There are eleven different Ford body types and all, with the single exception of the Station Wagon, are finished in a changing variety of colors.

You have the privilege of selecting from among these the color harmony that best suits your motoring needs and personal preference. Such choice is, of course, unusual in a low-price car and is one of the very special features of the new Ford.

Interior finish, upholstery and appointments are in keeping with this beauty of color and the trim, substantial lines which are so characteristically Ford. To the last least little detail, you can see evidence of the sincere quality that has been built into the car and the care that has been taken in its manufacture.

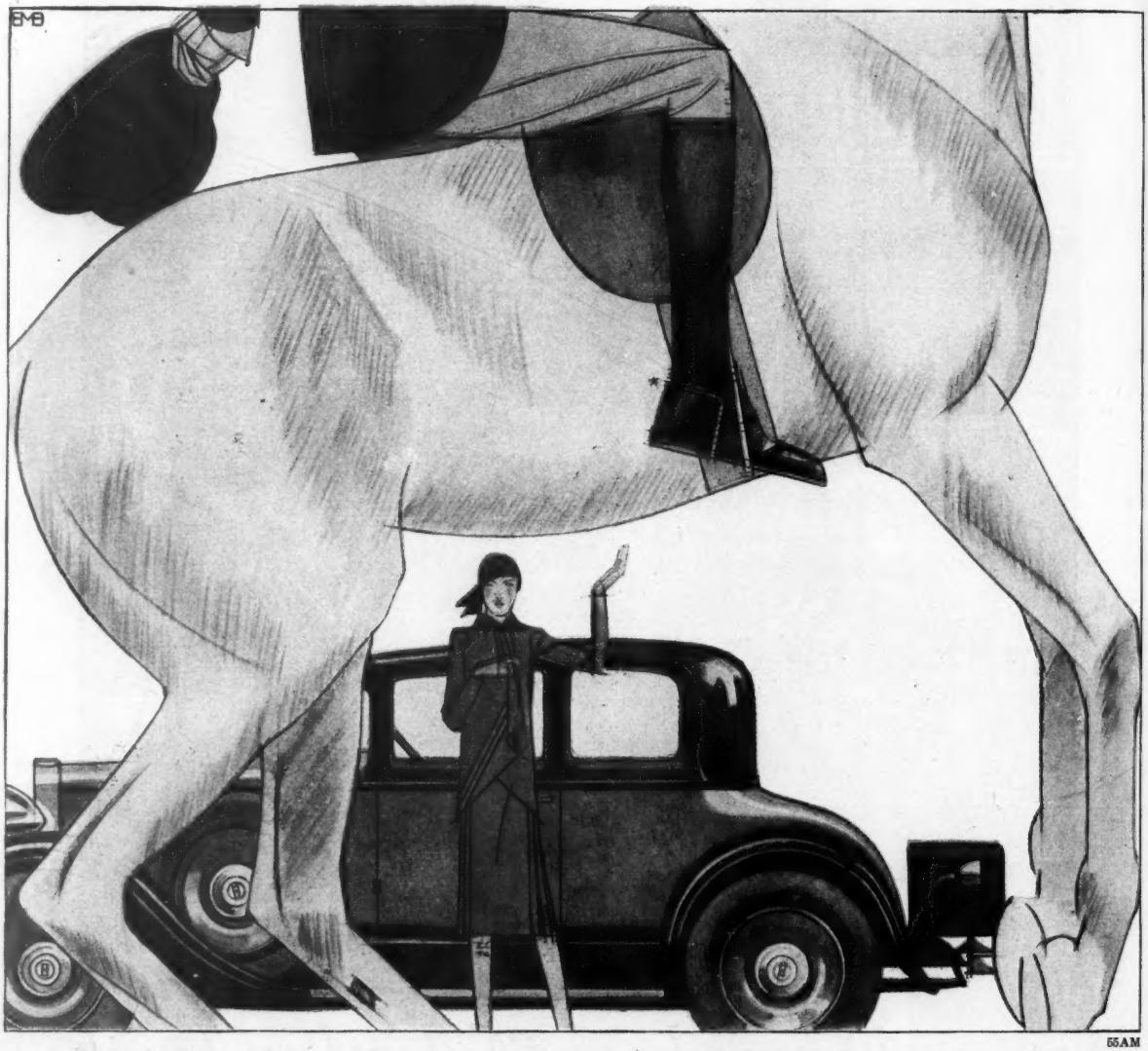
In all that goes to make a good automobile—in appearance, safety, comfort, reliability, economy and alert, satisfying performance—the new Ford is an unusual value at a low price. Its ease of control makes it a particularly good car for a woman to drive.

Ford

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

CREATORS OF THE MODE

HER FROCK BY WORTH . . . HER CAR BY HUPMOBILE



55AM

When the Prince of Wales appears in new style riding clothes, the world hears about it instantly. Because they are smart and right and there's authority back of them . . . It was that way with the new Century cars. Smart and right, and backed with twenty years of HUPMOBILE engineering authority. Other cars complimented the new Century style by fashioning after it. But HUPMOBILE remains a step ahead and an idea ahead. Surface details may be duplicated, but not the distinguished ensemble created by twenty years of creative designing in the automotive field. That remains wholly HUPMOBILE'S . . . and at this very tick of your watch, it is still dated twenty months ahead! . . . The CENTURY SIX $1345 to $1645 . . . The CENTURY EIGHT $1825 to $2625 . . . Custom and standard, all prices, f. o. b. factory . . . Equipment, other than standard, extra.

THE NEW HUPMOBILE

CENTURY SIX & EIGHT

Children especially need soup rich in healthful vegetable foods!

Why are school children everywhere being taught to "eat their vegetables"? Because in vegetables nature stores the iron, the calcium and other minerals required to build sturdy, active bodies.

When you cook vegetables in water and then throw it away, you lose a valuable amount of the minerals which the water has absorbed. But in soup most of this is saved!

So you see why a well-made vegetable soup is so beneficial for the children. In Campbell's Vegetable Soup they receive the full strength of all the leading garden vegetables — fifteen of them in the one soup.

In addition to this, they enjoy the invigorating qualities of piping-hot soup, which acts as a wholesome stimulant to the appetite and digestion. It's a wise mother who gives her children Campbell's Vegetable Soup regularly and often.

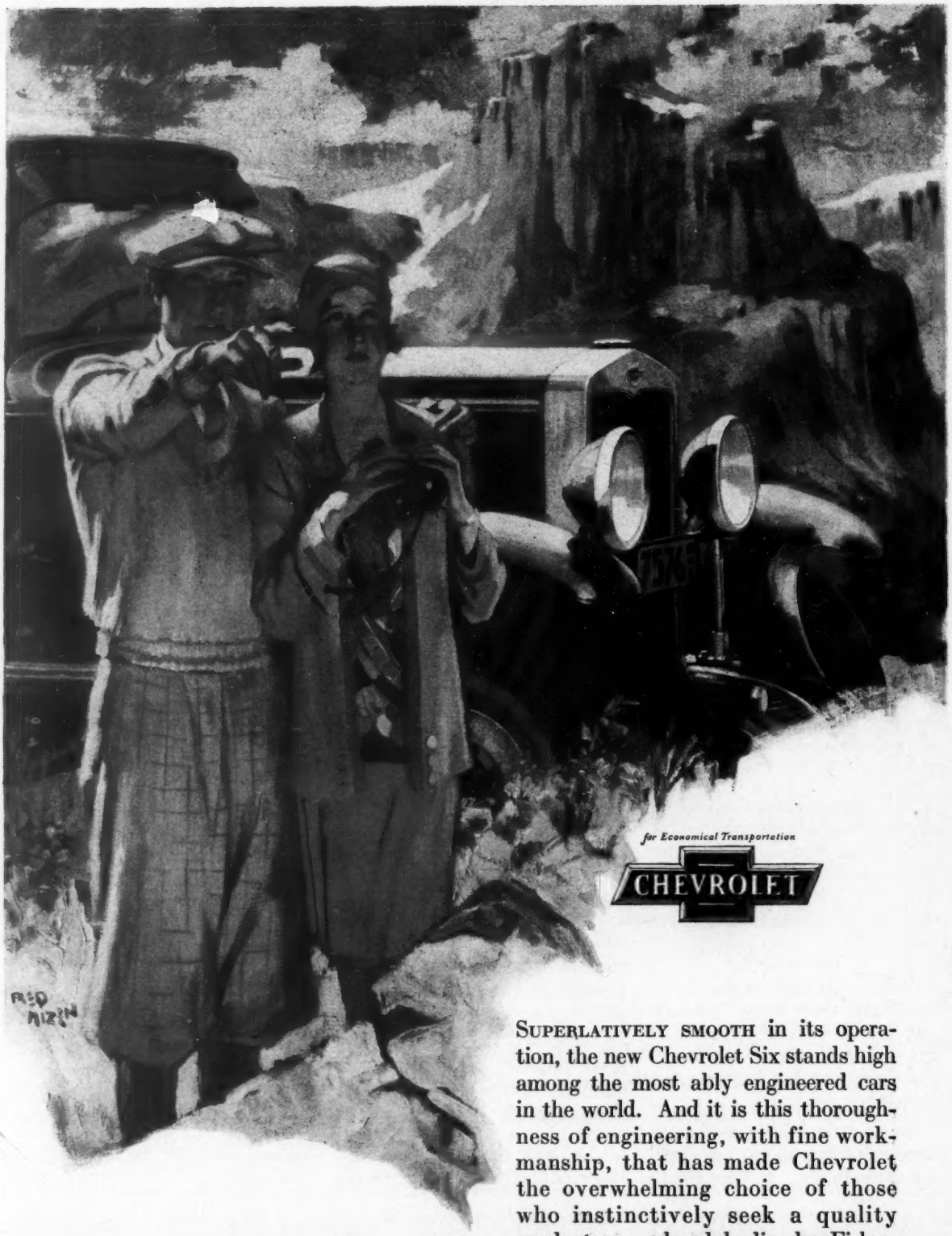
And how they love this soup! No trouble to get them to eat their vegetables this way! It tastes so good that it disappears almost in the wink of an eye! And you know what a comfort that is. For their luncheon or supper here is just the thing—it contains so much real food of the right kind. 12 cents a can.

Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of these Campbell's Soups

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Bean	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Beef	Julienne	Printanier
Bouillon	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Celery	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken	Mutton	Vegetable
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Ox Tail	Vegetable-Beef

Campbell's Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER



for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

SUPERLATIVELY SMOOTH in its operation, the new Chevrolet Six stands high among the most ably engineered cars in the world. And it is this thoroughness of engineering, with fine workmanship, that has made Chevrolet the overwhelming choice of those who instinctively seek a quality product . . . closed bodies by Fisher.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

The Roadster, $525; The Phaeton, $525; The Coach, $595; The Coupe, $595; The Sedan, $675; The Sport Cabriolet, $695; The Convertible Landau, $725. All prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Michigan.

A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR!

Will They Always Be Proud of You?

Of course, they're proud of their Daddy now. Their only standards are those of the nursery and the yard — where your ability shines in comparison with their own.

But ten, twelve years from now, when they measure you by what you have done and are doing in the outside world, as compared with the achievements of other Dads—where will you stand?

Pitiful the tragedy of the father who watches his children's respect and admiration turn little by little to questioning, then to doubt and finally to tolerant pity.

WHAT can you as a Dad do to insure their continued pride in you?

No use trying to bluff them—their keen minds will get the truth. No avail in appealing to their love—that is arguing for you already. No good explaining or alibi-ing—they know too little of life's difficulties and ironies to understand and make allowances.

Your only sure way is so to build yourself now that success will come before they get out of the trusting age. Train yourself into the larger income and business standing that spell achievement to adult and youth alike. Add to your native ability and practical experience the specialized training that compels success.

Difficult? Not at all. The surest, easiest way to get what you want from life. *It takes only some real determination, your spare hours for a few months, and a small investment of money on easy terms. The returns last a lifetime.*

Let's get down to cases and make clear just what we mean.

On—Up—To Bigger Ability and Pay

A traffic manager for a great wholesale house in the West, asking himself if he was willing to play chance with failure and success, answered with a ringing No!

And straightway he began to safeguard his success with sound and practical home-study business training — on the proven theory that risks disappear when native ability and loyal service are fortified by knowledge.

First, he enrolled for Traffic Management because his work required an expert understanding of freight classifications, rates and routes. Feeling then the need for legal training—both as an aid in presenting cases before the various rate bodies and as a business broadener—he enrolled for training in Law, following this with training in Effective Public Speaking.

Today he is a major executive with the same company, now grown much larger—and he is still moving on—and up—to even bigger opportunity and pay.

And he will tell you from his own experience, "If you're willing to apply a portion of your spare time every week to acquiring proficiency in your chosen field, you'll be astonished at the end of a year's time what a store of practical knowledge you've accumulated."

Turned Employer's Loss to Profit

Profits were disappointingly low.

Every advance estimate on costs and volume of business had pointed to a fine showing for the year. But December 31 told a different story. And the boss wondered why—and asked why.

Six months before, the young bookkeeper had started LaSalle training in Higher Accountancy. Those first lessons gave him the answer—the boss had estimated overhead expenses at 10 percent whereas they were actually 25 percent. The 15 percent mistake wiped out the anticipated profits—its correction insured future dividends.

Are you surprised that the young bookkeeper got a 33 percent increase in pay and a chance to handle bigger responsibility?

Today he is manager of the business, his salary is several times what it was, and he has a profitable share in the firm.

From Order Clerk to General Manager in Five Years

Back in 1920, he was a young order clerk—in 1924 he was directing sales and advertising—a year later he was general manager. In between were five years of capable, loyal service and two completed LaSalle training courses—Modern Business Correspondence and Business Management.

High lights? Many.

Six months after starting his first course, he asked to handle correspondence and got the job and a raise; a few months later he suggested a new sales promotion department and was given the responsibility of organizing and directing it; soon after he recommended the beginning of advertising and was given that task.

No wonder he moved up fast. Any employer would welcome and reward initiative and ability like that.

Note his own comment, "My two training courses gave me more than I could have gained through ten years of experience."

How Much Do You Want to Get Ahead?

We'll Know After You Read These Paragraphs

Thousands of men will read this advertisement and do nothing. An occasional man or woman more in earnest, more far-seeing than the rest, will act. And one year, five years, ten years from now, the thousands will say of him, "Lucky chap! I wish I had had his chance."

As a matter of fact, we are glad the thousands turn the page. We do not want the wishers, the starters, the never-finishers. We want only the earnest individual who will investigate, decide and then carry through.

Are you that individual?

Then here's our suggestion to you. Fill in and mail the coupon below. Read carefully the interesting, informative free booklet which it will bring you. Find out exactly what our training is like and what it has helped others achieve. Then decide.

The first step is simple. Clip and mail the coupon now.

LaSalle Extension University

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTION

If You Are Thinking About Stenography or Secretarial Work—

If you want to start right and advance rapidly, investigate Stenotypy, "the machine way in shorthand"—the preferred way to the better position.

Stenotypy adds to your personal ability the accuracy, speed and ease of the machine. Easy to learn, easy to write and easy to read. You start with an advantage — and that advantage increases. The Stenotype means faster, better work, and better work means better pay. The demand for Stenotypists exceeds the supply.

Send coupon to us for free trial lesson at the nearest Stenotype school. See for yourself how the Stenotype opens unusual opportunities for you.

Find Yourself Through LaSalle!

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 655-R, CHICAGO

I would welcome an outline of the LaSalle training plan, together with a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

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- ☐ Higher Accountancy
- ☐ Expert Bookkeeping
- ☐ C. P. A. Coaching
- ☐ Modern Salesmanship
- ☐ Traffic Management
- ☐ Railway Station Management
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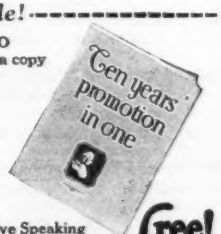

free! mail coupon now

Name ..... Present Position ..... Address .....

Miracle Working Summers

Hundreds of fathers and mothers in all parts of this country have described for Cosmopolitan "How Camping Has Benefited My Boy or Girl". Their papers were judged by William R. P. Emerson, A.B., M.D., Physician, Ernest R. Groves, A.B., B.D., Sociologist, and John R. Watson, A.M., Ph.D., LL.D., Psychologist. Those which received prizes were published in the May issue of Cosmopolitan. Some of those given honorable mention are printed below.

Beginning on page 6 of this issue, you will find a directory of good camps from which you can make a selection when planning your child's summer.

"Camp is not a luxury—it is a necessity"

WITH too many clothes and misgivings, I sent my only child, a twelve-year-old boy, to camp and awaited the telegram that he was being returned. Eight weeks later he arrived, weighing an additional eleven pounds, wearing a bold coat of tan and possessed of a new outlook.

I do not think our household differs from that of the average family. Instead of preparing him for next year's school work, vacation time was throwing him out of step. Adult recreations and conversations were shared in and overheard. Motor trips with hotels and irregular hours, lakeside cottages packed with guests, staying home and patronizing the movies indiscriminately, sitting on the steps and wondering what to do, fighting with other stay-at-homes—several summers of this annual limbo inspired me to experiment with a camp.

Perhaps camp was not necessary in the day of the large family and the fenced-in backyard. But today's hurried, self-centered age, when people live in apartments or machine-run households, when families contain but few children and parents seldom make definite plans for their summer leisure, camp is not a luxury—it is a necessity.

Three changes in my boy after his tenderfoot experience (he returned to the same camp this year) were an acquiring of the group spirit, self-reliance and a sense of sportsmanship. In addition to his physical improvement, religious training was absorbed from nature itself as well as by the more direct method of weekly church attendance, camp-fire talks by counsellors and Sunday night sings.

Moreover, I realized that sending a child to camp gives parents the chance to gain a perspective on the child and the child to gain a perspective on life per se without the hampering of studies and school routine. It was a wise soul who said: "Play a game with a man—you will then know the man." I felt that my boy had learned how to work because he had learned how to play.

—*Nalbro Bartley Lerch.*

NALBRO BARTLEY LERCH
Buffalo, New York
Jack Bartley, 13 years old, attended Boothbay Camp in 1927 and 1928.

MRS. BENJAMIN WEIR
Charleston, Illinois
Elizabeth Hale Weir, now 16 years old, attended Camp Twanekotah in 1928.

MRS. M. R. MACHOL
New York, N. Y.
Richard Machol, 14 years old, attended Sebago-Bear Mt. Camp in 1927—1928.

"More vigorous, more vital"

NOW that summer is over we can look back on Elizabeth's experience in summer camp and note its value to her. Making a seven-hundred mile trip alone was in itself an adventure.

Elizabeth has never been an outdoor girl, but before the end of summer she was thoroughly converted to the joy of life in the open. She found that vigorous, daily outdoor exercise gave her an appetite for wholesome food three times a day, and that the combination had a marked effect on toning up her skin. A mother may tell a girl such a thing over and over, but when she finds it out for herself, that is different.

I have always been a strong believer in a mid-day rest for growing girls, but Elizabeth thought she couldn't sleep in the daytime. In camp there was a compulsory rest period of an hour in the early afternoon. She found that she could sleep then and awaken refreshed for an afternoon of strenuous sports. Again, I have always stressed the importance of sound health habits. In camp, the nurse required a daily report from each girl, so Elizabeth had impressed on her anew the necessity of keeping the body in a healthy condition.

Living in a tent is a true test of one's ability to discount minor discomforts. Elizabeth learned the possibility of four girls sharing a tent amicably, adjusting themselves to each other and still remaining friends. She learned to manage her own money; to take care of her clothes.

It required perseverance for her to work at her swimming until she could pass the life-saving tests. Laboring under the handicap of being in the same class with girls who had access to swimming pools the year around while she did not, she worked steadily until she passed the tests. Aside from the value of learning to swim well, I consider this development of her persistence of considerable worth. Also her courage and self-reliance increased when she learned to manage a canoe and a rowboat.

She had had, the previous year in high school, an unusually thorough course in botany. In camp this was a real help to her in nature study, so much so that she was chosen to teach some junior classes. This was her first experience in making actual use of her proficiency in school work.

One reason we sent Elizabeth to a camp several miles away from home was in order to acquaint her with girls in a different section of the country. She went with a prejudice against that section. She came back with a real love for the girls and a changed attitude toward its colleges.

She learned to enter into the competitive sports even when she had no chance of winning, playing for the fun of the sport.

Her letters home improved amazingly. She learned to express her thoughts clearly, to pass on to others her impressions in a definite way.

Undoubtedly she has grown in her appreciation of her home and her family. She is more vigorous, more vital, more full of gaiety and the joy of living as a result of her summer in camp.

—*Lotta J. Weir.*

"Camp gives joy and inspiration"

MY boy happened to be born in the 20th century, in a big city, in a small family. He lives in an apartment house, and attends a private school.

Life has always been made very comfortable for him. His needs have been meticulously supplied, his pleasures ordered, his sports supervised, his emotions standardized.

My son had every prospect of growing up to be a pleasant, anaemic, circumscribed straight-voting citizen who would do his fighting through a policeman, his thinking through his newspapers, and whose dreams would be fed by the movies, and his aesthetic needs be supplied by the radio.

That prospect did not satisfy me.

What was to be done about it? I tried a summer camp. My hopes of rearing a man have been revived.

At camp my boy for the first time learned the thrill of owning a body. He knew the joy of using every muscle to the utmost, and the bliss of perfect rest. He felt the soul satisfying comfort of plain food after the pangs of real hunger. His skin tingled in the morning dip; was tanned by the noon sun; glowed from the evening wood fire.

For the first time he met boys from many types of homes, and measured himself with them in sports and in twenty-four hours of intimate living. New situations and emergencies constantly arose which he learned to handle with initiative and decision.

He spent his days and nights in the midst of living, growing things, and he could not miss the rising and setting of the sun, the star-strewn sky, the moon-flooded waters.

Since he is at home, I note that he has developed opinions and is ready to fight for them. He has formed friendships and appreciates them. He has learned somewhat to evaluate crises so that a delayed meal or a broken appointment does not seem a world catastrophe.

I have even caught a glimmer of appreciation of a world outside himself. What more can one ask of a growing boy?

And so I shall continue to send my son to camp, for it seems to me that it is the only agency that can give back to him some of the joy and inspiration that have been lost to our modern city-bred child.

—*Claudia Machol.*

COSMOPOLITAN CAMP DEPARTMENT
MAY G. LINEHAN, *Director*
Fifty-seventh Street at Eighth Avenue NEW YORK CITY

Get your first book FREE—from the Book-of-the-Month Club

Take advantage of this special offer—made to reach our "first hundred thousand"

NOTICE TO PRESENT MEMBERS: If you did not get your first book free, and wish to take advantage of this offer, you may do so by extending your subscription for an additional year from its present date of expiration.

OVER 97,500 book-readers now belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. The organization is engaged in a "drive" to reach one hundred thousand—a scant twenty-five hundred more. Those who join now will be given their first book free.

A great many people (we know) have been on the verge of joining this organization, but have "put it off" through busyness or procrastination. If this has been true in your case, it is clearly an advantage to you to delay no longer. We suggest simply, that you get full information at once, about what the Book-of-the-Month Club does for you, and decide once for all whether you want to join.

In this connection, here is a pertinent fact that may be important to you. Of the 97,500 people who now belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club, *not a single one was induced to join by a salesman or by personal solicitation of any kind.* They were simply given the facts as to what it does for book-readers. After reading these facts, they subscribed.

And what sort of people are they? Cabinet members, senators, judges, governors; leaders of industry and finance; the outstanding figures in thousands of communities large and small. Our list of members, indeed, reads like a who's who, in every profession, in every walk of life. These are judicious people, in other words, not of the kind to be easily influenced or to follow fads. They know what they want.

This being the case—if you have ever thought of joining the club—it does seem sensible to get the facts as to how it operates *as quickly as possible,* and then (if you want to) join before this special "first-book-free" offer expires. This will happen soon; for our membership increased by almost fifty thousand in 1928. So, if you are interested, *mail the coupon now,* before you forget to do so.

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A Summer Training Base For The Arts Of The Theatre During July and August. Instruction and training in: History of the Drama, Stage Craft and Decoration, Stage Directing and Acting, Voice Control, Body Control, Stage Lighting, Costuming, Make-Up, Dramatic Criticism, Playwriting. Faculty of well-known professionals, including **Richard Eaton, Alexander Wyckoff, Walter Hartwig** and **Louise Revere Morris.** *Send for illustrated prospectus.*
Walter Hartwig, General Director, 152 West 46th St., New York, N. Y.

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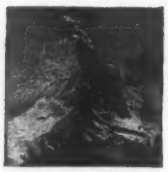

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Separate trip for girls.
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Ride your own cow pony. Learn Roping. Help herd cattle. Pack trips — Rodeo at Prescott—Visit the Grand Canyon and the Indian Reservations. Native Cowboys and Eastern college men in charge.
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Julian S. Bryan, Valley Ranch Eastern Hdqrs., 70 East 45th St., N. Y.

Medicine Bow Boys Camp **Rock River, Wyoming**
A high class restricted western Ranch camp for boys 12 to 18 years. Limited. A cow horse for each boy. Good fishing, beautiful mountain trails to ride. Attend Cheyenne Rodeo. For booklet address, **G. Dewey Blank, 43 Church St., White Plains, N. Y.**

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A SALT WATER CAMP FOR GIRLS
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All land and water sports. Delightful combination of seashore, woods, and country. Est. 1914. Experienced councilors only. Resident Nurse. Separate Junior and Senior Camps—Ages 8 to 20.
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In New Hampshire Hills

A wonderful summer outing for girls on a beautiful lake in fragrant pine woods. All sports, crafts. Fresh vegetables, fruits and milk from own farm. Registered dairy herd.
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Special Junior Camp (Ages 5 to 8.) Booklet Sent.

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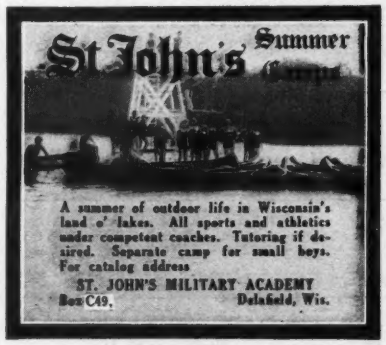

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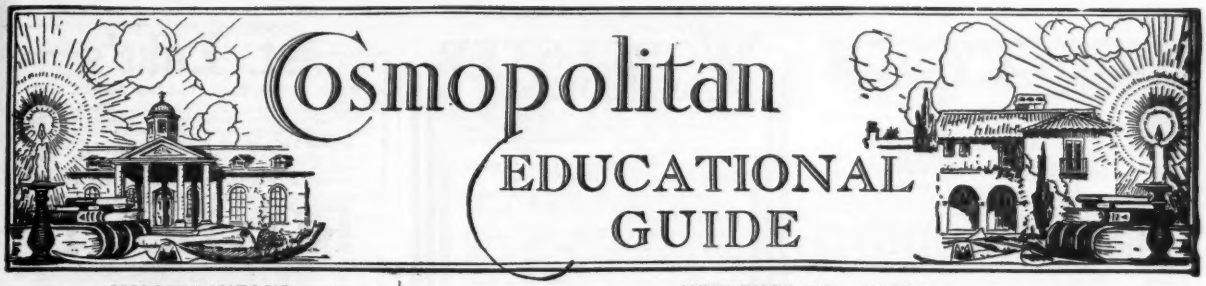

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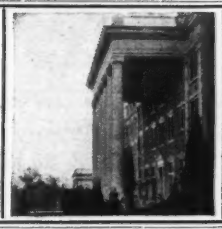

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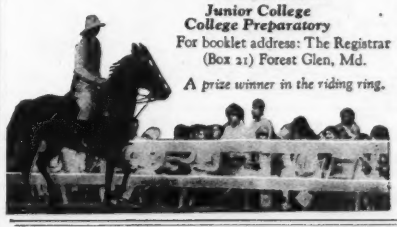

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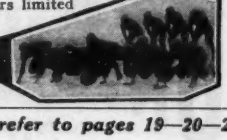

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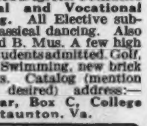

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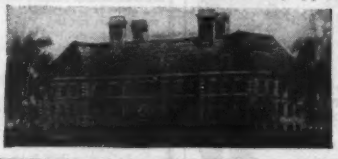

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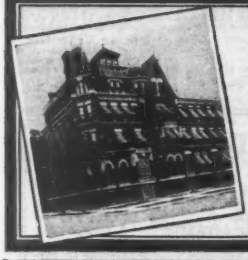

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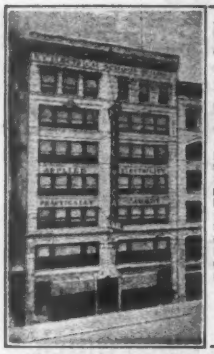

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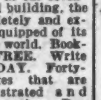

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